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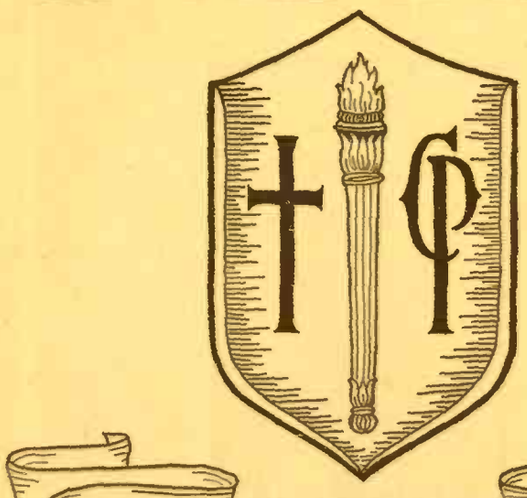

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# HISTORICAL AND SECRET

# MEMOIRS OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE

*Edition strictly limited to 500 copies.*

*Five extra copies have been printed on Japanese vellum, but are not offered for sale.*

NAPOLEON

College of the Pacific
Stockton, Calif.

THE

# HISTORICAL AND SECRET

# MEMOIRS

OF THE

# EMPRESS JOSEPHINE

(MARIE ROSE TASCHER DE LA PAGERIE)

BY

MDLLE. M. A. LE NORMAND

*IN TWO VOLUMES—VOLUME I*

LONDON
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# PUBLISHER'S NOTE

THERE still exist large masses of material, interesting and abundant, but little known and difficult to procure, for the history and illustration not only of celebrated Courts and epochs, but of the lives of the illustrious individuals which rendered them famous.

This fact, and the favourable reception accorded the Court Memoir Series, encourages me to believe that, while that series will continue to appear uninterruptedly, one of a supplemental character, to be distinguished as the "HISTORIC MEMOIR SERIES," would be received with favour and appreciation, and be found deserving of equal success.

I have, therefore, determined upon the publication of such a series of individual or personal narratives of celebrities under the distinctive title just given.

Each volume will be carefully edited, and, as heretofore, each issue limited to Five Hundred copies.

The new series again commences with an account of the principal events of the life of the Empress Josephine. The subject is one of undying

interest. Her devotion to her husband and her adopted country, the self-abnegation of this illustrious woman, whom, in the words of the Emperor Alexander, "France hath surnamed 'the Good,'" invest the touching story with irresistible fascination.

On the other hand, the fresh light thrown upon the circumstances of the divorce, and the elucidation of many of the hidden springs of conduct on the part of one who imagined himself destined to become the Master of the Universe, will unquestionably prove valuable to the historian.

This narrative, which may be regarded as complementary to the "Court Memoirs" of Madame Ducrest, already published, is written in an affecting and sympathetic manner by Mdlle. Le Normand. It is enriched with copious notes, for many of which documents owing their origin to the Empress herself have furnished the material.

The work originally appeared in French in 1818, and comprises the whole period of the Empress's life. An American, Jacob M. Howard, translated it into English in 1848, and it was then published in Philadelphia. A second edition appeared in 1852. Since that date, these Memoirs have not until now appeared in English.

This edition has been prepared from the first of those above mentioned, many notes, which, it is trusted, will enhance its value, having been added.

LONDON, 31*st July*, 1895.

# DEDICATORY LETTER

To His Majesty Alexander, Emperor of all the Russias, King of Poland.

Sire,—Your Majesty, wholly occupied in promoting the happiness of your subjects, daily adds to your fame the glory which is reflected by enlightened princes who deign to protect literature and the arts; but the trump of fame will never cease to repeat—future generations will learn with surprise and admiration—the fact that Your Majesty, anxious to establish, in a durable manner, the happiness of nations, tore himself from a people by whom he was adored, to achieve the overthrow and humiliation of that celebrated man who had reached the summit of power, and established his empire on the ruins of republican factions. How did he reach that elevation? What did he do to attain so much greatness? Surely he was gifted with an active, energetic mind, a capacity for great things. He was not among the murderers of his King; and yet the blood of the virtuous Louis XVI. was the original cement of the throne of the modern Gengis-Khan. For years had France stood in need of a master. Her citizens were depressed and discouraged. Napoleon, environed with military glory, appeared; he astonished all; and the different parties which, in 1814, united to overthrow him, then all concurred in the establishment of his power.

The dark policy of Bonaparte knew no arbiter but the

sword. Strength enabled him to overcome virtue; and justice, often down-trodden, disappeared beneath the conqueror's steel.

Precious monuments and museums attested the conqueror's taste for magnificence and luxury, enriched as he was by the spoils of Europe; but the giant who sought to rule the whole world was not even master of his own will. A slave to the caprices of his flatterers, he often fell into their snares without perceiving them. At a time when fortune seemed to favour Napoleon, while he still thought himself happy and successful, unforeseen reverses overtook him, and extinguished, by degrees, the brightness of his glory. He surely might have displayed more courage in adversity; but he was not endowed with that constancy which characterises and forms a hero. His movements were out of the ordinary line; they were by turns brilliant, obscure, bold, pusillanimous, changeful, incomprehensible. The future alone will show the true cause which impelled him, and the real object he wished to attain.

Your Majesty has presented to the world a sublime spectacle of kindness and generosity. When your enemy's vessel was under full sail you deigned to warn him of the hidden rocks which lay in his course; and when he had hurled himself into the abyss, you stretched forth a helping hand to the people of France. Master of their capital, you saved it, actuated by the interests with which a brave and unhappy people inspired you. The illustrious grandson of the immortal Catherine wore upon our ramparts the loops of Minerva only to protect our arts, our workshops, our academies, and to diffuse around him sentiments of joy and admiration. From age to age will our contemporaries and our posterity recall those memorable events. Men will never forget the august and generous Alexander deigned to visit the forsaken wife of Bonaparte, and that, in honouring her with his presence, he proved how much and how sincerely he admired her, not only

for the good she had done, but the evil she had prevented in the country which was her home.

Such evidences of Your Majesty's especial kindness were a healing balm to the wounds of her afflicted heart; they soothed the last troubled moments of her life; and when she left this world—a world in which she had nothing more to expect or to hope—she had, at least, the consolation of carrying with her, into the tomb, the consciousness of having relieved misfortune; and also that other consciousness, still dearer to every feeling heart—as she herself said with her dying breath—*of never having caused a tear to flow*.

The Secret Memoirs of her life, which I am about to publish, were, in a great measure, prepared by herself, and this is the reason which has determined me to place them under the special protection of Your Majesty. I have presumed to dedicate them, less to the Sovereign of all the Russias, than to that enlightened man who needs not the radiance of a throne to add to the splendour of his character; it is to the philosophic hero who, after having furnished to kings examples of true policy, and to warriors high evidences of attainment in their art, might dictate, even to the best writers, lessons of true taste and refinement.

Permit me to hope that the work which I have the honour to present to you, may make its appearance under the auspices and patronage of the greatest of Sovereigns.

But, Sire, however you may regard this request, you have here before you the historical collection which Josephine undertook. She consecrated it to France, and I lay this homage at the feet of Your Majesty. Although the different epochs in the private and public life of the first wife of Bonaparte may appear like detached sketches, yet it will be found that they are so connected together by a succession of events, prepared by an inscrutable Providence, as to be all founded, so to speak, one upon another. Allow me to hope, Sire, that you will find the moral of the work at once touching, consoling, religious, and eminently philosophical.

Prince! born to promote the happiness of nations, Destiny, which sometimes seems to conceal, in obscurity, those bright geniuses whose labours contribute to illustrate the reign of princes, has reserved a particular glory for that of Your Majesty! Awake! shade of Josephine, awake from the sleep of the tomb. Now, more than ever, do I stand in need of thine aid! How shall I, without thee, call to mind all the great deeds which do honour to Alexander, and transmit his virtues and his fame to an impartial posterity? Oh, for the genius of the immortal Maro!—then would I, like him, sing your praises "at dawn and dewy eve."[1] But there is no force nor richness of style that will suffice to paint, I will not say with brilliancy but with fidelity, the great actions which you have performed. Yet I may be permitted to say, without offence to Your Majesty, that the glory of those actions does not eclipse that which you have acquired by protecting and defending the rights of a nation as warlike as France, intoxicated by great successes, yet fortunate, indeed, and proud to acknowledge the fact that to you they are indebted for the olive branch of peace, and the preservation of their rich and vast territory.

Seated upon a throne where the world with admiration beholds you, the fires of your genius will enlighten and electrify your subjects; for 'tis by the examples of heroes that great men are formed. The arts that you have transplanted into your empire will one day form the principal basis of the prosperity of your estates, and become the cause of that veneration which gratitude will engrave upon all hearts, to the memory of so enlightened and benevolent a Prince. The sons of fame shall astonish the future with the story of your great deeds, and delight to extol the glorious actions which have already signalised your reign, and those which are yet to give it additional lustre. They will say, "His country boasted of his clemency, the grace-

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1 Te veniente die, te descendente canebat.—*Georgics*, lib. iv.

fulness of his manners, the wisdom of his counsels. She will for ever celebrate his triumphs, and the innumerable blessings he has lavished upon her." The voice of poetry shall proclaim to the world that, under his reign, the people enjoyed a wise and just liberty, and that by his munificence, the germs of talent and art are daily developing themselves throughout the vast Empire of all the Russias.

Condescend, great Prince, to receive benignly my sincere homage, and the assurance of the profound respect with which I am,

Your Majesty's most humble
and most obedient servant,
LENORMAND.

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[*Reply to the foregoing.*]

[Letter addressed to Mademoiselle Lenormand, by order of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor Alexander.]

His Imperial Majesty having been made acquainted with the letter which you have addressed to him, has charged me to testify to you, Mademoiselle, his thanks for the work you have sent him; he accepts with pleasure the dedication of the "*Historical Memoirs of the Empress Josephine*," and presents to you, as a souvenir, a ring enriched with diamonds. In fulfilling his orders by these presents, I hasten to thank you for the copy of your works which you have sent me, and to express to you my high respects.

(Signed) LE PRINCE VALKOUSKY.

(1336, Aix-la-Chapelle, the 6th—18th Oct., 1818.
To Mademoiselle Lenormand.)

# PREFACE

I AM about to recount to Frenchmen the principal events in the life of Josephine. Perhaps, alas! I attempt a task beyond my strength; but what mortal so well knows himself as not to undertake too much? Yet I shall not have to reproach myself with having omitted any effort to merit the approbation of the people she loved. Should I not attain it, I shall be doubly afflicted; for, in whatever I say, I aim only to speak the truth, not solely for the honour of speaking it, but because truth is useful to men. If I sometimes happen to wander from it I shall find in my errors some consoling motives. For the rest, if I have deceived myself, and if any of my principles be not conformable to the general interest, it will be an error of the head, but not of the heart; and I declare in advance that I disavow them.

It is pleasant to read a good book; but it is not so very easy to write one. The first condition, and the one which is the most rarely observed, is unity of object and interest; the second, and which must be reconciled with the first, is to describe events well, and to seize the different shades of each picture. I ask only one favour of the reader, and that is, to understand before he condemns me, to follow out the chain of my ideas—to be my judge, and not my accuser. This request is not the effect of a rash confidence.

Some of my maxims may seem adventurous. Should certain critics believe them false, I beg them to consider, while they condemn them, that the most useful discoveries

are often due only to the boldness of endeavour, and that the fear of advancing an error ought not to deter us from prosecuting our search after truth. In vain do weak and cowardly men seek to proscribe truth by giving to it the odious name of licence; for such is human frailty, that there is no truth which may not become dangerous. Yet, woe to the man who shall, on that account, deprive mankind of it! I repeat, the moment the investigation of certain truths shall be interdicted in France, it will not be permitted to utter truths of any kind. Unhappily, there are some men indefatigable in their ambition, who will never give over; who persist in believing that truth can never make itself heard, and that courage in a historian does not suffice to make him respected.

How many powerful persons were there who figured at Napoleon's Court, and who, under the idea that it is sometimes wise to conceal the truth, wished to banish it from the earth! But I intend to strip off the veil which conceals those crafty politicians; I will paint the ancient courtiers, who—

"'Neath Cæsar's eye, composed their face to smiles."

Among the qualities of the heart, according to my ideas, that which will always most challenge our admiration, is that elevation of soul which scorns to tell a lie; errors cease to be dangerous while it is permitted to combat them. Discussion exposes them, and they soon fall into the depths of oblivion, while truth alone remains supernatant upon the vast surface of ages.

When one is about to design plans for building, he does not content himself with an examination of the house which he inhabits; he goes abroad and views the winding walks of some smiling and fertile garden, which furnish the leading ideas—or wanders forth amid romantic scenery. He creates around him the most novel and varied prospects. Thus, when we open a book on morals, or set about sketching history, we must

leave the narrow circle of our previous ideas and place ourselves in a point of view where we may survey the whole range of events and of human passions. The "Memoirs of Josephine" cannot, I am persuaded, fail to present to the mind of the reader reflections which are new and interesting, and to furnish aid in the study of the human heart.

They will renew the memory of the first wife of the most astonishing man of his age. A new world will be opened to those who shall deign to peruse them. I see the tears fall from their eyes, and their souls catch new inspiration, as they peruse the important events I am about to narrate. I pity those who, more severe than posterity can with justice be, shall dare blacken the public life of a woman who, by a freak of Fortune's wheel, that never ceases its revolutions, was borne upwards to one of the mightiest thrones in the universe. Bonaparte pretended not to be subject to the opinions of men. Alas! his interest and ambition destroyed in a moment the charm of his existence and sundered the bonds which united him to Josephine. Is it possible that his courtiers could have succeeded in their guilty projects had he possessed the courage to withdraw from their influence? At that epoch every obstacle vanished beneath his tread; he thought himself able to oppose a serene brow to the storm, and brave in their turn both men and destiny. Josephine's love for that remarkable man, her too blind confidence in the means he possessed, finally induced her to applaud his designs. But never did she share that boundless power whose weight hung so heavily upon an unhappy people.

Permit me to describe Josephine such as she presented herself to my imagination; that is, at the age when, still young, she lost her first husband. There was an expression of sadness about her countenance, giving her an appearance of melancholy. Her mind was filled with recollections of the past; she knew perfectly the part

she had acted, but was then ignorant of what she was one day to perform.

Her bearing was noble, her stature majestic; she was nevertheless kind and compassionate, enamoured of glory, which she hoped to espouse—if I may be allowed the expression—in the person of the man who was to engage her affections.

With pleasure shall I describe her maternal love, the heroic courage which she displayed at the period of her divorce. I shall relate the most secret events of her life. I shall speak of the enthusiasm of that admirable woman for whatever bore an impress of the sublime; of her husband's crooked policy, and of her respect for certain illustrious but unfortunate persons.

Josephine had a kind of towering pride in her composition. The love of the beautiful exalted her soul, and whatever was noble and generous was sure to obtain her favour.

She possessed, moreover, but without any show, the art of captivating hearts. By means of her goodness, and the graciousness of her demeanour, she conciliated even the enemies of her second husband. Instead of leaving him upon a throne, surrounded by abysses, in which sleepless crime kept watch in the hope of dragging him into the depths, she gained him friends and partisans, who became his firmest supporters.

I shall also enquire whether it was a subject of reproach for Bonaparte to have forgotten the debt of gratitude he owed to Josephine. 'Tis the ordinary effect of ambition to destroy the natural sentiments of the heart, and to hide them beneath a veil of black ingratitude. Soon, too soon, did he realise the dream which it was his duty to banish from his mind: he chose a new companion. Unhappy Maria Louisa! Thine august father, to ensure the tranquillity of his empire, consented to give to his daughter a master as he had given one to himself, by associating Napoleon in the empire of the world.

Josephine witnessed the triumph of her rival, without making the slightest attempt to disturb her repose. The loss of her husband was sufficient of itself to render her insensible to whatever passed around her. Nothing but great passions produce extreme suffering and lasting sorrow. She remained several days buried in profound meditation; but to the recollections of the heart, which seemed to overcome her, she joined the noblest fortitude, the most patient resignation. A new Ariadne, she seemed to forget the perfidious Theseus who had abandoned her. And yet she uttered in secret her prayers for a husband who was perjured to his vows.

Alone at Malmaison, Josephine no longer took notice of the agitating factions of the times, nor the increasing popular disturbances; she heard not the long-stifled groans of the people, nor the preparations of the nations for the tumult of arms. Afar from the frightful spectacle of so many evils, and the appalling arrangements to remedy them; far from the headlong and criminal manœuvres by which her husband's political system devoted men to mutual destruction, and opposed fury to fury, her heart, wholly consecrated to doing good, preferred the silent, but instructive, communion of the children of Nature to the society of courtiers, who thronged in multitudes around her. She might have been seen breathing, in its voluptuous freshness, the morning air in the poplar's silent shade, round which the rose and the honeysuckle entwined themselves, hanging like rich crowns above her head. Here, with pencil in hand, she would sketch the various pictures which Nature unfolded to her view. Her imagination would speed its flight towards that happy isle, the witness of the bright days of her childhood—days the memory of which she loved to cherish. Here her heart melted with tenderness; here she poured forth her tears as she reflected upon the past. And yet, even here, she began to enjoy a momentary felicity. For fifteen years she was thought to be the happiest of women; she seemed

seated for ever upon the car of Fortune; and yet a day, a single day, had already sufficed to scatter all those seductive illusions. Thus, alas! the years roll on.

Although she must have felt the necessity of banishing all memory of her irreparable loss, she, nevertheless, at times, grasped an enchanted cup, from which she drew long draughts of nectar; still was she sensible to the pleasure of being loved, and was ravished with delight when she heard, confidentially, that the new spouse of Bonaparte appeared not to occupy in his heart the same place as herself.

During her moments of leisure at Malmaison, she sketched the different events of her life; she preserved the most secret particulars of her husband's reign, and destined those precious manuscripts for posterity. I will fulfil her most cherished vow. With such materials I am permitted to undertake this interesting work. Would that, for its execution, I held the insinuating, persuasive pen of the immortal author of "Malthide." But, though unsustained by such advantages, I shall offer, at least, to my readers several chapters written entirely by Josephine's own hand; and, as a complement to the work, they will, I trust, content themselves with the curious notes which she deposited in my hands.

O ye who are still plucking the flowers of youth—noble Eugene, kind-hearted Hortense—ye whose minds are still surrounded by the dark clouds which conceal your future lot; ye who, to heroic sentiments, unite the celestial enthusiasm of private virtue; may the example of your illustrious mother lead you ever to sustain becomingly the reverses of fortune, and make you sensible of this important truth, that, without the resources of genius and sentiment, a man is poor in the midst of treasures, and alone in the midst of society!

Permit me, children of Josephine—permit me, at least, to present to posterity the history of her life; permit me to display the picture of her heart, and the annals of the

times in which she lived. To men I will resign the perilous career of politics; but I will not suffer certain authors with impunity to sharpen the dart of satire against the memory of a woman whom they ought to adore. I shall endeavour to avoid the shoals which surround me on every side. Too just to be influenced by fear, I shall invoke the testimony of those who, like myself, knew how to appreciate her understanding, the charms of her conversation, and the pleasures of her society. My principal object is, not only to awaken interesting reflections in the minds of Frenchmen, but, like her, to inspire them with the love of whatever is great, noble and generous. And let those who, following in the footsteps of her husband, dare still to entertain the luckless and fatal ambition of reigning over a divided people, learn from her what are the hidden rocks among which they sail.

I shall likewise enter into some details connected with the too famous affair of her divorce. As I am afraid to have my readers misled by false conjectures, and as they may not, from a want of proper investigation, be able to unravel a mystery which is covered with an impenetrable veil, I have endeavoured to shed some light upon that interesting but distressing portion of her life.

In doing this I may present the cup of consolation to wives who, like her, have experienced those fearful dreams which leave nothing behind but long despair, their last and only prospect for the future.

I think that even envy will hardly impute to me a disposition to wound the feelings of anyone who has had relations with Josephine. In these her Secret Memoirs, she considers no man in his individual character, but treats of men and nations in general. This should shelter her from the attacks of malignity. It will be perceived, in reading the work, that she loves the French, and desires their happiness, without hatred or contempt towards any of them in particular.

Josephine was deeply affected by the innumerable chronicles which obtained circulation in France, after her husband's downfall. "I have seen," said she, "the hateful mask beneath which envy delights to hide itself. I have seen the infamous veil with which hate sought to cover itself; and I have thought it my duty to rend them away.

"Though I may be accused of seeking to justify the man whom all Europe at present condemns, I shall not, at least, be suspected of having, like many others, admired his errors, and endeavoured to encourage him in the dark road of his political system. When I possessed his confidence, I never ceased to urge him to follow the primary impulses of his heart—a heart which often, often dreamed of the happiness of France, which he had so many means to secure. Flatterers precipitated him into a volcano, and those same men will, perhaps, hereafter draw other princes into the same abyss. Traitors only change masks; they adopt all colours without distinction. They will, undoubtedly, yet be exposed in the face of the world, but it will be too late for the security of France. In vain," said Josephine, "should I seek to conceal from posterity the names of those cowardly beings who have changed with my fortune, and whose culpable indifference I here arraign, though with a feeling of moderation and generosity. I know I have had some ungrateful friends, whose open abandonment of me has inflicted deep wounds upon my heart. I could wish to have my afflictions understood, but I am afraid to fix an eternal stain upon certain names which I am anxious to shield from opprobrium; nor will I stoop to environ even with the celebrity of disgrace certain wretches in the shape of men, envious of my spoils, or of the feeble portion of power I ever retained over the mind of Bonaparte. There were some of those cowards who, at the time of my repudiation, had the audacity to demand my exile into Italy; others, equally hypocritical, but more cruel, thronged to Malmaison, and insulted the victim; they rejoiced to see the dagger already rankling in a wounded heart, and praised

the hand which had placed it there, treating my misfortune as a crime, and his abuse of power as the chastisement of the Deity!"

Whoever, in fine, shall follow out all the circumstances of the life of Josephine while the wife of Napoleon, will discover that her character evinced enough of firmness and energy to merit the attention of the historian and the love of the French people; and this is surely a sufficient recompense for her having sat upon a usurped throne.

This work will justify its title of "Historical and Secret Memoirs." Though the embellishments belong to the author, the characters and events belong to history.

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## JOSEPHINE TO HER CHILDREN

My dear Children,—I myself have taken care of your education; I have taught you to scorn alike pain and riches; to stand less in fear of torture, nay, of death itself, than of the reproaches of conscience. I have pointed out to you the means of shunning luxury, especially the corrupting pleasures; to exercise courage in misfortune, and to regard injustice, falsehood, ingratitude, cowardice, and effeminacy, as disgraceful and despicable. I have taught you lessons of humanity and disinterestedness, of firmness in repelling an insult, and have enjoined it on you to serve your country. I have accustomed you to speak the truth boldly, and to show yourselves enemies of all adulation. To teach you these things, my children, I did not wait for you to reach even the age of childhood; but the moment I perceived in you the first sparks of reason, I hastened to instil them into your minds. Hardly had you beheld your eighth summer, when I discovered that you began to fulfil my hopes. Like the soft wax, which, in the hands of a skilful artist, takes whatever form he seeks to give it, youth, at the voice of its guide, commences its journey either in the right or in the wrong path, embraces with

earnestness the part of virtue, or attaches itself to the seductive exteriors of vice.

No one can bring up a child better than a tender and enlightened mother; and it becomes her who has not leisure for that occupation, which is at times both pleasant and painful, to bestow the greatest attention on the choice of the persons to whom she confides her children. As the minute attentions of the gardener contribute to the birth and perfection of the children of Flora, so does the care of the instructor develop and direct the character and talents of the pupil.

Gloomy symptoms of popular discontent had long foretold the frightful revolution which precipitated France into the depths of calamity. At that time, my children, you seemed to be the only solace of your afflicted mother. Your ingenuous tenderness made you contrive, every day, some new means to assuage her sorrows. You knew how to divert and console me, by means of your gaiety and the charms of your conversation. Early was I tried in the school of adversity. To complete my accumulated misfortunes, I was doomed to see my husband sent to prison at the moment I had regained his confidence. I had done everything to merit his esteem—I was about to pluck some of the flowers that spring up along the pathway of life, when, suddenly, the Reign of Terror set in with all its violence. The throne was overturned, the *élite* of our warriors were cut down by the revolutionary scythe, and M. de Beauharnais, like many others, fell beneath the weight of the laurels that adorned his brow.

To escape death or deportation, the most of our friends betook themselves to flight, and, in the depths of woods, in solitary hovels, found an asylum which the towns and cities, a prey to party fury, no longer afforded; others quitted France. I myself was one of the victims of the distressing events which followed. The estate of your father consisted of several dwellings, but his income was annihilated by the disasters which visited almost all our

colonies, and by the law of sequestration. On leaving the prison only one resource was open to me, that of rising to my task often before day; sustained by the hope of being useful to you, I earned with some difficulty enough to supply our primary wants.

You may, perhaps, imagine that in such a sad situation I felt unhappy; not so. I fulfilled that sacred duty not as a task; the very occupation it afforded became dear to me, and created in my heart sources of the purest enjoyment. To work for my children opened to me a way of happiness, which, till then, I had not known.

You, my son, were born with a thirst for knowledge; study was for you only an amusement, which you preferred to all the sports peculiar to your age. I attended to all your lessons, and raised you in that simplicity which befitted the times we lived in. For that reason, I promptly took away from you the book of Heraldry. Of what service would it then have been to you to understand the different armorial bearings, the *Champs de Gueules*, the *sinoples*, the *pals*, the *besants*, &c.? All those words had become barbarous, and might no longer be sounded in the ears of the enemies of kings. Besides, I had taught you that it is not birth which opens the road to fame. As the feeble lark mounts up from his resting-place on the earth towards the heavens, so may a man, though born a shepherd (if possessed of native worth), travel all the paths of military glory, and reach the most distinguished rank.

Eugene, you were raised amidst the dust of camps; you esteemed it an honour, while occupying inferior stations, to be obedient to your superiors; you constantly observed the discipline of a soldier; in battle, you ever preserved that presence of mind and that moderation which are so necessary; and when honour, or the interest of your country, required, you confronted with coolness the greatest dangers; and you have ever fought for the general weal. Beyond this no one is required to go; the

warrior who rashly exposes himself spreads confusion in the ranks, and often occasions disorder through the whole army. Promoted to the rank of general, aware that courage in a chief is a powerful incitement to the soldier, you displayed your own at the head of our armies; you did not then forget what you had practised in inferior grades. You remembered that the warrior who commands ought to show himself a model to all who are to obey; and you ever furnished such a model. If you have distinguished yourself in numerous engagements; if, following in the footsteps of your illustrious father, you have acquired the reputation of a hero, your glory, like his, will never be effaced. But, my son, never forget to protect the weak against the oppressor; ever make virtue triumphant; ever show yourself the inflexible enemy of crime; indulgent towards error, and compassionate towards misfortune.

O my son! I confide to you your children. Watch over their education; let them learn from you to conduct themselves like men, in whatever country they may be, whether in prosperity or adversity—in a word, to show themselves worthy of you and themselves. And may they one day prove themselves worthy of their ancestors, honouring their country, and rendering themselves immortal.

As to thee, my beloved daughter, long borne down with sorrow, thou wast, even in thine infancy, quoted as a model of reserve and modesty; but, when fortune had placed thee upon the public stage, thou becamest an object of base jealousy. Faults were imputed to thee, and the blackest envy misconstrued thy most innocent actions. Thy mother was deeply touched by thy sorrows. To her alone didst thou open thy heart; before her didst thou freely pour forth thy tears. Although the horrible calumnies did not, in all their venom, reach thee, yet it was with difficulty that I restored calmness to thy afflicted spirit. The poisonous breath of detraction, which scattered all thy hopes of bliss, long continued to assail thee. But

thou hast endured all those persecutions with angelic meekness, and hast the consolation of a pure conscience and an innocent heart.

It belongs to me, Hortense, to make thee known; thy interesting history is attached to my own. How ardently shall I one day perform the duty of your justification. Perchance I shall have the happiness, should the Secret Memoirs of my life be published in France, of reviving in all hearts those sentiments of esteem and admiration which are due to thee. Truth, that truth which I shall make known in all its brightness and power, will correct the errors of opinion; men will forget their unfounded prejudices, and learn to admire thy virtues—virtues which have too long been denied thee. And thus wilt thou behold thy reputation triumph by means of that same moderation which thou hast never ceased to show from the origin of thy misfortunes. There are those who, enlightened by the torch of repentance, will say, "Too late am I undeceived, and my tardy regrets cannot now repair the wrongs of which I was the involuntary cause."

tion (very limited) would not permit of such a

# HISTORICAL AND SECRET

# MEMOIRS

OF THE

# EMPRESS JOSEPHINE

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## CHAPTER I

"See high in air the sportive goddess hangs,
Unlocks her casket—spreads her glittering wares,
And calls the giddy winds to puff abroad
Her random bounties o'er the gaping throng.
All rush rapacious; friend o'er trodden friend,
Sons o'er their fathers, subjects o'er their kings,
Priests o'er their gods, and lovers o'er the fair—
(Still more adorned) to snatch the golden shower;
Sagacious all to trace the smallest game,
And bold to seize the greatest; * *
* * * * * they launch, they fly,
O'er just, o'er sacred, all forbidden ground,
Drunk with the burning scent of place and power,
Staunch to the foot of Lucre,—till they die."

—Young.

How strange are the destinies of men! Ah! happy, a thousand times happy, those who are born in obscurity! They pass their lives without attracting the gaze of the world; but do those who return with a smile the caresses of Fortune, always know how to submit to her frowns? The artisan begins his daily toil with a song, and ends it without regret. Day by day he eats the bread purchased by his hard toil; and though he reposes not upon the pillows of ease, he, at least, tastes the sleep of peace.

Those who, by their rank or their dignity, are con-

strained to present themselves to public gaze, enjoy a less happy lot; they must count as many judges of their actions as there are men to appear before them; and the censure to which they are exposed dissipates the dream of felicity.

Again, has happiness a resting-place on earth? Is it not rather a fugitive stranger, wandering far from his own country, unable to tarry in this vale of tears?

Ah! whoever you are, into whose hands fate may throw these Memoirs, so fertile of events, beware you do not regard them as a dream, nor as the fruit of a wandering imagination. Ponder well these annals of our revolutions; let the terrible lesson be engraven upon your hearts in letters ineffaceable; for the efforts of men are henceforth impotent to repel the memory of the past. Like the rock of Sisyphus, it must roll back and be ever ready to crush them.

Meanwhile I float, uncertain, from thought to thought. I know well the task I have undertaken; but I shall accomplish it, for my resolution is unalterable, and because this history belongs to posterity. Yet I know not the course I may, perhaps, steer, and this uncertainty agitates and pains me. But imperious Truth invokes me; I hear her resistless voice; I feel it is her power that impels me; my subject inspires me, and its importance must, for me, supply the place of genius.

Why do my thoughts, wandering around her tomb, give way to gloomy sorrows? Is the soul, the celestial fire, extinguished beneath the ashes of the tomb? No! Nothing of Josephine (I know not yet what place she occupies in Heaven), nothing of Josephine has ceased to live but that portion of her being which was doomed to mortality. She has lost only the rude, terrestrial covering

which environed her. For Josephine, nothing has ended but misfortune and sorrow.

Thus will I not suffer to perish, in forgetfulness, the glory of that illustrious woman. Fly, ye profane! or approach with awe this august shade. I hear her voice. She commands me to seize the pencil. Friendship shall guide it! But let me pause for a moment and recall my thoughts. I enter with reverence the sanctuary where Josephine reposes. It is at Rueil; 'tis at the foot of her tomb that all my thoughts are fixed; everything here recalls to my mind her wonderful history.

What do I behold! An insensible marble covers her remains. This simplicity speaks to the heart far more eloquently than the most pompous mausoleum. Josephine! this abode is for thee a bed of triumph. Already I behold thy glory; thy noble actions have made thee immortal. Yes, here on her coffin do I lay the tribute of my regrets; she has passed the dreadful gate; my straining eyes pursue her, and are lost in eternity!

Yes, thee do I invoke, thou sainted shade, now a dweller in the palace of the King of kings! Ah, deign to support me in the task I here attempt; give to my voice the harmony and the eloquence which belong to good works; adorn this recital with the charms which were so much thine own; aid me in bringing to light the most secret events in the reign of Bonaparte, and name to me the realms which that too famous man overran in search of that marvellous talisman by which he enchained all powers, inferior and superior. Immortal shade, hover over me! dictate a portion of this work, and lend it the charm of thy enchanting style. My pen waits to obey thee.

* * * * * * *

The Island of Martinique was the birthplace of Napoleon Bonaparte's first wife. Her family there enjoyed a high consideration, and was noted for that hereditary hospitality which it was so fond of exercising. Its mansion was ever open to the unfortunate colonists, or the slaves who were without shelter.

She came into the world on the very day on which the treaty which surrendered the island to France was signed, that is, on the 24th day of June, 1763. Her earliest look was upon the liberators of her country, those who had prepared this triumph of justice and humanity.

Her parents drew a favourable augury from the circumstance of her birth happening on that day, and it was celebrated by discharges of artillery. The colony was freed from the yoke of the European islanders. Such was Josephine's entrance into the world.

With her brow encircled by a transparent crown, which seldom surrounds the heads of new-born babes, Josephine bore at her birth an infallible sign of prosperity —a token of good fortune in her future career.

We will glance rapidly at the history of her childhood.

In opening her eyes to the day, she felt the influence of the delicious climate where she was born. Constantly surrounded by slaves who ran at her cry, who guarded her infancy from every danger, she was protected by this faithful band from all fear and all sorrow.

A Creole, free from his cradle, never groans under the imprisonment of swaddling clothes, which so often prove fatal; his limbs never exhibit the slightest imperfection; and the favourable temperature of the climate lends him an agility fitting him for all kinds of gymnastic exercises, to which he has as much inclination as native adaptation.

The rapid development of Josephine's physical qualities, the unceasing display of the productions with which an ever active course and an exhaustless fertility of soil enriched her country; perhaps, even the constant view of the element which separated her from the rest of the world, tended to create in her a lively imagination, and a quick perception, affording a happy presage of her future success in those arts to which she loved to devote herself. But the extreme tenderness of her parents, ever the slaves of her will, led them to avoid, during her infancy, the slightest opposition to her desires. The effect of this parental indulgence was to mar the native sweetness of her temper. She required that her smallest caprices should be gratified; each day she became more and more exacting; and, had it not been for the successful resistance of her mother, she must soon have contracted faults which would have been intolerable.

From the day of her birth she was herself surrounded by a throng of courtiers and admirers; the former composed for her a sort of *brilliant Court*, while the latter cherished the greatest hopes in reference to her. Hence a subtle pride crept into her purest inclinations, her most virtuous actions. It needed but a look from her to make all around obey. The young negresses, subjected to the variations of her humour, dared not raise their voice, and her infantile freaks at times disturbed the general quiet. Her sports often placed her in the midst of young unfortunates whom their colour had condemned to slavery (1); but she showed the same predilection for the blacks who distinguished themselves by their good conduct, as for the whites. This favour ensured them better treatment for the future. And, surely, it is a happy lot for beings who are reduced to utter dependence upon

others, having no interest in themselves, to find someone to alleviate their painful condition. Thus, she protected them from the injustice which awaited them whenever the overseer made the least complaint. "I always took care," said Josephine, "to throw a veil over such of their faults as personally concerned me." But whenever occasion required, she displayed all the energy of her nature. Little accustomed to obeisance herself, her resolution, when taken, yielded to no obstacle. Her character was, by nature, wild, and of an extreme sensibility. Never was woman endowed with a soul more tender, more generous or truer to the sentiment which inspired it. She loved gratitude and hated its opposite. Alas! to what purpose did she persevere in her love of the one and her hatred of the other.

Her character exhibited a happy combination of languid softness and vivacity; but her excessive timidity sometimes deprived her of the advantages which a cultivated mind and striking talents would have secured her. Her health was delicate; her voice was charming. Her heart, true and faithful, never knew imposture; the smile of benevolence dwelt on her lips. Clad usually in the light muslin tissue worn in that climate, she was perfectly free in all the motions of the body. The talent of pleasing always excited her generous emulation; but what particularly affected her, and, indeed, afflicted her, was the preference which the inhabitants of the colony gave to her over her only sister, who was really handsomer than she. By caressing her self-love they afflicted her heart. They called her the *pretty Creole*, a title which produced upon her mind the liveliest impressions. Her physical charms were constantly praised; the colours of the rose adorned her cheek, and she knew not then that a woman

could resort to art to add to her attractions. 'Tis thus, however, that the greatest part of the Creoles, aided by their simple native graces, know how to perpetuate the empire which they hold from the hands of Nature.

Josephine was not ten years old when it appeared that Terpsichore was the goddess who most engaged her worship. Notwithstanding the warmth of the climate and the feebleness of her constitution, dancing seemed to animate her whole being; and such was the delirium into which this exercise plunged her, that it was easy for a careful observer to see that this pleasure was likely to engross her tastes. She was also exceedingly fond of vocal music; and her own flexible voice was well adapted to light and tender airs. The ballad was the kind of song which pleased her most; her plaintive tones seemed made to administer pleasure to her languid spirits. She would give to each tune a slow and sweet accent, and the ravishing melody enchanted her ear and seduced her heart.

Solitude pleased her much. She preferred the retreat called the "Three Islets" to the interior of the colony; and, as I have said, her retiring manners seemed to obscure the brilliancy which she might have displayed in the midst of society. It was really only in France that she learnt to understand the full value of that amability which women alone possess, and have the skill to exhibit under the most attractive forms.

But her early education was neglected. In recounting to her friends the circumstances of her childhood, she gives the following picture of herself:—

"I did not like the restraint of my clothing, nor to be cramped in my movements. I ran, and jumped, and danced from morning to night. Why restrain the wild

movements of my childhood? I wanted to do no hurt to those from whom I received any evidences of affection. Nature gave me a great facility for everything I undertook. Learning to read and write was mere sport; the same was true as to the instruction I received from my father; and there were few better taught men, or possessing a more skilful manner in making himself understood, than he. I had no other master until I was twelve years old; and then they received from my father the same directions which he had given in reference to Maria[1]; my lessons were presented to me only in the form of amusements. I know not, indeed, whether this method would succeed with all children. I know well, however, that in my case it was followed by the happiest results."

Madame Tascher affected a sort of severity towards her daughter Josephine whenever she saw her neglecting her duties. She would talk of putting her into the convent, in the hope of her being able there to acquire a more cultivated education.

"My good and pretty little child," said her mother to her, one day, "your character and heart are excellent, but your *head*—Ah! what a head! Tender even to weakness, I have opposed you in nothing. I have consulted, instead of directing your inclination, and granted your desires instead of expressing my own. I have entreated when I should have commanded, and yielded when I should have resisted. I doubt not that in France your mind will develop itself much better than in this climate. In Europe, the example of your companions will arouse your self-love and excite your emulation.

1 Eldest sister of Josephine. She was more commonly called Manette. She was very handsome; but the mark she bore on one of her cheeks disfigured her a little.

Here, on the contrary, the indolence of the Creoles has produced in your mind that repugnance for study which is so natural to infancy and youth; my duty is to overcome this repugnance. I have not yet done it, and your ignorance is my fault." With these words she left Josephine, and the coldness of her manner produced in the latter the most painful agitations. A serious thought, a mournful reflection now seized her; she fell to weeping. The tears were, perhaps, the first she ever shed. Her women were frightened to find her in this cruel situation; the cries of one of them reached her father, who hastened to her. His tender cares in some degree soothed her grief, and, in the midst of the sobs which escaped her, she did not hesitate to tell him the cause.

Love, under the disguise of friendship, had already penetrated her heart; she felt a tender sentiment for a certain young man of the colony. She was yet too young to understand the nature of that sweet sentiment which draws us towards a loved object; but the good understanding which reigned between their parents, and the proximity of their habitations, had united them from their earliest years. The inclination which they had felt for each other during the age of innocence, was strengthened by time, and especially after the mother of young William had given him the *entrée* into the mansion of la Pagerie. Aside from a motive of personal friendship which had long attached her to Madame Tascher, Madame de K—— doubtless flattered herself that one day her son, by becoming the husband of the amiable Josephine, would strengthen the bands of ancient friendship which reigned between the two families.

The parents of this, her young Creole lover, who be-

longed to one of the first families in England, had come to Martinique in consequence of the misfortunes of the unhappy Prince Edward, whose noble banner they had followed. Deprived of their goods, and reduced to a state approaching indigence, their position was nevertheless respectable. Erewhile the favourites of fortune, objects of envy to their fellow-citizens, it needed but an unexpected reverse to strip them at once of riches, friends, country; to humble them under the strokes of adversity, and to inspire them with serious inquietudes for their own lives. But these generous English were not slow to perceive that *nobility*, in a state of destitution, is but a vain title—a source of humiliation and chagrin.

The consideration which M. de Tascher enjoyed was not the only motive which attached them to him; their regard for him was disinterested. For the rest, the inheritance of the estate of a maternal uncle might at any moment rescue them from the precarious position in which they had been plunged since the fall of the House of Stuart, whose cause they had embraced, and whose proscription they had shared. These strangers entertained the project of one day establishing themselves in France; there they were to await the promise made by Josephine's parents of uniting her in marriage with their son, when they should be of the proper age. Her father had determined that his eldest daughter should go to reside with Madame Renaudin,[1] who had made repeated efforts to procure one of her nieces to live with her, promising to charge herself with the care of her fortune, and to provide for her establishment in life.

Months passed away without any apparent change

1 Sister of M. de Tascher de la Pagerie.

in Josephine's situation. Her parents by no means foresaw into what a frightful state she was about to fall. How could they divine the catastrophe which fate was preparing for her? Their hearts, naturally so feeling, could not imagine that she was to drain the cup of sorrow, and at an early age feel the touch of the thorns of human life; and as yet nothing announced to her that her heart would become the sport of the passions. Maria possessed a character widely different from hers; she combined English tastes and habits; her face exhibited the paleness of melancholy, while Josephine preserved a light and sprightly air. Her heart was not yet open to the illusions of love; though she soon found out that a natural inclination draws us to the beings who are to become the sovereign arbiters of our destinies—the image of William de K—— began early to occupy her thoughts.

The parents saw with pleasure the development of the early attachment of these two children. "We grew up, day by day," said Josephine, "under their eyes; they loved to preside over our childish sports. I told my young friend of the threat my mother made of sending me away from Martinique; from that moment our hearts felt the same anxiety, and we both resolved to escape, if possible, from the pangs with which such a separation menaced us."

William de K—— had not seen ten summers, but, by means of a skilful teacher, he had already made such progress in the study of the useful sciences that he was distinguished throughout the colony for his scholarship.

An excess of grief followed this exaltation of feeling; the boy fell sick with a fever, and was horribly agitated, not imagining that there were pangs yet to be endured

far more trying than the mere privation he was about to experience. "Ah! my mother, my tender mother," said he, constantly, "your goodness encourages me, and at the same time makes me the more sensible of my faults, if it be a fault to love. Pardon your son, but take care of my Josephine! conceal her from every eye; for one of these days Madame de la Pagerie may send her away for ever from her country and her friends. Regard her henceforth as your daughter, and when I am older, give her to me as a wife. What say you, mother, to my project?" His tender mother could not but pity him, but, at the same time, made him understand all the inconveniences of such a step. She would not undertake to solicit the particular favour of Josephine's parents, over whose minds she nevertheless held much influence; and only flattered her son that his young companion should be preserved, and that the happiness of both should be complete.

It was not difficult for this good mother to obtain the revocation of Madame Tascher's decree. The self-love of the young Josephine, touched by the foreign intervention to which she had to resort in order to postpone her journey across the seas, easily discovered, from the menaces which her family had employed towards her, that they would soon find some other pretext for executing their design.

For form's sake, certain conditions were exacted to which it was necessary to subscribe. All this passed in so short a time that the sentiments of fear and pleasure struggled together in the young heart of Josephine, and for a moment caused a tumultuous agitation.—"Happy moment!" she afterwards exclaimed, "and yet I felt unhappy."

Meanwhile all things went on in their accustomed way: William de K——'s teacher became Josephine's. This change produced a happy effect on her daily habits. She felt the pride of emulation; she began to draw quite well, and manifested a taste for the harp and piano; learnt her own language and commenced the English. Her mother placed all her affections upon Maria, whom she idolised. It is certain her preference for her was marked, though not absolutely exclusive. In respect, however, to the qualities of the heart, the father possessed them all; he was fond of Josephine. To a well-instructed mind, he united such an amenity of disposition that it was impossible for anyone not to prefer his society to that of his wife. The latter perceived this, but without repining; she loved him so tenderly that it was an additional satisfaction to her to witness Josephine's predilection for her father.

After six months of perseverance, Madame de la Pagerie, finding that her daughter was likely to fulfil her expectations, assured her that she need feel no apprehension of a separation from the family; and she added that, in a few years, her father would undertake to establish her in life—that her husband would, without doubt, take her to the Continent, and fix his residence in a large city, where she would mingle in society and form the acquaintance of a class of ladies whose rank and fortune attracted the highest respect and esteem; who take no care of their reputation, who neglect their husbands and children, and live, as it were, like strangers in the midst of their families. She expressed the hope that her daughter would never imitate such examples; that she would fulfil her duties without making a merit of it; consult her husband's happiness, acquire the respect

of the public, and enjoy a conscience void of reproach, the first of all blessings. Thus Josephine received from day to day, from the best of mothers, lessons which were not lost upon her. In after life she put them in practice, and more than once blessed the kind hand which had deigned to mark out her most essential and sacred duties.

## CHAPTER II

"DIVINE Hope!" thought then Josephine, "bright daughter of the skies! thou hast consolation for the wretched, and yet fliest from me who am now scarcely in the morning of life. Alas, thou seemest to shun me! Thou art deaf to my cries, and yet thou alone canst give me peace!—peace! while all things around seem to smile upon me. All seem animated with pleasure and bliss—all but me. Nature, for the islanders, is the same to-morrow as yesterday; and yet for a time, with a veil which I cannot penetrate, she has hidden herself from my eyes!" Such were the thoughts of the beautiful Creole while entering upon her thirteenth year.

Whether misfortune had linked itself to the destinies of the de K—— family, or whether their calamities came upon them without their being able to escape them, it had become necessary for them to quit the hospitable island where they had lived for twenty-five years. Mr. de K—— was forced to leave suddenly for England to assert his heirship to the estate of Lord Lov——, and took with him his son. His wife remained a short time in Martinique with her youngest daughter. Her sister for some years lived in the north of Scotland, whither she had followed her husband.

Josephine found each day a new charm in the society of Madame de K—— and became attached to her by the tenderest friendship; she concealed from her none of her tastes, none of her inclinations, and in these she was skilfully guided by that amiable woman.

Maria was more devoted to solitude, and, in order to divert her sister, would often contrive some plan for the relief of a family employed in their service, and whom they sought, by their benevolent attentions, to rob of all sense of the frowns of Fortune. The children became objects of their most anxious care. Their benefactresses obtained for them what their parents refused to others in their condition. The overseer of the slaves often complained of this preference, which to him appeared unjust. This inflexible man knew no motives but menaces and flogging, and he employed them with a ferocity truly revolting. Every anniversary of the birth of the two young ladies was consecrated to the liberation of a slave. This indulgence became, as they grew up, the price of their good conduct, and of their progress in their studies. Thus, in making others happy, the feeling Josephine found in some sort the means of charming away her own sorrows. She no longer heard anyone speak of William, of that William whom she had loved so well. From time to time, she interrogated his mother respecting him, but Madame de K—— merely replied that her son was sent to the University of Oxford to finish his education.

Many young persons of her age whom she was fond of, paid weekly visits to the family; they were received in the politest manner, and fêtes often prepared for them. They as yet tasted only liberty, that precious privilege of youth, and knew not that they should ever have other duties to perform and other accomplishments to attain.

These young Creoles gave themselves up to unrestrained merriment; but the sombre Maria, shut up with her teacher, employed herself in cultivating such pleasing talents as she possessed, or in taking lessons

upon those duties which a woman of the *grand monde* is called upon to discharge. She was on the point of setting out for France, where Madame Renaudin had conceived the idea of marrying her to the son of the Marquis de Beauharnais. It seemed, on the other hand, to Josephine that Martinique was the theatre where she was to act her part. She did not sigh after a new world, though she would have been enchanted if the de K—— family had consented to bring William back to the colony. Such is the power of imagination! We love to recall the scenes of childhood, and the friends of our youth are always first in our recollection.

Josephine used to call to mind, with a positive emotion, the circumstance of one of her female companions accompanying her in her walks near her residence; they passed whole days together, sometimes sitting in the shade of a palm-tree, sometimes reposing beneath a majestic American cedar of strong aromatic scent, while their negresses attended upon them. A thousand interesting conversations were had here, and the son of Madame de K—— was always the subject. One day Josephine perceived that her companion listened to her with unusual attention, and seemed, so to speak, to enjoy the torments which the absence of young William occasioned her. The sentiment of jealousy was a stranger to her heart, and yet she could not support the idea of seeing her young companion happier than herself, though she managed so to control herself as to impose upon her. Nevertheless, in her vexation, she could not help saying that in *youth*, *real* stains upon one's character are more culpable than at mature age. And in truth, the sense of the ingratitude of her young lover afflicted her much less in view of the wrong he

had done, than that which he had aimed to do. "He is right," said she, with vehemence; "he wants to keep me from loving, all the rest of my life." While thus speaking, she trembled, and an involuntary shudder shook her whole frame as she discovered a letter in her companion's hand. Her eyes fell on the seal; she recognised the handwriting. It was William's. "Give it me," said she, with energy, but with visible emotion; "I think I have courage enough to read it. What will it cost you, after all, to give me this satisfaction?" Mademoiselle de K—— handed it to her, and, by her ironical smile, seemed to say, "That will not impose upon you." In fact, William's letter contained only a seducing picture of the beauties of the capital of the three Kingdoms; it expressed his hopes, but did not contain the name of Josephine. She knew not how to account for this indifference, nor knew, even yet, that the sentiment with which he had inspired her was love. Her companion, discovering that she was really affected, explained the little trick. This letter was addressed to his brother, the companion of his childhood, with whom William kept up a regular correspondence. Josephine was reassured. From this time forth she mastered her feelings, and smiled at the future. She ceased uttering reproaches against William, though she could have wished to penetrate the secrets of his heart. Her aversion to lying made her remember this black falsehood, and from that time she openly broke with this young lady, not seeing her at all, except as mere civility required, and avoiding her on all occasions when she could do so with decency.

Months passed away in the hope of seeing William return; Josephine had in a manner contracted the habits of Jean Jacques Rousseau (2). She might have been

seen every morning carefully picking up all the pebbles which came in her way, and throwing them at the nearest tree. This became her favourable or unfavourable augury. She collected with avidity all the prognostics, and then awaited quietly their fulfilment. In remarking upon this habit, she was accustomed to say of herself: "Like the author of 'Emile,' I know not whether I ought to smile or sigh at myself."

However that may be, Mademoiselle de Tascher formed the project of going to consult a woman of colour, named Euphemia,[1] who enjoyed a great reputation in Martinique, where she passed for a magician. This mulatto woman inspired such a dread throughout the colony, that, when the young negroes did wrong, they were threatened with a visit from this disciple of Beelzebub. Having fixed upon a day, Josephine, accompanied by two of her female friends, whom she had inspired with the same curiosity, proceeded to the house of the Irish Pythoness.

They found her living in a modest cabin, which she had built near the "Three Islets." The avenue to her magic cell was bordered with the *Amaryllis gigantea* (3). Josephine took a fancy to this plant, and resolved to have several bunches of it planted in the most conspicuous place about her house.

The three young Creoles found the Irish hag in a room that was somewhat elevated, where she seemed to give audiences. She was not placed under a canopy glittering with gold and rubies; she did not affect a tone of grandeur and severity; no hurricane attended her; in entering her house, no hissing of frightful

1 She had belonged to Madame Renaudin; she was Irish, and surnamed David.

serpents was heard, which would not cease until the new Medea should speak or make a sign; no crescent glittered on her brow; but she was seated on a simple cane mat, and surrounded by a throng of the curious. All were in a commotion difficult to describe. Josephine and her companions began to feel how foolish they had been; a panic terror seized them; they found themselves face to face with *her* who was to tell them their fate. At sight of them, this prophetic exclamation escaped the mulatto woman: "You see, my mouth exhales no poisonous vapour; neither flame nor smoke surrounds my dwelling; nor does a volcano vomit out around me its sulphurous clouds. No, my pretty Creoles, do not be afraid, nor be sorry that you have honoured me with your visit." Then assuming an air less grave, she said to one of them in a mild, sweet tone: "Though you are young, you have had considerable experience in aiding your mother in the government of several households; you will marry a man from another colony[1]; you will be the mother of one daughter and spend nearly the whole of your life in Europe; yours will be but an ephemeral part on the theatre of the world, but your fortune will always sustain you."[2] Miss S——, who accompanied them, then presented to her, trembling, some ground Mocha coffee.[3] At the sight of it Euphemia uttered a cry. This unexpected surprise produced a deep impression upon the young American; but she immediately recovered herself, and told the woman plainly that she had not the least confidence in the art

1 Guadaloupe.

2 She is now Madame de St. A——.

3 A sort of token, the results of which were so striking in regard to Gustavus III., King of Sweden. This truly astonishing prediction may be found at p. 544 of the "*Souvenirs Prophétiques d'une Sibyle.*"

of divination. The woman replied: "When you appeared before me, I showed some perturbation, but it was not to awe you; I subject nobody to rigorous trials, and, far from occasioning you the least pain, I aim only to foretell to you what shall be your future destinies."

She then examined the curved lines of Miss S——'s left hand with the most scrupulous attention, and after some moments' reflection said to her: "Your parents will soon send you to Europe to perfect your education. Your ship will be taken by Algerine corsairs; you will be led away captive, and immediately conducted into a seraglio. There you will have a son; this son shall reign gloriously, but his steps to the throne will first have been sprinkled with the blood of one of his last predecessors.[1] As to you, you will never enjoy the public honours of the Court, but you will occupy a vast and magnificent palace, in which you shall rule. But at the moment when you shall think yourself the most happy of women, your happiness shall vanish like a dream; and a wasting disease conduct you to the tomb.[2]" At

1 The unfortunate Sultan Selim II.

2 This interesting Creole quitted the Island of Martinique in the year 1776. The vessel which was carrying her to France was attacked by Algerine corsairs. At the moment they turned their prows towards the States of Barbary, their ship was pillaged by Tunis pirates, who met them at sea. Miss S—— became the booty of these new conquerors, who destined the poor girl to the Sultan's seraglio. On her arrival at Constantinople, she augmented the prodigious number of *odalisks* of all nations; and at the end of a certain time, became the mother of a son. Sultan *Malmoulh*, who at this day reigns gloriously in Turkey, owes his birth to this American girl. Having become Sultana, Miss S—— used to take pleasure in the singular prediction which was made to her in Martinique by the Irishwoman, Euphemia. As gratitude was the first sentiment of her heart, she had sought out the means of assuring to this coloured woman an honourable maintenance; and when she thought herself the most fortunate of mothers, and rejoiced to see her

length, Josephine's turn came. As yet, the prophetess had inspired her with so little confidence that she was even tempted not to submit to an examination. Encouraged, however, by the example and entreaties of her young friends, she hazarded some sly questions; then, with an indifferent and disdainful air, she asked her to look at the inside of her hands. The black woman, after telling her that her art taught her that she really wished to know the whole truth, notwithstanding her apparent indifference, remarked that her frankness would cause her a great surprise. She then examined the ball of her left thumb with marked attention; while doing so, the Pythoness changed countenance repeatedly; then, in a hollow, shrill voice, she articulated these words:—

"You will be married to a man of a fair complexion, destined to be the husband of another of your family. The young lady whose place you are called to fill will not live long. A young Creole, whom you love, does not cease to think of you; you will never marry him, and you will make vain attempts to save his life (4); but his end will be unhappy. Your star promises you two marriages. Your first husband will be a man born in Martinique, but he will reside in Europe and wear a sword; he will enjoy some moments of good fortune. A sad legal proceeding will separate you from him, and, after many great troubles which are to befall the kingdom of the *Franks*, he will perish tragically and leave you a widow with two helpless children. Your second

numerous family coming to establish themselves around her, she fell a victim to a lingering disease, of which, after some months, she died in the year 1811, at the age of fifty-one years. She earnestly recommended to her son her numerous friends; and among these was Josephine, for whom, it is said, she never ceased to cherish the most tender recollections.

husband will be of an olive complexion, of European birth; without fortune, yet he will become famous; he will fill the world with his glory, and will subject a great many nations to his power. You will then become an *eminent woman*, and possess a supreme dignity; but many people will forget your kindnesses. After having astonished the world *you will die miserable* (5). The country in which what I foretell must happen forms a part of Celtic Gaul; and more than once, in the midst of your prosperity, you will regret the happy and peaceful life you led in the colony. At the moment you shall quit it (*but not for ever*) a prodigy will appear in the air—this will be the first harbinger of your astonishing destiny."

Having left the house of Euphemia, the young consulters gazed at each other for some time in silence, unable to account for the different sensations they experienced. They reciprocally promised to keep all secret, and not one of them was either depressed or elated with her fortune. Miss S——, indeed, confessed to her friends, some days after, that she vacillated between hope and fear, agitated by a thousand conjectures respecting her singular horoscope. Morpheus no longer strewed his sleep-inducing poppies on her eyelids, and for many a night she was totally without repose.

Josephine, some time after, recounted to her father the strange prediction which had been made to her, to which she said she attached not the least importance; though she compared it to that of the widow Scarron (Madame de Maintenon). Like Josephine, the granddaughter of Agrippa d'Aubigné had passed her early years in Martinique; and yet history teaches us that a *bricklayer* foretold to her that she should one day mount the throne of France. In recalling these historical facts, M. de Tascher

imagined he saw the spirit of the great Louis XIV. wandering about him. "I regret but one thing," said he; "it is that I was not born in that age, which even now sheds its glorious lights upon our own." His wife smiled at his enthusiasm, for she looked upon power only as a rock in the ocean, on which, sooner or later, the strongest vessel is dashed and broken. For several months, however, she amused herself with the dream of her daughter's future greatness, and often repeated this beautiful thought of Lucan—"The oracles of Heaven show the future only through a cloud."[1]

But the gay and light-hearted young Creole soon forgot all the prophetess had told her; for, said she to her friends, "Whoever promises too much, creates distrust." This incredulity was the more natural in Josephine, as Euphemia had insisted that she must give up William, whom, nevertheless, she still flattered herself with the hope of marrying:

"Jusqu' au dernier moment un malheureux espère."

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1 . . . Tripodas, vatesque deorum
Sors obscura tenet.

## CHAPTER III

The family of Josephine were about to see their wishes accomplished. "Even now," wrote Madame Renaudin to her brother (6) de Tascher, "the fêtes of Hymen are in preparation; garlands of flowers adorn the temple, and clouds of incense will soon rise from the altars of that divinity. The day for the nuptial pomp will soon be fixed."

Suddenly the eldest of the two Misses Pagerie was seized with a severe malady; her face became pale, her respiration difficult, and she felt every moment her pulse beating more faintly. These terrible symptoms taught her mother that the relentless Fates were about to sever the threads of life for her beloved Maria.

"Yes," she exclaimed with deep sorrow, "soon Maria's only bed will be the tomb;—the fears I have entertained from the commencement of the disease hasten to their fulfilment;—alas! the garlands of affection are withered."

The family became disconsolate; the interesting girl was universally and deservedly lamented. Never was the conduct of a young lady more exemplary. She fulfilled all her duties with the most scrupulous exactness. The mother was in despair. Josephine was deeply affected by her mother's grief, while the latter, out of respect for the feelings of her surviving child, tried to control her sorrows. By degrees, however, she became more composed, and found her only solace in the attachment of her remaining daughter. Poor Maria was

lamented by her sister, who now resolved to follow her example; the more, because her tender mother continually pronounced the name of the lost one, and repeated sorrowfully the exclamation: "Would that Josephine could console me for the loss of my eldest born!" (7).

In this she succeeded, by means of careful attentions and tenderness; so far, indeed, that she hardly recognised herself. Her approach to womanhood had ripened her ideas; in losing the best friend she had on earth, she found herself in the midst of a vast solitude, though her family still remained to her, and united their efforts to soothe her for a loss which was, alas! irreparable; but months passed away before they succeeded.

She became melancholy; she was a burden to herself, and afraid she should become so to others; a thousand gloomy thoughts weighed upon her spirits; her native gaiety was without aliment, and her heart became a prey to pangs, the keener that they were the first of the kind which had assailed her. Her father was the first to discover her true situation, and to talk with her about it; and to him she opened her heart's secret.

Looking her in the face, he at first treated it as a joke, but afterwards endeavoured to reason her out of it. He told her that, as he had not been able to keep the promise he had made to Madame Renaudin, he should charge *her* with its fulfilment. The words were a thunderclap to Josephine. Aware, however, that prayers would avail nothing with him, and that he well knew upon whom she had placed her affections, she rose and said to him with moderation, but with firmness: "Father, may my destiny one day cause you no tears!"

He replied that her aunt might secure her permanent

happiness, as she had a decided influence over the Marquis de Beauharnais, whose son, destined to become his son-in-law, appeared to consent to an exchange; and that it was she, Josephine, who alone could supply the loss of his affianced Maria.

We have remarked that M. de la Pagerie idolised his favourite daughter. The parallel he drew between her and her sister was always to the advantage of the latter. 'Tis thus that most parents become blinded to the faults of their children. Josephine was for a while silenced, but soon implored him to remember that she was promised to William. De Tascher was moved, but, assuming his authority, he added, in a firm tone: "What you ask of me, my dear child, is impossible. I have done all I could to fulfil my most cherished vow; you must obey. Besides, my daughter, the times are no longer the same; you are now our only hope." He then showed her that, by means of the favours she was to receive from her aunt, Renaudin, she was become one of the most advantageous matches in Martinique; and that, for this reason, the son of M. de K—— could never become her husband. "It is true," said he, "your hand was destined to him."

"But," said she," "your intentions, father, are no longer the same!"

"My dear child!" said he, "and how has that happened?"

"Why," she replied, "has my father renounced his purpose?"

"Because," said he, "the immense inheritance which he is to receive is but a mere substitution; in case he takes the title of Lord Lov——, he must marry the niece of the testator, and it is only on this condition that William can assume the name and the arms of the old

nobleman. Besides, everything shows that this young man has, since he left for England, utterly forgotten you."

Happily for her, Josephine was ignorant that William had written her twenty letters, which her parents had kept from her. Of course she accused him of coldness, indifference, and even of ingratitude.

She now promised to submit to her parents in whatever they exacted. But in seeking to avenge herself on William she was herself the greatest sufferer, and really became the first to break her vows. The scenes of her childhood haunted her imagination; every object recalled a tender recollection; she loved to frequent the spot which witnessed their last farewells, and there to abandon herself to tumultuous and melancholy thoughts.

One day she noticed a tree on which her young friends had carved their names. It is impossible to describe the emotions she experienced at seeing her own name united with his whom she believed to be perjured. She instantly effaced this symbol of their love. "Alas!" said she to herself, "the sun shone upon our love at its birth, but it is to be feared he does not exist in the midst of the thunders and tempests. A dark and dreary future awaits me;" and with the point of a knife, and with trembling hand, she inscribed these words: "*Unhappy William, thou hast forgotten me ! ! !*" She felt better after taking this trifling revenge. Time brought her to her senses; and then she sought to comprehend fully this truth:

"Rien au monde, après l'espérance,
N'est si trompeur que l'apparence."

News from France arrived often, and Madame Renaudin insisted constantly on her niece's coming to reside with her. She could have wished also, for her own gratification, that the Pagerie family should come and see her at

Fontainebleau, where she had visited for some time. Her brother would have readily consented, but Josephine's mother was unwilling to leave her own country. He used all his skill to persuade her, by exciting her curiosity and drawing pompous pictures of the happy country her daughter was to inhabit. Madame Tascher's reply was: "It is quite easy to embellish or to discolour objects, while I am two thousand leagues distant from the capital." It was then agreed that Josephine should proceed alone. Her parents kept her in ignorance of their purpose of separating from her. But she was by no means so stupid as not to perceive what every look of theirs indicated.

Her mother clasped her in her arms, gazed at her in silence, and endeavoured to restrain her tears, which, nevertheless, soon began to flow.

If her daughter asked the occasion of her weeping, she would answer by some careless observation, or some moral maxim. "The moment," said she, "a man gives himself up to joy, is often that which immediately precedes the misfortune he least thinks of;" or, "It becomes every one to be constantly prepared for misfortune." Josephine knew not the meaning of those words; and these cool reflections of her mother made her suspect that her grief was not altogether sincere. She, however, soon discovered the real cause, and that her mother had been gradually preparing her to endure with courage their mournful separation.

When the enigma was fully solved, Josephine was only able to stretch forth her hands to that adored mother and tell her, in a tone of despair: "Now I know my father has irrevocably disposed of my hand." Then, borne down by grief, she threw herself at her feet, and exclaimed in agony: "Oh, save me—save Maria's sister!" M. de

Tascher entered the room. He caught his fainting wife in his arms, and in an indignant tone said to his daughter: "Has her precious life ceased to be dear to you?" This terrible exclamation gave Josephine strength to aid him in placing her in a chair. "Ah, my dear child," said Madame de la Pagerie, with a mixed expression of grief and tenderness, "we are, indeed, both unhappy. You are about to undertake a long voyage. The furious wintry winds will toss the waves; but the sea will be less agitated than my heart. Oh, my daughter! even now I see you in the bosom of the storm, tossed by fearful tempests, and driven from shoal to shoal. Alas! I see the future—it freezes me with terror" . . . In a moment Josephine's face was reddened with a blush; she leaned upon the bosom of her mother, and cried out, with a voice faint with grief: "I don't want to say it before my father;" and her agonised looks showed how dreadfully the poor girl's heart was tortured. M. de Tascher, who was still present, heard it; he wept, he embraced her tenderly, and promised her his support. He left them; but it is easy to imagine the struggle which must have taken place in a heart which was coldly sacrificing to its vast ambition the existence of a beloved daughter.

The moment of her departure presented itself to Josephine under the most frightful aspect; all former illusions had vanished, and despair now seized upon her heart.

Often did she repeat with bitterness the sentiment, "The land we are born in is always the dearest." The wise, it is said, can live anywhere; but the charm which attaches to the clime of our birth, to the place where we experienced the first sentiments of pleasure, and even of pain—that mysterious attraction which draws us so gently towards the objects which first met our view—oh, no! it

is not in the imagination that all this takes its source. There are purer skies than those under which Josephine was born, there are spots more beautiful, but there are none so dear. The nearer the day approached when she was to exchange them for the country she was to inhabit, the more sorrowful did she become. She shed tears in abundance, a kind of luxury to her wounded spirit; she gave them free course without noticing who was present to witness them.

"My dear daughter," said her mother, "our separation will impose an additional obligation on Madame Renaudin towards you."

The afflicted mother gave her the sagest counsels; but soon her fortitude forsook her.

"My Josephine," said she, "the seas you are about to pass will become an eternal barrier between us. In conforming with your parents' wishes; in yielding, as you have done, to our prudent advice, you have given the most conclusive proof of the goodness of your heart. Heaven will bless you. It is, perhaps, Heaven itself which, in its wisdom, has ordained that you should establish yourself in Europe. Oh! may you enjoy in your new situation an unchanging felicity; may you never resemble those young women who, victims of a fatal passion, irritated by a sense of their dependence, curse their fate and curse those who—— I cannot conclude, Josephine! I would solace your feelings. What passes in my heart must speak the rest.—Such are the sad results of secret inclinations; all the protestations of love which accompany them are treacherous and hollow. Alas! most men feel but a transitory passion; others address us their homage only from politeness, or for the sake of idle show, and seek only to abuse the sincerity or the

credulity of a young woman, in order to boast of their triumphs."

"Do not," said Josephine, "do not distrust me; the best title to my confidence that the man can boast who shall become my husband, will be that he was commended by yourself and my father. This title will for ever assure him my esteem and respect. Yet, I confess it, I could wish to throw a spell over the present, so that I might not wish for another future . . . One single thought has produced in my mind the utmost embarrassment."

Madame de la Pagerie gazed on her child, and, with a smile of indescribable sweetness, said—

"Your last resolution has established an eternal tranquillity in my heart;" thus seeking to efface the tender impressions which the thought of William had aroused in Josephine's mind. But, on the contrary, this conversation served only to rekindle the flame which was not yet extinguished.

Happily, however, the young Creole took counsel of her good sense, silenced her grief, and confirmed her parents in the idea that the recollections of her youth were passing before her eyes, only like wandering clouds, which lose themselves in the boundless horizon.

Some months passed in anxious waiting, during which her parents vainly strove, by the tenderest cares, to quiet her imagination. Josephine read their thoughts, and understood them perfectly. They used even to stand upon the sea-shore and, without speaking to each other, contemplate the succession of waves which rolled forward and broke at their feet—a striking image of the destinies of man, whose end is ever the same.

Josephine, at that time, seemed doomed to follow poor Maria. She fell sick; her grief overpowered her.

Madame de la Pagerie said to those who came to condole with her: "My daughter has no support but me, no pleasure but her own tears; but no human foresight can prevail against her destiny!"

From these few words it would seem that she was a believer in the system of fatality. It cannot be doubted that our lot is often fated; that the laws of destiny are incomprehensible.

The young and beautiful Creole, a prey to melancholy, was now about to leave the paternal roof. She received the last embraces of her family. Her first trial had at length arrived.

M. de Tascher committed her to the care of a faithful friend (Madame de B——); her black servants were ready to conduct her to the port, and the young American girl was about to tear herself from this scene of grief and to fulfil her destiny. Her father, pale and filled with anguish, sobbed and pressed her to his bosom. Her mother and Madame de K—— pointed out to her, in the far future, that hope which cheers and consoles the unfortunate. She listened with eagerness to those tender words, and witnessed the tears of friendship. She passed the threshold of her home in the midst of the sobs and lamentations of her slaves. Her mother threw herself into her arms.

"Remember," said she, "my dear, unhappy child, my blessings and my regrets attend you! — my happiness vanishes with you!"

"It is no longer time to dissemble!" cried Josephine, with an accent of the profoundest grief. "I see it; I have now nothing to hope for! everything in my nature arms me against weakness; but how—how can I find strength to leave all those whom I love?"

She spoke and kissed the earth which saw her born,

but which was not to see her die. She moistened it with her tears. She then went on board the vessel which was to take her far from her country, her parents, her friends, and from the mother of young William.

The ship remained for some time in the offing, in sight of Fort Royal. The very winds seemed to refuse their support to the projects of the de Tascher family.

The sea was agitated by horrible tempests.

Struck by these unfavourable signs, the gloomy predictions of the mulatto woman, Euphemia, recurred to her mind—predictions which now began to be accomplished. The sister of Maria then called to mind and repeated, with fear and dismay, these well-known lines:

"Plût aux cruels destins qui, pour moi, sont ouverts,
Que, à un voile éternel, mes yeux fussent couverts,
Fatal présent du ciel! Science malheureuse."

## CHAPTER IV

The ship which bore Josephine, and which was about to place between her and her parents the ocean's wide barrier, got under way; the pilots raised their cry, and she passed out of port under full sail. Behold her now in the midst of Neptune's kingdom. The hours pass on, the sun grows dark, and the air begins to be agitated. Signs of a storm become visible—a sort of disturbance in the atmosphere, known at sea under the name of *tourmente*, seemed impending. Hardly had Josephine recovered from the shock produced by the separation, when she heard around her a thousand confused cries expressive of general wonder Her spirit was still stricken by the recollection of her las farewells to her friends; but curiosity aroused her, and she enquired into the occasion of the wonder that was expressed. She was told that she alone was, probably, the primary cause of the inexplicable phenomenon which attracted the general attention.[1]

By the aid of a telescope which the captain handed her, she was enabled to observe, not without a feeling of wonder and delight, in the midst of the clear azure of the heavens, unobscured by a single cloud, a luminous meteor, which she contemplated attentively, and regarded as a happy presage, foretokening to her a prosperous, a brilliant future. Turning then towards the spot she had

1 It would appear that the prediction made to her by the black woman, David, was already known to the captain of the vessel, M. de B——, and to the principal passengers. They heard it repeated in the colony, even at the moment of embarkation. The report was, indeed, general.

left, the spot where she was born, she raised her hands to heaven and uttered a prayer for the authors of her being. She perceived upon the beach a crowd of the inhabitants gazing after her, waving their hands, and testifying, by their attitude and gestures, the surprise and admiration they felt at this strange phenomenon. The captain, who had sent a man to the mast-head, informed the young Creole that the object which was exciting so much attention was a phosphoric flame called "St. Elmo's Fire."

It seemed to attach itself to the ship, forming a sort of wreath around it, and one would have said that the spangles of lambent flame which it threw out vied with each other for the honour of encircling the ship.[1]

All were speculating upon the causes of this prodigy; but Josephine was the only one on board who took no part in the conversation. On that day of inward anguish she could not, like the rest of the passengers, give herself up to pleasure and amusements. She was unfitted both in mind and body; she heard little or nothing of all that was said around her, and it was only at intervals, and as if awaking from sleep, that she was able to answer questions; and then only in monosyllables. The weather was fine, the captain's wife was unceasing in her attentions, and at length the motion of the ship and the majestic spectacle of the ocean which she was traversing, seemed, in some degree, to restore her gaiety. This, however, was but momentary, like the star which shows itself for an instant between the flying clouds. She calls

1 This is an historical fact, attested by a great number of the inhabitants of Martinique, who were witnesses of it. This phosphoric flame attached itself to the mainmast of the vessel, and it was still seen at the moment of her debarkment. This anecdote was told me by the Empress herself. Josephine was taken to France by M. de B——; she embarked at Fort Royal.

philosophy to her aid, and this calmed her mind, though it could not solace her heart. The sight of the immense expanse of waters which was separating her from Martinique kept her in a profound melancholy. She could not account, even to herself, for her feelings. The cold and humid air of the sea affected her health, and for weeks the most serious apprehensions were felt for her life; indeed, so hopeless seemed her case that she was almost ready to be placed on the fatal plank and precipitated into the waves. But as the vessel approached the coast of Europe she began to improve.

The pangs of absence were soothed by the hope of soon obtaining news from her friends. Near the end of the voyage a frightful commotion was heard on deck. The young American listened attentively to the howlings of the wind, as they came to her ears mingled with the affrighted cries of the mariners, which the tempest-beaten rocks echoed far and wide with horrible distinctness. The intrepid captain preserved all his self-possession in the midst of the menacing dangers. The bright disc of the moon lighted up the whole of the neighbouring coast, and facilitated the execution of the orders which he gave with as much calmness as prudence. His greatest cause of alarm arose from the waters smiting against the vessel with so much violence that fears were entertained that she would go to pieces. At one moment, borne upon the summit of a wave, she seemed to remain in a kind of motionless state, not less frightful than the heaviest shock; the next she plunged to the bottom of the swelling billows.

At length the storm abated and tranquillity was restored. The crew, after a moment's rest, repaired the mast, the breaking of which had greatly embarrassed the

working of the ship.—Oh, ye who, in the course of an agitated life, have seen the frail bark which bore all your hopes ready to sink in the depths of misfortune, you alone know the joyousness of a calm after a tempest!

The next morning Josephine looked out upon the still troubled sea, the image of her own tumultuous feelings, by no means yet allayed by the absence of the causes which had produced them.

The fall of the mast had covered the deck with rigging and fragments. Everything was in confusion, and one could see upon the faces of the fatigued sailors the evidences of discouragement and terror.

A sight so new to her, the movements of the seamen occupied in repairing the disorders occasioned by the storm, now engrossed her attention. The hours passed by rapidly, and she took no note of them. When the captain had refitted his ship, judging the weather favourable, he again set sail and continued his voyage, which was henceforth tranquil, although he still encountered adverse winds. At length a cry of "Land! land!" awakened Josephine from her dreamy reverie.

The shallop entered the port.[1] A crowd of sad thoughts again assailed and tormented her. Could she,

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1 She landed at Marseilles, whither her aunt Renaudin had come to meet her. It appeared that she had suffered a good deal during the passage. Many a time they entertained fears for her life. The winds were contrary and storms frequent. A young Creole, named Fanny (now Madame Lefevre), a protégée of Madame Renaudin, accompanied Josephine on the voyage. They were both so silly that they even carried along with them their dolls, to serve them for pastimes on board the vessel. Josephine had a predilection altogether personal for hers. It seemed to her sometimes to recall the looks of Maria, sometimes those of William. This childishness may be excused; the young Creole's heart could not remain inactive; it must be occupied. To love was one of the necessities of her

in this separation, which rendered her so miserable, imagine that any circumstance would restore her to her parents? At what epoch should she have the consolation of seeing them again? . . . Under what auspices? . . . Great God! . . . But let us not anticipate events.

Josephine's anxieties, however, were but light, and were soon removed by the novelty of her situation. She conceived the hope of a better lot, a hope which attached itself to whatever she undertook. She felt, in fact, some satisfaction in touching the soil of France, persuaded as she was that she should not experience an emotion so tender, a contentment so positive, had it been but a game of chance, and not a presentiment of her destiny. The glance of her mind pierced the mysteries of a brilliant future. Being informed that M. de K—— and his son had for some time resided at the capital, Mademoiselle de Tascher felt that she now breathed the same air as William, and that she should probably soon see him again. This thought secretly flattered her: it restored her reason, or, rather, rekindled her hope, and exercised such a powerful influence upon her, that, on arriving at Fontainebleau, her health became at once entirely restored. In a few days the early friend of her childhood was presented to her by M. de K——. This gentleman was under the deepest obligations to the Marquis de Beauharnais, formerly Governor of Martinique, and intimately connected with Madame Renaudin (8). During their stay at Fontainebleau he constantly, and with the most polite attentions, received them at his house, and their frequent visits showed that it had become agreeable to them.

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being; to solace misfortune became her favourite virtue. Behold, in two words, the most faithful, the most exact portrait of the woman who was to astonish the world, and who is so universally mourned.

Dinner over, M. de Beauharnais would propose a promenade in the city or in the forests, but the beautiful Creole usually remained at home, shut up in her aunt's apartment. The thought of being alone with William made her tremble. What, then, is that sentiment whose presence produced upon her such a lively impression in her then situation? Alas! as she became less and less convinced of his indifference, she was more and more anxious to avoid him.

Often was the son of M. de K—— announced at the door, unaccompanied by his father, but the servants had been charged not to admit him. One day, however, he found the means of depositing on her toilette a letter, in which he addressed to her the most spirited reproofs for the coldness she manifested toward him. 'Twas thus that she became finally and fully convinced that he could not endure the thought of for ever living away from her. He solicited a private interview.

No doubt it cost the tender-hearted girl a severe struggle to deny him this last request, but her duty prevailed over her feelings.

Her aunt turned off the female servant who had presumed to be the bearer of the imprudent epistle. "Ah," said Josephine, "why did not my father tell M. de K—— to beware how he suffered two beings, drawn towards each other by a natural sympathy, to find themselves together? His own experience should have taught him the danger, and guarded me against it; but William's father brought him to me himself. Alas! it is impossible he should know my secret. He thinks, probably, that at my age[1] one is incapable of loving; but if that respectable gentleman knew my feelings while I held that letter

1 Josephine was scarcely fifteen when she went to France.

in my hand, I am sure he himself would become a prey to the deepest regret; his countenance, which reflects so much calmness and contentment, would be furrowed with anxiety and grief; the felicity he promises himself in seeing the daughter of his old friend happy would soon disappear, and give place to a very different feeling."

There was no sacrifice to which Josephine did not feel it her duty to submit in order to please her protectress. She even asked to go into a convent, under pretence that the state of her health required repose, and kept her bed for several days; she became the object of the deepest anxiety. Her aunt informed her friends that she had chosen for that purpose the Abbey de Panthemont, and that she intended immediately to conduct her niece thither. Preparations were made accordingly. Josephine could not well avoid taking leave of William's father. He told Madame Renaudin that his son was about to quit Paris, and return to reside with one of his mother's relations;[1] and he came charged by his afflicted, heart-broken son, to address to her his respectful homage. "The discharge of this duty," William observed to his father, "would have been, indeed, grateful to me. There was a time when I should have reserved it for myself alone; but I must now look with a dry eye upon all the preparations for the marriage of the future Madame Beauharnais. I will perform the whole of the sacrifice—the most painful a human being can make! To save her I would drain the cup of hemlock, and not a sigh should escape me! To die—oh! what is it to die, now that I must give up for ever the bright illusion which I

1 Madame de G—— then resided at St. Germain-en-Laye, but she often visited at an English lady's, named Brown, who had a country seat at Choisy.

have cherished from my very childhood? Oh, my father! let me have her I love—her only; and keep for yourself and my tender mother all—all the titles and treasures of Lord Lov——!" With these words he sank into a sombre melancholy, repeating to himself continually: "No, I shall never see her again; too much presumption has been my ruin, and I am now, indeed, paid for not daring to trust to myself. I wrote to her because I had much to say to her, and because I could not help relieving my heart!"

Such was the too faithful report which M. de K—— brought to the sister of M. de Tascher. Josephine listened to it motionless, overwhelmed. A sudden paleness covered her face; her eyes filled, but she dared not turn them upon William's father. Alas, the thoughts of that ambitious man were even then wandering amidst the prospects of a future still more vast! He looked upon the illustrious match which he was arranging for his son as an infallible means of entering upon an immense inheritance in Scotland, once owned by his ancestors. It was thus that the two families coolly calculated the results of their respective projects. What mattered it to them to plunge their offspring in despair, to rend them asunder for ever, provided the son of M. de K—— could revive an illustrious name, and Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie receive the fortune which Madame Renaudin had promised her? Docile victims of their parents' schemes, they were driven to renounce their mutual love, and, like Paul and Virginia, to experience the blighting effects of the ambition which reigns in European society. Less happy than those other two Creoles, they were condemned to live, and, without ceasing to love, to be eternally strangers. Their early attachment was doomed to experience this sad fatality.

## CHAPTER V

"To be contented with one's lot, whatever it may be; to live without ambition and without desires; to rely upon Providence alone—this is the true science of happiness, and the one of which all men are destitute."

Such were the lessons of morality daily taught by the Marquis de Beauharnais to the amiable Madame Renaudin. Mademoiselle de Tascher had been presented to him on her arrival at Fontainebleau, but he was far from supposing that her aunt destined her for one of his sons.[1] At the first mention of this alliance the old man showed so much repugnance that the project soon ceased to be mentioned in his presence. Common friends were resorted to as mediators. The claims of the viscount's family were numerous; he himself opposed the union. Bitterness began to infuse itself into the controversy.[2] The unhappy Josephine could

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1 Some years before the Revolution the two sons of the Marquis de Beauharnais had made a voyage to Egypt. Choiseul and Rochefoucault advocated and ordered the expedition.

2 Madame Renaudin, a Pagerie by birth, was a near relation to the Marquis de Beauharnais, whom she at last married. He possessed an estate at Beausse, called Fronville. Madame de L—— lived in a château in the same province. She had with her another young lady of the name of la Pagerie, a sister of Madame Renaudin. The latter besought Madame L—— to use all her influence over the marquis—a thing she dared not do—to persuade him to give his son Alexander in marriage to Mademoiselle de Tascher, daughter of a M. Tascher de la Pagerie, a very respectable gentleman, who had once resided on the land of Madame de L——, and afterwards in Martinique. The Viscount de Beauharnais declared himself decidedly opposed to the projected union; but the adroit Madame Renaudin placed before his eyes

well have wished that this sad rite might have been postponed indefinitely. "For," said she to the persons who had condescended to *protect* her, "we are unknown to each other; we have lived in different countries; destined, perhaps, never to love each other, we shall live in a manner separate; the dreams of my sensitive heart will, perhaps, never be in harmony with his; he will comprehend nothing of its language; he will have to resort to lying; dissimulation, a dangerous art, will become necessary in his intercourse with the world; he will conceal from me his thoughts, his desires, his actions; I shall soon become a stranger to him, and he will be embarrassed when he shall find himself in the painful alternative of breaking his solemn promises or fulfilling them under a perpetual constraint. Unquiet, he will be unhappy; and, not knowing how to escape from the labyrinth, he will resolve not to answer my simple questions, which, to him, will seem indiscreet; the resolution which his position will force upon him will lead him to change the part he will act at first, and in his turn to address to me various questions—to give me hardly time to express my thoughts, and, finally, to impute faults to me, in order to make me the dupe of his artifices." The young American already foresaw that she should become an object of calumny, and that those

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the portrait of one of her nieces. He was enchanted with her beauty (it was the picture of Maria); and the young man gave some hopes, though care was taken not to deceive him. But when he saw Josephine all illusion vanished. Henceforth he opposed a firm resolution to the schemes which others were nourishing respecting him. For a moment his father encouraged his opposition; but soon overcome by the ascendency of Madame Renaudin, and the counsels of Madame de L——, he consented that his son, the viscount, should give his hand to the interesting Josephine. And, notwithstanding all the son's opposition, he became the nephew of the woman who, in a few years afterwards, was to marry the father.

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persons who censured the feelings which the viscount entertained towards her, would, in the end, interest themselves in sowing the seeds of hatred between a husband naturally jealous and a woman unjustly accused. She left with regret the spot which had witnessed a single fugitive moment of happiness. From the time of her entrance into the convent at Panthemont she was in a state of depression difficult to describe; and by a secret instinct she perceived, from the moment that she entered society, that the artful and sly Madame de V——, by interposing an insurmountable obstacle to her felicity, would play the hypocrite so skilfully as to deprive her of every shadow of hope (9).

Josephine sometimes received the visits of the viscount at the grate of her window. Without exactly knowing why, she could not avoid feeling a secret agitation whenever she heard him announced. A presentiment seemed to teach her that the prediction of the *black woman* was hastening to its fulfilment. She combated these thoughts; she shed involuntary tears. The recollection of her parents, and, above all, of William—that William who was never to be hers—filled her imagination with painful forebodings. Madame Renaudin often addressed her reproachfully about what she called the whimsies of her mind; while Josephine showed towards her aunt nothing but the innocence, the simplicity, the confidence of a child, and revealed to her all her secrets, the most touching incidents of her life, even the attachment she had conceived for the young Creole, William. She told her story with all the enthusiasm with which the thought of William inspired her, and told her aunt how their mothers had reared them together, how they loved their children, and how their children naturally loved each other.

The aunt spoke to her the language of a friend; she

sought to make her niece understand that by her cares, and by the will of *destiny*, she was to reach an elevated rank. "Would that I were again in my beloved island!" answered Josephine. "I love tranquillity; I cannot conceal from myself that the distractions and the pleasures of society gain by degrees a dominion over the strongest mind, and trouble the wisest head. Ought I not to fear that I, too, carried along by the common whirlwind, may run after the chimeras—baubles of an idle and dissipated life? Ah, madam, can I remain unconcerned in the midst of imminent and continual dangers? Alas! I already foresee them too plainly! While reflecting that I am to be united for ever to a man who only marries me by way of yielding to the will of his father, I feel myself on the brink of a volcano or some spot shaken by earthquakes. Still, I see the future before me. May I not hope that chance, that some unforeseen event, may yet render possible what at this time seems impossible? No, no, I will not give up all for lost!"

Madame Renaudin was alarmed at this; but what could she do? She resolved to employ the language of reason. "My purpose, Josephine," said she, "is not to delude you by false hopes. The self-love of your parents might have been flattered by the homage which the son of the Marquis de Beauharnais rendered their daughter. Perhaps they might even feel afraid their daughter might escape from the honourable alliance which I have taken so much pleasure in endeavouring to form; but whatever may be your motives, my young friend, I am incapable of longer dissimulation. I shall send you back to your native country; you will carry with you my regrets. I flatter myself that, in returning thither from the tender affection which I could not but feel for you, your own

heart (as well as mine) will be afflicted; and I wish that, from to-day, you would cease to recognise any other authority than that of my benevolence. Thus your marriage will be broken off by myself; for the rest, be content with the consequences of your refusal."

This language made such an impression upon Mademoiselle de Tascher that she retired to her private apartment some time before the brilliant assembly, where she then was, had separated; for it was on a day when Madame Renaudin had invited many of her friends to her house, and the one on which Josephine came regularly each week to visit her. Josephine found no sleep; she had not forgotten the wise counsels of her mother; they were still engraven upon her heart, never to be effaced. But virtue does not interdict a wise liberty. "I will only try," said she to herself, "to postpone the fatal epoch which is to deprive me of mine—that is all I can hope for."

She wrote her friends a long account of what she was doing, and of the pretended pleasures which were henceforth to occupy her time. She told them that she wished to become better acquainted with the marquis's son. "I wish," said she, "to study his character, to observe his conduct, to judge, in fine, whether the beauty of his mind corresponds with that of his face"(10).

After the touching scene which I have just described, the conduct of Madame Renaudin towards her niece was perfectly sincere. Anxious to protect her from all reproaches of her parents, she had informed them of the repugnance which she felt to form a marriage contract at so tender an age. "Expect all from time," said she to her brother. "Josephine, always modest, will enjoy her triumph with calmness; she will use with modera-

tion her ascendency over me, and only in order to contribute to her repose. She seems even now to be afraid of losing my affections, which a single moment of time has sufficed to win for her. She is correct in not counting upon lasting happiness or a brilliant victory. My self-love, as well as your own, can easily overthrow the transient dominion this young creature has succeeded in establishing over us both; and when her sixteenth year has passed, I trust a power superior to mine will make a successful attack upon her heart."

Madame Renaudin, who already read the heart of the young Creole, yielded herself up to the charm, always new to her, of doing good to her niece, and inspiring her with sentiments of gratitude.

## CHAPTER VI

The solitude in which the young American girl was living increased her pangs, rendered her regrets the more bitter, her life more languishing, the loss of her hopes the more distressing, and the necessity of some new encouragement the more urgent. At length she perceived the dawn of a new hope, and gave herself up to it with transport. No, she was by no means a senseless being!

The Abbess of Panthemont,[1] that friend of the afflicted, had sounded the depths of Josephine's heart with a compassionate and delicate hand. Her heavenly mind, guided by the spirit of charity, was afflicted at her lot. She pitied the young girl, and encourged her to listen to the advice of her friends, repeating to her continually this line from Corneille, "*Le devoir d'une fille est dans l'obéissance.*"

In order to appreciate the resolution which Josephine then formed, it is necessary to have experienced the storms of the heart, to have felt the dominion of all the affections united in one; to have been deprived of the object of this one universal sentiment. She made up her mind to declare to Madame Renaudin that she had determined to comply with her wishes, and that soon the Viscount de Beauharnais should be the exclusive possessor of her heart.

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1 Her name was Devirieux. The Princess of Condé, at present a religious Carmelite, was then a boarder in this famous monastery.

Notwithstanding the perfidious insinuations of certain interested personages, who aimed to disturb her repose,[1] Josephine, towards the end of her sixteenth year, became the wife of a man who possessed eminent qualities.[2] He possessed a noble mind and a feeling heart. She soon became sincerely attached to him, and learned to forget by degrees all the illusions of her childhood. She left him in ignorance of one fatal passion, which might have destroyed his repose, and perhaps his attachment to her. But whilst she concealed from him the fact, she imposed upon herself the duty of acting as if it were known to him. Let the past be buried in eternal oblivion!—Beauharnais is henceforth everything to Josephine, whose only care must be to please him.

As has been seen, she yielded to the representations of her friends in giving her hand to the son of her aunt's protector; the viscount inspired her with respect and confidence, but did not awaken in her the flames of love. Still too young to understand the weight of the chains which marriage imposes, she was not skilful enough to act before her husband the part of a tender wife.

In a moment of ill-humour she dropped the hint that she should have preferred M. de Beauharnais *for her brother-in-law*. "He laughed at me," said Josephine,

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1 A female friend of Madame Renaudin saw fit to whisper to her, that, at the close of a magnificent ball, the viscount had received the picture of a lady whose influence with a minister attached to her a large number of the ladies of the Court. One of Josephine's female friends indiscreetly told her of this. This is a natural explanation of the fears she henceforth entertained respecting her future tranquillity.

2 This marriage was against the will of Alexander Beauharnais, who was then in love with Madame de V——, whose maiden name was de G——.

"but did not the less exert himself to find out the way to my heart." But when at length she had made him a father, her tenderest affections took the place of that cold indifference with which he first inspired her. The viscount was a man of consideration(11); he was a major in the —— regiment; he solicited the presentation of his wife at the Court of Louis XVI.; it was deferred under various pretexts. Madame de Beauharnais profited by the delay, by improving herself in the arts of pleasing, which as yet she possessed but imperfectly, and applauded herself for the progress she made. Both husband and wife held a highly respectable rank, and were in the habit of receiving visits from the most distinguished persons in Paris. Hence Josephine was in some sort forced to plunge into the whirlpool of society.

The innocence which she carried with her from the paternal roof ran the greater risks as the circle in which she moved became enlarged. The spectacle of so many new objects, the vivacity of the French people, insensibly made an impression upon her. A fine residence, splendid equipage, a brilliant retinue, and exquisite board, pictures, statues, costly furniture, and the thousand other factitious demands of taste and pleasure, began to seduce her imagination. Still, upon principle, she avoided those tumultuous assemblages where gossip and backbiting are regarded as proofs of wit. The narrow circle of a few persons of understanding more befitted her character. She avoided, as far as depended on her, the rocks of ambition. M. de Beauharnais saw his son growing up under his eyes, and already began to dream of the part he was one day to act in public affairs.

Scarcely had young Eugene learned to talk, when his father began to flatter himself with the idea of seeing the

favours of the Court heaped upon him. And yet M. de Beauharnais decorated himself with the name of *philosophe!* Such are the astonishing contradictions of the human mind.

Thus Josephine spent her time, divided between the duties of maternal tenderness and the etiquette imposed upon her by the rank she held in society.

At length her husband came one day and announced to her with enthusiasm, that the time of her presentation at Court was fixed, but that the Queen had designated an hour for receiving her in her private apartments. He explained to her the importance of this signal favour.

Although she herself did not partake of his exultation, still, in order to gratify him, she promised to be particularly mindful of every observance which this privilege imposed.

The wife of Louis XVI. had, in some degree, lessened the burden of the Court ceremonies; but there were some which, from a respect to their antiquity, she had not dared attack; of this number was the use of the robes *à la Française*, and the immense cloaks which decorated the ladies of quality.

Let one picture to himself a young Creole girl, free from the cradle, knowing nothing about fashion, all at once decked out with costly paints and perfumes, which render the skin still more fresh and brilliant, muffled up in heavy and inconvenient clothing, and loaded down with one of those enormous hoops which did not permit the wearer to pass straight through a door. Let him form an idea of the embarrassment of a woman accustomed to let her locks float in long tresses, obliged painfully to sustain the edifice of a tall

and heavy head-dress, and he will be able to judge of the situation of her who could not, without great difficulty, retain in her memory the voluminous code of Court usages. Happily, on appearing at Versailles, she found herself relieved, by the extreme goodness of the Queen, from this fatiguing ceremonial.[1] This gave her courage; and, no longer doubting her own abilities, she fairly outdid herself, and not only attracted flattering compliments from the ladies of the Court, but the particular regard of the royal family.

Madame Beauharnais was enchanted with her *début*, and her husband received the most flattering compliments on the occasion.

At first, he took it as an augury[2] favourable to his fortune. Some time afterwards Josephine observed, with a feeling of deep concern, that her husband's humour was becoming reserved and sombre. The viscount finally compelled her to renounce the society of most of her acquaintances, and required her to forbear entirely to return the visits of Madame Renaudin. Josephine knew not to what to attribute this provoking distrust. Did it become him to accuse Madame Renaudin?

But although her self-love might have been flattered

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1 Madame de Beauharnais was not presented publicly at the Court, but was presented twice privately.

2 Beauharnais was many times honoured with marks of the Queen's particular favour. Maria Antoinette used to call him the *beau danseur* (the fine dancer) of the Court, which name he long retained. At the balls which were so frequent at Versailles, Josephine's husband was selected as a partner in the dance by the ladies who were prettiest and most accomplished in that art. His bearing was noble, his attitudes graceful, and the lightness of his step added to the natural graces of his person. He then enjoyed with the fair sex the reputation of being a zephyr in the saloons, and a Bayard at the head of his corps.

by exercising her pleasing talents in society, yet she preserved a tender attachment to Beauharnais. It is certain that she sometimes thought of William; but she avoided every occasion which might furnish reproaches against her on his account. Never did she violate the obligation she had in this respect imposed on herself, and she even consented to forego almost entirely the charming society of Madame the Countess of Montesson (12).

From the day that Beauharnais announced to his wife that her countryman would probably be presented to her, with his young spouse (they were on their way from England), she confined herself more closely to her apartment, looking after the health of her son, which had given her some uneasiness; she had the good fortune to save his life. The viscount was obliged to be often absent on duty, and Josephine embraced the opportunities thus afforded to finish her course of studies. She was quite fond of reading, and took great delight in perusing the best authors. In this way she perfected her taste, and greatly improved her understanding.

'Twas thus that she acquired the knowledge which afterwards became so precious to her, and by a skilful use of which she at length almost succeeded in dissipating the coldness which reigned betwixt her and her husband. He permitted her to accompany him to Strasburg, where his regiment was in garrison. The *belle Creóle* could not but charm the society of Strasburg: she became, in fact, a universal favourite there.

But, after his return to Paris, Beauharnais showed himself but seldom inside his house, and his humour became soured. The kind of repose which Josephine now enjoyed became an illusion. She was to drain the cup of misfortune: such was the decree of destiny!

Having, in this interval, given birth to a daughter,[1] this happy circumstance enabled her to bear up with courage under the numerous calumnies of which she became the object. She was at this time far from being able to penetrate their real causes. She needed a *familiar spirit* to reveal the secret acts of her husband's private life. Unhappily a malicious spirit constantly beset her. Madame de V—— began by inspiring her with an unwise distrust; then led her to take some hazardous steps; and cunningly dug beneath her the abyss which was to swallow her up. She was the primary cause of all the evils through which Josephine was doomed to pass (13).

"*You have presumed too much upon your strength: you ought not to have espoused Beauharnais.*" Such was the language of the perfidious Madame de V——,—of that woman whom the viscount had in a manner compelled his wife to receive and regard as her *friend*—a title which she haughtily assumed. She would insinuate to Josephine that the least resistance to her husband's will, the slightest imprudence, would prove her inevitable ruin. "Promise me," said the artful intriguer, "that you will never utter any complaints to *dear Alexander;* do not, without my aid, seek to pierce the darkness which veils his conduct; keep secret what I am about to tell you; when the time comes I will explain all; for the present, be content with knowing that the father of your children is an ingrate, and that he lavishes upon others the tribute of attachment which is alone your due, and of which you daily show yourself so worthy."

Thus did Madame de V—— adroitly instil into the heart of this unhappy woman the poison of jealousy. She

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1 Hortense de Beauharnais was nursed at Chelle, a small town in the Isle of France sur-le-Marne. It contained a monastery before the Revolution.

sought to induce her to take part in her own quarrel with Beauharnais, and to make her partake of all her resentment towards him (14). She saw that Beauharnais neglected his wife, and, adroit politician as she was, she endeavoured to render herself necessary to the viscount. She wanted an opportunity to gain his confidence, and Josephine appeared to be the proper means of enabling her to play her game. Josephine was without the experience necessary to enable her to divine her projects; and Madame de V—— was not slow to select her victim.

Days passed on, and the heiress of the Tascher family approached that moment when she was to see and feel the reality of that which hitherto she had believed to be an absurd dream. As, to her unsuspecting mind, Madame de V—— seemed all frankness and truth, Josephine was in some degree excusable for listening to her perfidious insinuations; which she did, although new grounds of hope and confidence were constantly occurring. But this only made it the worse for Josephine, as her enemy took advantage of them to exaggerate all the misdeeds of Alexander towards her. Madame Beauharnais listened with fortitude to these secret communications. But when, as time elapsed, she began to think them without any foundation, she felt like declaring war upon the woman whom she now suspected to be her rival. When she looked upon the tender fruits of their marriage, she felt that their father deserved all her indulgence. Again, she would hesitate to believe him guilty, she had done so much to merit his attachment. "For him," said she, "have I sacrificed everything, even my friendship for William, while he, my husband, forgets, for the sake of this woman, all the promises he has made me!" This disregard of his duty made Josephine lament that she had ever married him. The

advice of Madame de V—— had turned her head; yet she made known her grief only in the bosom of her family.

Some months afterwards the viscount separated from her. Interest, and his fortunes, called him to the Court of Versailles; the unfortunate Creole abandoned herself to sorrow; her troubled spirit drank all the poisons of jealousy.

This fierce passion took full possession of her heart. Unable longer to support this unmerited abandonment, deprived of the last ray of hope, she one day sent him, by a faithful friend, a letter in which she set forth her grounds of complaint, and asked a prompt explanation. The next morning, at break of day, Beauharnais appeared, sombre and severe in his demeanour. He gazed at her for some moments, and addressed her as follows:—

"The little experience possessed by young ladies of the usages of society and its artifices; the solitary life they lead; the reserve which the care of their own reputation imposes on them, do not permit them to understand the most important duties of married life. In such circumstances their eyes are very bad judges; whatever speaks only to the senses is almost always liable to lead us astray. I told you, madam, at the moment of uniting my lot with yours, that, if you felt no inclination for the match which was proposed to you, you would be violating the confidence you owed to your parents not to avow it. Other men will be able to please you; but I must efface from your heart the slightest traces of love. I admit that they exist; the will alone does not always suffice to efface them; time will effect it; this, I think, I may expect from your reason; I do not pretend to say from your friendship. If young William was the first to succeed in captivating your heart, he is not the only mortal

who may deserve your affections. Your choice need not be confined to such narrow limits, and you ought to cast your eyes upon an object more worthy of your attachment than I.

"Such, madam, was the language I held to you in the presence of my father some days before our marriage. You now see how dangerous it was for you to conceal from me that lurking passion, and what just grounds your parents had for opposing the imprudent steps which might have augmented it. The vicinity of your habitations, the ancient friendship of your families, afforded you opportunities to spend together the days of your childhood; in your innocent sports you called each other 'husband' and 'wife'; years only serve to increase that sympathy. I have expressly prohibited him from entering my house; this act will only serve to increase his passion for you, and, perhaps, even yours for him."

"You have broken my heart with your odious suspicions," cried Josephine, with impetuosity; "they are absolutely imaginary. But *you*, sir, have you nothing to reproach yourself with in regard to me?"

"What," replied he, with emphasis, "what means that letter which you addressed to your parents, wherein you passed in minute review what you were pleased to call my faults? Why accuse them of still adding to your woes, by uniting you to me? Of what do you complain? I am only making reprisals. Is it not permitted me to present to another the homage of a heart which you seem to disdain? In that letter you say: 'But for my children I should, without a pang, renounce France for ever. My duty requires me to forget William de K——; *and yet, if we were united together, I should not to-day be troubling you with my griefs.*' Is this, madam, the language of an innocent woman? Ah! I should never have imagined that

the heart of my wife could have given admittance to the dangerous passion of jealousy! Still further, I will believe that her virtue will make her resist and overcome an inclination so much opposed to our peace. I do, I confess, experience chagrin, which will end only with my life."

Josephine's feelings were most deeply wounded. Overwhelmed by these declarations, she knew not whether she was lost amidst the wild mazes of a dream, or whether her eyes were gazing upon the earliest rays of the sun. These reproaches produced upon her an impression difficult to be described; she was terrified at her situation; she foresaw nothing but trouble and pain. Trembling, and afraid to speak, she said to the viscount, with that accent which belongs only to innocence: "I have not, then, reached the goal of my misfortunes? A new and more terrible one has befallen me; the father of my Eugene, of my Hortense, dares to suspect me. Oh, I shudder at the thought! Can you believe, Alexander, that another can efface from my heart the affections which wholly belong to you? The fate that awaits me is, I see plainly, the fruit of infamous treachery. A woman who calls herself my friend and yours, has inspired me with some suspicions against you, which are perhaps unjust. Unhappily, I laid open before her the most secret workings of my heart. If, at any time, the name of the son of M. de K—— has escaped me, that woman, at least, ought not to sharpen against me the weapons of calumny. You are well aware that I have preserved for that friend of my childhood a kindly recollection; but never, I here dare affirm, never, since our union, has it weighed a feather against the sincere attachment which my heart bears towards you. I have not had the least correspondence with him, nor any interview since my arrival in France. You have no need to

place injurious restrictions upon me; your distrust, your suspicions—all such subterfuges are, I insist, unworthy of M. de Beauharnais. I cannot but regard with sovereign contempt this Madame de V——, who, after urging me to write that letter to my father, was infamous enough to send it to you. Perfectly at peace with my conscience, I have refused to follow her further advice to write to William de K—— himself—to that young man whose name alone serves you as a pretext to aggravate my misfortunes!" To a feeling of terror instantly succeeded one of melting tenderness, which she was unable to control; and, rushing towards him, she burst into tears, and exclaimed: "Be assured that time will unveil to you all that this impenetrable mystery now conceals." She swooned. Her husband, really moved, repeated, in an accent of grief:

"Rise, rise, my dear Josephine; I am sensible of all your afflictions, and sincerely pity you!"

The pretty Creole, with eyes filled with tears, looked upon him, extended her hand, and pardoned him.

"Alas!" cried the viscount, "how little are you able to read what passes in my heart, and the feelings which my silence must express!"

He then called her women, and entrusted her to their care. Overcome by these heartrending emotions, Josephine remained for some days a prey to the most poignant grief, and was attacked by a serious malady, which occasioned apprehensions for her life. It was some time before her health was re-established; but at length the scrupulous care of her friends and the youthful vigour of her constitution saved her. Her ardent imagination flattered her with the idea that her husband would again yield her his confidence. But in this she was destined soon to be undeceived. Alas!

"D'un sexe infortuné, les armes sont les pleurs."

## CHAPTER VII

How painful is a state of expectation! and, unhappily, expectation is inevitable. Who can escape from it? He would, indeed, be a perfectly happy being.

Such were the reflections natural to a mother, who, long alone and disconsolate with her children, was guiding their early footsteps. They had now learned to pronounce that cherished name with a voice so sweet, that maternal love knew no bliss like hearing it repeated. Already did she see upon the lips of Hortense that bewitching smile which often recalled the memory of a perjured spouse and his noble features; but, alas! all her other thoughts and feelings turned upon herself, mixed with the bitterest sorrows and the most harassing apprehensions.

The arts might have afforded her consolation, but the sight of the most beautiful specimens, far from diverting her thoughts, only served to replunge her into profound melancholy. Vainly did she seek to charm her leisure hours and lighten the weight of her griefs; her mind was so oppressed that she more than ever confined herself to her apartments.[1]

Besides, the proceedings of her husband were little calculated to comfort her, and each passing moment only added to her troubles.

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1 M. de Beauharnais had a country house at Croisy. He, as well as his wife, was closely related to Madame Hostein, whose estate lay near to theirs. The children of this lady, and those of M. de Beauharnais, were brought up together.

She was deprived of her son, who was placed at a private boarding-house. She felt the loss of Eugene the more because his age still required her maternal cares. For some weeks she was inconsolable. The dwelling she lived in became more and more wearisome to her.[1] The viscount rarely showed himself at her house. She addressed him some touching reproofs: "Unhappy beings," said she, pressing her children to her bosom; "poor victims! through what troubles have you come into the world. Alas! why were you born?"

Learning from Madame Renaudin that it was the purpose of the marquis's son to place an eternal barrier between him and her, she besought him to spare her this last humiliation. "I could," she wrote to him, "have desired, for the honour of M. de Beauharnais, that he should have contented himself with a voluntary separation; for he ought to feel a repugnance at making the tribunals ring with his complaints. She who has stolen away the heart of my husband, and his esteem for me, is unworthy of him; that woman is known by her coquetry and her numerous adventures." But nothing is weaker than a jealous man; he answered her in a tone of angry severity. The afflicted woman thought it her duty to go and relate her troubles to Madame Montesson, hoping that she would deign to employ all the means in her power to open the eyes of the man whom she had never ceased to esteem, and to make him see plainly the consequences of the publicity which he contemplated, and to divert him from his strange resolution.

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1 Josephine had, so to speak, sequestered herself from the world, in order to devote herself entirely to the cares demanded by her two infants. At Croisy she lived quite retired, receiving no visits except from persons whom she could not refuse to see.

But here again the unfortunate Josephine was mistaken. Absorbed for a time in sad thought, she dreamed of the days of her past felicity; they had passed away swiftly; and she now chose the monastery of Panthemont, where she shut herself up with all her sorrows. Condemned to endure a long solitude, she found her only consolation in looking upon her daughter. She alone remained to soothe and solace her woes.

The perpetual silence which reigned around her; the hours which rolled away with fatiguing heaviness; everything concurred to make her look upon life under a gloomy aspect, which seemed fast approaching its close. In this solemn abode, even the trees, as old as the world, seemed formed to banish all gaiety. Their thick foliage served as an asylum for those birds to which the daylight is irksome, and whose piercing cries were a terror to the timid soul of Josephine. "Here," said she, "I listen only to the singing of the 'bird of death'; everything warns me that this place will probably be my tomb." Her customary reading served only to nourish her sombre melancholy.

Young's "Night Thoughts" became her familiar study, and gave her a taste for the philosophic dreams of Hervey. She regarded the latter's "Meditations" as sublime and profound teachings. She turned her thoughts upon the immensity of the Creator's works, the abyss of nothingness, and an eternity of happiness.

Fatigued, borne down by these despairing thoughts, a fitful slumber would for a moment close her eyelids; then, throngs of frightful dreams arose to torment her. But the habits of her mind always brought her back to her primitive character; by nature gladsome and lively, she could not help remarking the strange contrast between

this oriental pomp which she witnessed, and the simplicity of true religion. The lady abbess frequently laid upon her a fatiguing burden of observances; but even after listening to that daughter of centuries, who, by means of such observances, governed the convent, the light-hearted American could not help often infringing the ancient regulations. In fact, it was impossible for her to subject herself to the futile ceremonies which filled up every minute of the day.

But the expense which she was occasioning, in some degree, soothed her for the loss of her liberty.[1] With the exception of some female friends who kindly remembered her, she might have supposed herself abandoned by the whole world.

There happened, in a convent near to that of Panthemont,[2] an event which, for some brief moments, relieved her sadness, and afforded amusement by its singularity.

One of her windows looked out upon a little court belonging to the house of the nuns of Belle Chasse. Josephine had noticed that each evening, at the hour the osprey ceased its frightful cry, the silvery rays of the moon, as they fell upon her couch of sorrow, revealed a silent and touching scene. Everything, even the zephyr, was still; all was peaceful, and seemed to resemble the sleep of her angelic child, whose breathing was scarcely audible. Josephine had descried one of the discreet mothers, who seemed to take especial care to avoid being seen while she introduced herself into this same enclosure.

1 Madame de Beauharnais shut herself up voluntarily at Panthemont, and did not leave it till after she had defeated her husband in his suit for a divorce.

2 An enclosure wall separated this abbey from the convent of the Carmelites, and from that of the sisters of Belle Chasse.

She usually carried in her hand a lantern, which she would set down upon the ground with great caution, and then, seizing a bunch of keys which she took from a basket, turn upon its hinges a heavy door with brass trimmings, which, when opened, revealed to the view a species of phantom. This apparition moved about slowly, frequently stopping in front of one of the walls less elevated than the rest.

Scarcely could Josephine see her move; but she heard some animated words ringing through the gloom. The religious dame again locked up her prisoner, whose features and stature it was impossible to ascertain.

Afterwards the woman visited her again through the same door, but how she got into the enclosure Josephine could not discover. But she resolved to unravel this mystery, which, she presumed, concealed some work of iniquity. "Still another victim of conjugal despotism," said she, not doubting that this woman was confined by virtue of some imperative mandate. The next morning she went in person to make an examination, and found that this gloomy passage-way led to the burying-ground of the sisters of Belle Chasse. She communicated her discoveries to Mesdames de —— and de C——, who were in the habit of coming and spending a few minutes with her every day. Both these ladies being related by blood to the lady superior of the sisters of ——, promised to use all their efforts to get from her this secret. They agreed to play a trick upon her, and pretend that they had had a strange dream, changing the locality and the description of the persons that were to figure in it. Having perfected their plan, they hastened to put it in execution.

While listening to the account they gave of their pretended dream, Sister Rosaure seemed overcome by emotion,

and wiped the tears from her eyes. They could only express vague hints. But they could not doubt that the imprisonment of this hapless victim was entirely arbitrary, and consequently omitted nothing for the accomplishment of their object. They succeeded, and in the course of a few days arrived at the most precise and extraordinary developments.

For four years an interesting novice had, so to speak, found herself forced to renounce the world. On the day of the august ceremony, Sister Irene mournfully ascended the steps of the altar. Scarcely had she pronounced her solemn vows when a sudden darkness came over her eyes, and she fell down senseless. Her body was immediately removed out of sight, and the next day the report was circulated that she was dead. Her funeral obsequies were performed in secret, and without any of the accustomed display. The body was not even exhibited in public (15). This circumstance excited murmurs, but the lady abbess excused it for pretended reasons of a private nature, and henceforth the inmates avoided speaking of it; indeed, it was forbidden even to pronounce her name. It seemed, therefore, probable that the unfortunate creature was still in existence. But how to raise the curtain that concealed her fate, and rescue her from her living tomb, was the question. Alas! there was no apparent pathway to the place of her retreat. What hope was there of approaching her and surprising her watchful guardian? The nuns of Belle Chasse used to assemble at night. While they were singing psalms, chanting and thanking God for having taken them under the shadow of His wing, far from a stormy world, a young devotee, in the same sanctuary and close by their side, was groaning amidst the horrors they had inflicted.

The victim of monkish fanaticism could only address sighs and groans to the God of mercy and peace. At dawn the solemn chants would cease, the lights were extinguished, the sounding vaults no longer echoed the melancholy accents which only impressed with deeper sadness the heart of the youthful sufferer. Madame Beauharnais seemed to see her kneeling on the cold marble before her rude altar, covered with a straw mat, time-worn and rotten with humidity, with a worm-eaten desk before her, and a book of canticles ready to fall to pieces.

The darkness of the holy place, the monuments of the dead which covered the graves, and which would almost be taken for ghosts, all conspired to augment the terror which seized her imagination. She seemed to hear the last stave which usually terminates the matin songs—"*Dona eis pacem*" —repeated over her head.

Josephine and her companions awaited impatiently the return of the moon, resolved, by its rays, to find their way into the narrow enclosure where the sorrowing victim was confined. How slowly for them did Time stretch his wings! How tumultuous were their thoughts! They yearned, though still afraid, to witness the truth.

But now the hour of night insensibly drew near. Concealed behind a leafy hedge, they easily passed into the garden, and then, by means of a ladder, which they had carefully provided, into the inner court.

Afraid, and scarcely daring to breathe, for a moment they remained still in this gloomy place. They had been long accustomed to the lugubrious sights presented by the places consecrated to eternal retirement.

They pierced their way into an enclosure where everything bore an impress of gloom; where dark despair seemed to hold perpetual empire.

Suddenly groans, interrupted by sobs, roused their attention; the Marchioness of C—— was frightened, and screamed out, when an object presented itself before them, which at first they took for a spirit.

It was the unhappy prisoner. On seeing them she attempted to fly, but her feeble knees failed her, and she sank prostrate on the ground. Though the rays of the moon fell directly upon her, its uncertain light scarcely enabled the beholders to determine whether it was really a human being.

They were also afraid lest her unpitying, Argus-eyed guardian might present herself before they were able to discover her age or the cause of her detention. After putting to her some questions, the fugitives from Panthemont resolved to leave, when, with difficulty raising herself up, the unhappy creature half uttered a few words which showed how horror-stricken she was at their unexpected visit. They reassured her, and, entirely to dissipate her fears, the viscount's wife called herself by name. The nun then took confidence, and, with a trembling and almost inaudible voice, addressed them as follows:—

"I was destined to the cloister from my youth; nothing could change the determination of my parents. Not being the arbiter of my own destiny, I had to cover my brow with the eternal veil, in this monastery. I am now twenty-two years old, and I pray the merciful God to put an end to my wretched existence. You see me a young and innocent victim—you see me prostrated at the foot of our Saviour's image. Ah, how unjust, how cruel were my parents to me! Religion alone has given me courage to abide their monstrous inhumanity. It is true, mesdames (continued she), I manifested so much disgust for the kind of life I had been forced to lead, that I completely alienated the affections of my new companions. A letter which was

addressed to me, but which was unluckily intercepted, served as a pretext for erasing my name for ever from the list of the living. I had been promised from my cradle to the only son of the Count of —— (16). Alas, alas! at the age of twelve I lost my best friend. My father immediately contracted a second marriage, and three years after a son was born to crown his desires, and hasten my misfortunes. I was henceforth devoted to religious retirement, because I had nothing to hope for from my mother's fortune, whom my father had married dowerless, and from inclination. Her successor, who brought him considerable property, soon became the absolute mistress of his thoughts and actions. She was the chief, or rather sole, cause of my ruin, in wringing from my father the fatal assent which banished me for ever from the bosom of society. This cruel woman pushed her insolence so far as to appear at the grate of the august temple the day I took my vows, in order the more completely to enjoy her triumph. The very sight of that barbarous step-mother produced such a dreadful impression on me that I was bereft of my reason.

"When the pall was removed from me, I gave no sign of life. I had fallen into a kind of lethargy; I could not open my eyes to the light, although I heard all that passed around me. In this insensible state I was carried out of the church.

"In vain did the attendants lavish their cares upon me; I could not be recalled to a state of feeling. As bad luck would have it, the nuns, in stripping me of my monastic robes, found upon my person a protestation against the vows I had taken, written wholly with my own hand; they secured it, and the paper itself became a fearful instrument in the hands of my enemies.

"In the evening I recovered my reason; but they were

correct in their opinion that I should make a nun without fervour, and that, sooner or later, I should seek to free myself from the austere yoke. Already the Government entertained the purpose of suppressing certain monasteries. It was decided in the chapter that the answer to be returned at the grate should be that I had fallen a victim to mental alienation; my family were told so, and my worthy father deigned to accord me some tears. I was then thrown into this solitary building, separated from the rest of the house, where each day one of the sisters is charged to convey me my food. True, although in the bosom of bondage, my primary wants are supplied; I have the same clothing, the same food as the other nuns; my narrow abode contains the first objects necessary to existence—but I am for ever deprived of all society with my fellows. Were I not supported by a sense of religious duty, I should long ago have sunk under the weight of my ills. Vainly do I combat the emotions of my heart—I find it impossible to conquer them. Wretched maiden that I am! the sacred earth on which I tread has become my only hope." And at these words she fell down in a swoon, the forerunner of death, firmly laying hold of a stone crucifix which stood in her gloomy dwelling-place.

This scene recalled to Josephine's mind the touching La Vallière, who was found nearly in the same situation. The one sought to fly from a monarch whom she adored, and to bury herself in a nunnery; the other, in the spring-time of life, had felt her heart palpitate at the name of a mortal who was once destined for her. The poor nun uttered an ardent prayer again to join her mother.—"'Tis this way," said she, heaving a deep sigh, "'tis there that the road to eternity and salvation opens to my view! Already

I feel myself pierced by the arrows of death; soon shall I bow my head, and fall to earth like the lily of the valley; but celestial hope consoles me, and points me to heaven and to that blessed Saviour who offers me the pardon and consolation which mortals deny me. My spirit, a captive in this body which wanders on the earth, yearns to be united to the Holy Spirit which created it. Oh, how precious a gift of God is eternal night!"

Thus spoke the nun, while tears of anguish streamed from her eyes. Who could paint her wild despair, the cruel pangs which rent her heart? But soon a sweet and pious resignation took possession of her; her lips pronounced no name but that of her Creator. Josephine and her friends mingled their prayers with hers; they entreated Heaven to put an end to her miseries; they encouraged her to hope for a happier lot in future; but being without any confidence, she again wept, and concluded in these words:—

"To me the most painful restraint is the being obliged to conceal my feelings in the presence of the lady superior. Pity is here a crime, and each moment thus becomes to me an intolerable punishment. My health, already impaired by protracted sufferings, is gradually failing. At the end of one year you will, perhaps, find me dying. I shall carry into the grave a body as pure and stainless as it was in my infancy. Yet I cannot deposit my painful secrets in the bosom of any kind and compassionate friend. My desire is that my father, and also Madame the Countess of Montesson, may be informed that I am still alive."

At the mention of the name of her illustrious protectress, Madame Beauharnais experienced a sensation difficult to describe; her marble brow was resting prostrate on the cold and humid earth; a sense of her own trials and mis-

fortunes awoke; it wrung her heart; and her present situation, so different from what it had once been, now stared her mournfully in the face.

Still, she hoped that a purer and brighter day might dawn upon her. Indeed, she had already begun to descry for herself a more happy future, while the hapless daughter of the Count de —— could see hers only in eternity. While their conversation continued, they discovered in the distance the pale flickering of a lantern slowly approaching them.

"'Tis my guardian," said the nun; "she is not unfeeling; she seeks to soften the rigorous service required of her in respect to me; she anticipates my wants; I should be no longer alive but for her humanity. Retire a little; I am unwilling her sensitive soul should learn that her noble devotion is known to you; she might, perhaps, suspect the secret of her conduct was divulged. 'Tis to her that I am indebted for the shadow of freedom I have thus far enjoyed; the community rely upon her prudence and discretion."

The cold and serious manner in which she pronounced these words lent them additional bitterness. She gave them not the least accent; they resembled neither a demand nor an exclamation, expressed neither curiosity nor surprise: her heart found no utterance in those monotonous tones. In a few moments her looks became as dull and vacant as ever. Josephine and her two friends could not resist the touching spectacle. They burst into tears, and, in compliance with her request, promised her to write the details of her sad history. Madame de Beauharnais undertook to bring her sufferings to a close. She contrived to hold a correspondence with her during the latter part of her stay at Panthemont.

She interested several influential persons in her behalf, and among them the Archbishop of Paris. When that prelate demanded the opening of the cloister doors of the convent of Belle Chasse, he was told that the sparks of life were nearly extinct in Mademoiselle St. Cl——, and that she would probably soon breathe her last. "Happy will it be," said one of the elder sisters, "when we can say of that sister, '*She is now in the bosom of the Divinity!*'" At these words, a holy anger flashed from the eyes of the venerable archbishop. Too indignant to pardon the authors of an outrage which he could not overlook, he exclaimed, casting on them an expressive glance:—

"Alas! another victim sacrificed to error and ambition. She perhaps opposed some resistance to the sacrifice of herself, and that was enough to make her the object of your persecution.

"Unfeeling and cruel women," added he; "I have kept my mouth shut until to-day. *I have been silent; but now I shall make myself heard.*"[1]

Several months had passed since Madame de Beauharnais had lived entirely secluded from the world. The sad, heart-stricken Josephine knew no other joy than that of gazing upon her beloved daughter.

The young Hortense, sensible of the tender cares of her mother, returned with usury the caresses she received. Seeking to please and to love her tender parent, filial gratitude was the sole sentiment by which she was animated. This afflicted wife, now an interesting recluse, daily received the most gratifying news from her friends; she was about to revisit them, and to gain the suit which

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1 Afterwards, and some time before the Revolution, the question of secularising this religious order was seriously discussed in the Council of State, and even at the Court of Rome.

her husband had so unjustly instituted against her (17). All her thoughts were centred upon her anticipated triumph.

While awaiting it, she consecrated a part of her time to the study of the history of nations, and the investigation of the leading causes of their grandeur. She noticed that circumstances the minutest in appearance had often led to the destruction of empires and the elevation of kings. This fact struck her so forcibly that she resolved henceforth to direct every action of her life towards the accomplishment of her destiny.[1]

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1 Woman has more wit, as well as sagacity, than man; a sedentary life affords her a continual opportunity for their display, and she sharpens her talents by bringing them in contact with his thoughts.

## CHAPTER VIII

At length Josephine meets her children, and is happy. Drunk with bliss, she exclaimed: "O liberty! I feel that thou art not a chimera, and that man, escaping from the darkness of a prison can alone render thee fitting homage."

However natural were the feelings which then agitated her, she perceived that reflection was fast weakening the charm. After the first gust of enthusiastic exultation at seeing herself so strikingly avenged had subsided, she began to reflect upon her forlorn situation. The decree of the Parliament of Paris was entirely favourable to her, and made her absolutely free; but M. de Beauharnais was lost for her.

[Here end the events which I presume to be contained in the manuscripts which are wanting. I lay aside the pen in order to place before the reader the Memoirs forming the sequel to those which I have supplied.[1]]

The advice I received from time to time from M. de Tascher was to return to Martinique. He wrote that

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1 The remainder of the work, until near the close of her life, in 1814, appears to be the production of Josephine herself. In her dedication to the Emperor Alexander, our authoress assures us that "these Secret Memoirs were, in a great measure, prepared by the Empress herself, and that was the reason which led her to place them under his special protection;" and in her preface she remarks that the illustrious subject of her pages, "during her leisure moments at Malmaison, used to narrate the different events of her life; she preserved the most secret particulars of her husband's reign, and destined these precious manuscripts to posterity."—TRANSLATOR.

the charms of tranquillity are never so highly relished as when one has been tossed by the storms of adversity. I received many visits from my friends, and hastened to return them. Some listened attentively to my most trifling remarks, and seemed to watch me, while others, indulging in indiscreet questions, pretended to congratulate me on what they called my triumph. I distinguished among them several who were my true friends, and passed some moments of real quietude in their society. And yet I felt that I had lost that peace of mind without which happiness is impossible. I no longer saw my husband, and an habitual gloom took possession of me.

Continued sorrow had wrought a change in my countenance and in my mental faculties; I regarded myself as an unfortunate woman, and, without the society of my children, who both aided me to support existence, I should infallibly have sunk under the weight of my melancholy. This state of mind made me love solitude; my friends addressed to me some obliging reproofs for thus sequestering myself from the world. "If," said they, "the study of the human heart is an affliction to him who pursues it, we are yet bound to interrogate its most hidden mysteries."

One day my friends had, so to speak, dragged me against my will to Versailles, where I appeared but rarely. I spent some hours in examining the two Trianons.[1] The smaller attracted, particularly, throngs

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1 *Trianons.*—This is the name of two beautiful country seats near Versailles. Passing along the promenade of the garden of Versailles, you arrive at the "Grand Trianon." The celebrated Mansard constructed this château in the oriental style. The façade is but one story high, but the richness and variety of the marble composing it render it beautiful: the garden was planned by Lenôbre.

At the end of the park is situated the "Petit Trianon." Its

of the curious. The embellishments executed by the orders of the Queen lent an inexpressible charm to those enchanting spots. I felt a curiosity to see the delicious abode where the wife of Louis XVI. delighted to lay aside the severe etiquette of the palace. Here the daughter of the Cæsars used to repair and resign herself to meditation, and taste in peace the sweets of an innocent liberty.

Maria Antoinette was then what she never ceased to be—good, compassionate, amiable. Quitting her high rank and the pomp of the throne, she here seemed to descend and listen to the complaints of her people; and often did she pass out of this terrestrial paradise to gaze on the clear, pure country sky. Often was she seen wandering among those delicious groves, so dense that the light of day scarcely penetrated them; hiding herself from that throng of gilded insects that pullulated at her Court, and giving herself up to the society of such persons as could participate in her simple and rustic tastes.

In thus throwing aside the state and splendour of royalty, Maria Antoinette only appeared the more beautiful—she might have been taken for the Queen of the Graces.

How beautiful was she then, when all the feelings

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picturesque garden, arranged in English style, and its magnificent pavilion, constructed in the Roman style, were the favourite resorts of Maria Antoinette. During the Reign of Terror, it was nearly demolished by the fury of the populace. A common public table was furnished in the same apartments where the descendant of Maria Theresa used to lay aside the burdens of royalty and enjoy the charms of a country life. Napoleon reunited this elegant estate to the imperial domains. The Princess Pauline Borghese, the Emperor's sister, used to reside there.—TRANSLATOR.

of an ardent heart were reflected from her august countenance?

The impression I experienced on entering, for the first time, the Queen's apartments, it would be difficult to describe. A melancholy thought seized me, which I could neither repel nor explain—a secret and undefined fear seemed to whisper to me that the sovereign of this charming retreat would soon cease to be such. Everything presaged, even now, the series of woes with which that celestial woman was to be overwhelmed, and the strokes of that execrable calumny of which she was to become the victim. The affair of Cardinal Rohan had already shown to what excess this sort of licence could be carried, if unchecked at its birth (18).

From that moment the sincere friends of the monarchy should have foreseen that the schemers would not pause in their career. A multitude of apocryphal pamphlets daily inundated Paris and Versailles, propagating the most absurd and false reports. The enemies of the wife of Louis XVI. represented her as a second Medicis. In their rage they dared to make her the object of the most unjust and cruel charges. They even endeavoured to cast a stain upon her chastity. The public, greedy for news, never gave themselves the trouble to examine the source whence these stories proceeded. They always receive more readily tales of contempt and insult than those which express the homage due to virtue, or the love and respect of the people for their legitimate princes. Besides, the French rarely take pains to reflect upon the impressions made upon them by envenomed writings or speeches; but suffer themselves to be seduced and blinded by the recital of unfaithful, piquant and scandalous anecdotes, especially where important personages are the object.

The royal majesty thus vilified, everything announced the approach of that tempest which was destined to overthrow the throne and the monarch. The Queen was, perhaps, the only one who did not partake of that feeling of security to which the whole Court surrendered itself. Incessantly a prey to gloomy forebodings, she found in the retreats of the Trianons a kind of solace for her woes.[1] This Princess, a worthy daughter of Maria Theresa, derived from the teachings of her illustrious mother that courage so superior to all vicissitudes, which enabled her to oppose a manly and truly heroic resistance to the plotters of the ruin and overthrow of states.

Such were my thoughts while wandering through those modern "Gardens of Alcinous," where art seemed combined with nature to increase its charms. I contemplated with admiration every object that presented itself to my enchanted gaze. As I was infinitely fond of botany, I took pleasure in examining every description of plant I met with. I roved along the alleys where the majestic trees, with polished bark and evergreen foliage, sprang up and seemed to pierce the skies. To rest ourselves we entered one of the mansions which the company had been admiring. Our guide was engaged in giving us some interesting historical details(19) connected with it, when our attention was attracted by the confused cries of numerous voices which seemed to be approaching. Our surprise was increased on seeing the Queen herself coming,

1 "Notre cour nous suit,
Et tout nous fuit;"

"I well know I am traduced," said the Queen, often, to the unfortunate Louis XVI. "I see the courtiers' smile; it conceals perfidious falsehood; it is the moral stiletto. The cowards who use it inflict a wound, and then turn and fly. The cold looks of the most of them annoy and disgust me."

surrounded by her whole Court. She advanced towards us, and, without any appearance of surprise at seeing strangers in the place, saluted us with that grace which was so natural to her. I was encouraged by the sweet accents of her voice and the language she deigned to address to me. Her Majesty was pleased to say, with an air of condescension: "Madame de Beauharnais, you are at liberty to view the two Trianons; I am perfectly aware you know how to appreciate their beauties. I should be much pleased to learn what objects you think the most remarkable, and to hear your personal observations upon them. I shall always receive you with pleasure" (20).

I answered these gracious words with a respectful salutation; each one of them is graven on my memory, for my afflicted heart needed their sweet consolation. The Queen passed on, leaving our whole company penetrated with a feeling of love and respect. The daughter of Maria Theresa was at that time far from imagining that *she to whom she had spoken in such obliging terms would become the wife of a general, who should one day place upon his head the crown of the Kings of France.*—But let us not anticipate the events which are, in fact, to follow with too rapid a pace.

The inspector of the gardens conducted us to, and showed us every part of, the two royal mansions. I carefully observed every object I met with, and took a note of it in my tablets; and, faithful to the promise I had made to Her Majesty, prepared to offer her the results of my reflections. Some days afterwards, I was admitted to a private audience, in which, with the sweetest accent, Maria Antoinette deigned to assure me of her august protection. She conversed with me with the greatest freedom,

and the King, who came in during the interview, assured me, in an impressive manner, that M. de Beauharnais and his children should ever be entitled to the enlightened justice of the Court. "Besides," added he, "I shall never forget the devotion of my subjects in America in sustaining the honour of the crown. My ancestors have received from that generous people considerable sums of money, and I have not, in regard to them, dispensed with the obligations of gratitude. Madam," continued he, smiling, "I must acquit myself of all arrears towards you; you will receive them from the hands of the Queen." I bowed respectfully. The Queen then condescended to promise me a brevet for my son, and, at the same time, untying an antique ornament of precious stones which she wore about her neck, she passed it round my own. The portraits of L. L. and M. M. embellished the reverse of the medallion.

'Tis thus that monarchs ought ever to acknowledge important services rendered them by the people; but to the people it belongs to know and to appreciate such sovereigns.

Louis XVI. and his august spouse were never judged impartially by their contemporaries. A terrible and prolonged revolution was needed, in order to make their real virtues manifest, to unveil the infamy of their calumniators and the villainy of their executioners.

About this period I received news from my mother. She urged me by the most powerful motives to return to her, and pour out my griefs on her bosom. The poison of calumny had for a long time been distilling its venom upon me, an unhappy wife; and Madame de la Pagerie was anxious to repair, in some sort, what she called *her maternal errors*. I decided on quitting France—that France where such strange destinies still awaited me.

The thought of separating myself from my son cost me many and bitter pangs. I went and conjured M. de Beauharnais to entrust him to my care. He refused, in a very formal way. "What harshness!" cried I, while gazing despairingly upon one of his friends, who came a few days before my departure to console me respecting that cruel denial. He listened to me, wept with me, and promised to interest himself in my behalf with my husband. The aid which a firm and generous friendship renders to innocence and misfortune is the prop of suffering virtue. I recommended to him my Eugene, and said to him: "I go to kiss the earth which saw me born, and to bedew it with my tears; for I perceive that I can no longer be happy in France. Adieu, adieu; speak not of Hortense to M. de Beauharnais! Can the daughter interest one to whom the mother is odious? Alexander," continued I, "you shall account to me for the exile I am compelled to undergo. Your own peace is its sole object; but at least forgive my tears." A few days afterwards I went on board the frail bark, which bore me away from my son and my husband.

Assisted by the tide and a light breeze from the north-east, the shallop left the port. The air was calm, the sky clear, and the sea, smooth as glass, reflected the burning beams of the sun. The sailors raised their song, keeping time with their oars, which rose and fell in unison with their strains.

And now the sails are spread; the pilot holds the helm; the vessel bounds forward; it cleaves the billows, and begins to roll. It soon became the sport of the waves, which tossed it wildly about, and drove it to and fro. It may be imagined what I must have suffered at seeing little Hortense, who was not at all habituated to this continual

bounding, and found it impossible to keep her feet or to endure the ship's motion without sea-sickness.

On the morning of the thirtieth day of our voyage, the captain on a sudden discovered a large craft bearing right down upon us. Whether he or his pilot was remiss in his duty is uncertain, though it is certain that the crew first informed him that the two vessels were running foul of each other, bow to bow. The captain grew pale, but uniting presence of mind with courage, quickly ordered all hands to the quarter-deck, and, by a strong effort bringing his vessel to the wind, changed her direction, and saved us at the moment the two bowsprits were coming in contact. The stranger vessel, which bore the English flag, passed us alongside and veered off. Shouts of joy evinced the heart-felt gratitude of the crew for this narrow escape. The captain congratulated his passengers, and me particularly, on his having been able to rescue us from one of the most frightful perils of the sea. Squalls from the south, however, frequently threatened us with shipwreck or hidden rocks. Having become, by mental suffering, utterly heedless of the yawning gulfs beneath me, and leaning against a sail, I measured with curious eye the depths of the waters. I defied the green waves that rose mountains high around me, and seemed about to swallow up the frail bark and the crew it bore. At length, however, after a long and perilous passage, during which we twice ran the risk of a collision with other vessels, we terminated our voyage; and my feet again touched the beloved soil of my native land.

It seemed to me that I now became animated by a new existence—a firmness of mind, a feeling of disdain for every species of constraint. I was henceforth nothing but a woman, fully determined to maintain that personal

dignity which nature had given her; for I had long ago appropriated to myself that beautiful thought of Plautus:—"*If we support adversity with courage, we shall have a keener relish for returning prosperity.*"[1]

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1 Fortiter malum qui patitur, idem post patitur bonum.

## CHAPTER IX

Oh, let the man who has wandered far from the paternal roof look within himself and ask his heart for an explanation of that delicious melancholy which he feels on returning, after long absence and many troubles, to the cradle of his infancy! Then will he feel that Nature, which does so much for her ungrateful children, in binding them to their native land by habit, friendship, and youthful recollections, seems to have fixed an eternal boundary to that yearning after bliss which devours without ever satisfying.

But in vain does sad experience teach us this; in vain does the flitting dove, wounded and palpitating, come and fall at our feet. The transitory impression she makes upon our hearts is quickly effaced by the rapid movements and tumultuous phantoms which our ever busy passions produce within us.

I again found myself within the bosom of my family. I began to enjoy that serenity of mind which I had hitherto seldom felt. The place which saw him born affords to every man of feeling an almost indescribable pleasure. We love to retrace the scenes of our youth, to revisit its interesting theatre, and to tread our natal soil. I would have freely forgotten the luxuries of Europe to enjoy again in the colony the precious boon of freedom. If sometimes I turned my eyes towards France, it was only to recall the fact that the father of my children dwelt in that cradle of taste, arts and industry.

Such, indeed, were the sentiments which I expressed to the Countess de Montesson, to whom I often wrote after my arrival at Martinique.

In my second letter to her I said: "Nature, rich and sumptuous, has covered our fields with a carpeting which charms as well by the variety of its colours as of its objects. She has strewn the banks of our rivers with flowers, and planted the freshest forests around our fertile borders. I cannot resist the temptation to breathe the pure, aromatic odours wafted on the zephyr's wings; I love to hide myself in the green woods that skirt our dwelling; there I tread on flowers which exhale a perfume as rich as that of the orange grove, and more grateful to the senses. How many charms has this pleasant retreat for one in my situation! When I want to weep without any witness of my tears, over the loss of my husband and my son, I retire to these sequestered spots; their profound silence inspires me with a secret awe and soothes my sadness. Every day do I seem to hear my Eugene's voice, to see his beautiful face, his pleasant smile; I seem to press him to my bosom—and find myself alone with Hortense! The lovely little creature seems already to compassionate the ills her poor mother endures for her. By degrees my reason triumphs over my weakness and restores me to myself. I find myself in the midst of my relations and the old friends who once loved and still love me tenderly."

Nearly three years had passed away since my separation from my husband, when secret advices reached me from France that M. de Beauharnais was prepared to treat me more kindly. "He would," I was told, "not only change his wrathful conduct, but was disposed to show me some particular favours."—"My Eugene," said I to Madame de la Pagerie, "my Eugene will alone be the seal

of our reconciliation; for, but for the love I bear him, I should choose to end my days in my favourite island." This sole consolation which remained to me in the midst of such multiplied sufferings—the double pleasure of receiving, as a wife, M. de Beauharnais' acknowledgment that I had never ceased to deserve his confidence, and, as a mother, of pressing my beloved son again to my heart—healed my wounds, and made me forget whole years of sorrow and misfortune. I could quit my family and home, and bear a yoke which might, perhaps, still be an oppressive one. I could do all this, for when the happiness of her offspring is concerned, a mother has stern duties to perform, and the evils which threaten them appear to her more formidable than those which she herself may incur. But my friends opposed my return to the Continent. "You have your daughter," said they continually; "her society will console you for her father's rigorous treatment."—"But my son is far from me," was my reply; "my satisfaction can never be complete while that is the case; I am anxious to join him." I yielded for a moment to the importunities of my father; for, of all the ties that bind us to life, those of kindred are the strongest. But still my eyes were turned towards France. A few days before making my preparations to leave Martinique I was witness of an event which particularly struck my attention.

While returning one morning from the "Three Islets," I noticed a considerable gathering of people in front of a meanly appearing dwelling, and hastened to inform myself of the cause which was exciting so much interest among the by-standers. A Creole woman told me, with tears in her eyes, that "mother David, otherwise Euphemia, had broken her leg, and that they had taken her to her house, where she had fainted. This woman," said she, "is

universally beloved; all the settlers treat her well and feel a deep interest in her. She has, moreover, great authority over the negroes, for nothing happens in the colony that she does not foresee. Nothing escapes her eagle eyes. The most secret projects of mankind are no mysteries to her."

I called to mind the fact that my own curiosity had once led me to consult this wise mulatto woman, and felt an irresistible desire to visit her a second time. I had been very far from tasting that happiness which she had promised me, and I could no longer cherish the dream with which she had once flattered my imagination. On this occasion I found her confined to her bed by the wound she had received, and surrounded by the slaves who were so fond of her. From the vault of a spacious chamber hung a lamp, resembling those which are used in tombs. Its lurid rays, mingled with the thick darkness, served only to render visible the gloominess of the place. Nevertheless, the old woman immediately recognised me. I informed her that her predictions were not only not realised, but that since the time I had, like others, yielded to a feeling of curiosity, I had experienced nothing but misfortune.

"Patience," said the aged sibyl, gazing at me; "patience!" She pronounced some almost unintelligible words, the sense of which was—*That my husband was about to rise in the world by his own merit; but that enemies would one day attempt to take his life, and that in the end he would lose his head.*

I ventured to put some other questions, but Euphemia refused absolutely to answer them. She continually repeated: "*I still hold the same opinion; and when you go away there will appear, not the same prodigy as when you first left us, but cruel and perfidious enemies, who are only waiting for your*

*departure in order to carry fire and sword into the midst of us, and again lay waste the colony*" (21).

I was struck by the perfect coolness of her manner, and the tone of calm assurance she employed. During the following month I made my preparations to sail for the Continent. The passage was quite unpleasant.

The ship I embarked in twice took fire, which I regarded as a favourable augury (22); for such is the force of early impressions that they are seldom, if ever, effaced. The moment we came in sight of the coast of France, the captain ordered the sails to be furled.

My heart could not resist the emotions caused by recollections so dear to it, and I endeavoured to persuade myself that the father of my children was, perhaps, the innocent cause of my troubles, which I presumed to be all the work of the deceitful Madame de V——. It seemed to me impossible that I could have raised the storm which roared above my head.

Could I, who had never been drawn into the torrent of human follies, imagine that a proper sense of what honour and religion prescribe would one day be imputed to me as a crime?

But if anything could allay the unjust suspicions of which my enemy, Madame de V——, had made me the object, it was the engagement which I had long since made with myself to banish from my mind the image of William de K——.

His name, indeed, often escaped the lips of some of my acquaintances, who still took the liberty to recall him to my memory; and many of them took real pleasure in carrying on constant intrigues with him, and showing me his letters.

Resolved to remain utterly indifferent, I adhered in-

violably to the resolution I had formed at the time of my marriage, to return, without opening them, the numerous letters from that colonist; and whenever he came from Edinburgh I carefully avoided seeing him. "It shall be even thus," said I (*love is feeble while it is timid*), "and I will prove to my husband that a rash judgment is often unjust; that too much severity savours of tyranny, and that among our equals we ought to respect ourselves." Thus did I seek to smother the memory of my past disgrace, and, notwithstanding all my efforts, I remained for whole days inactive and listless. Whatever caused me to think, drove me to tears. Hortense[1] was my only comfort; by her playfulness she forced me in a manner to forget the past—that past which had been so full of trials—and to look forward to the future, which had in store for me such grand, such wonderful destinies.

At the end of a few days of security, I heard of the horrible revolution which had broken out in Martinique. I trembled for the precious lives of my family and friends.

The negroes had ceased to work. I seemed to see those slaves, powerful by their numbers, armed with flaming torches, thirsting for blood and carnage, ravaging the country, carrying off flocks and herds, setting fire to houses, putting the whites to flight, taking them prisoners, or striking them down with the murderous poniard. If

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1 Hortense was presented to her father in the simple and charming dress of a young Creole. "'Tis I," cried the viscount; "I recognise my features. I looked just so at the age of seven." He kissed his daughter repeatedly, and appeared enchanted by the little surprise which Josephine had practised upon him. He said, with a smile, to Madame Montmorin, who, in concert with the Marquis de Beauharnais, had brought about this interview: "*Verum putes haud aegrè, quod valdè expetas*"—"We easily believe what we ardently desire to be true."

we consider the blacks in these moments of rebellion, they are not worthy to be called human beings, for they are more cruel than the tigers of the desert. They were in open revolt against their masters, and the oppressed colonists trembled under their victorious and ferocious weapons.

> Il est des mortels, dont le dur caractère,
> Insensible aux bienfaits, intractable, ombrageux,
> Exige un bras de fer toujours levé sur eux.
>
> —VOLTAIRE.

## CHAPTER X

A SECRET presentiment, much more than the continual assaults made upon me, inspired me with a blind courage —filled me with the most lively hope. Will that hope last?

I was, at length, united to M. de Beauharnais in sweet concord. Peace, daughter of the skies, signed the treaty of reconciliation (23); oblivion of all past complaints was expressly stipulated; Eugene and Hortense were the guarantees. My days began to flow on happily, and the affection of my children smoothed their current. Several months were passed in the bosom of this pure felicity. I went but seldom into society, and avoided all company where wit shows itself only in sallies of satire. My visitors were from the ordinary circle. In order to please my husband, who began to be friendly to me, I banished from my drawing-room those idlers, those coquettish women whose conversation is so charming, but whose levity often produces such mischievous consequences.

I was often received at Madame the Countess of Montesson's. That lovely and intellectual lady enchanted me, not only by her rare qualities, but by the style of her conversation. She attracted around her the most brilliant society, and numbered among her admirers men of the highest worth and the most distinguished attainments. She deigned to honour me with particular attentions; and whenever she experienced anxieties, 'twas on my bosom that she sought to soothe them.

She had received into her circle of friends William de

K——, whose young wife had been presented to her. She would often say to me, "*My heart*,[1] I perceive that the companion of your childhood has only obeyed the law of necessity. By his marriage he has scattered all your husband's doubts; he has given him, in some sort, an assurance of perpetual safety; but his poor heart seems to me to be ill at ease."

He contrived to hide, under the mask of politeness, his indifference, and even his coldness. Besides the affectionate regard which he affected, he seemed to be penetrated with a kind of awe towards her.

Madame de K—— became the mother of a daughter, and refused to entrust the infant to the care of any third person; in this she acquitted herself with the tenderness of an excellent mother. William honoured his wife, admired her virtues, and lamented his inability to love her.

"Ah!" said he, "I should enjoy the highest bliss could I feel for her that with which another woman long since inspired me! But I must avoid this latter; her peace and mine equally demand it; and yet she is the only object on earth that I love more than my own existence."

This young Creole, through the influence of the Duchess of Grammont (24), was endeavouring to obtain from the French Court an order for the reimbursement of the moneys lent by the ancestor of Lord Lov—— to Louis XIV. during the wars of the succession. Compelled to go over to England to obtain certain important papers, he in the meantime confided his wife to our care. This mark of friendship touched Beauharnais. Madame de K—— became, so to speak, my best friend.

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1 A name of endearment given by the Countess to Josephine.

I endeavoured to alleviate her anxieties during her husband's absence. I knew how to sympathise with her, but I also knew how to hide myself under an impenetrable veil. The image of the man whom I had known from my cradle, and whose child exhibited to me every day an exact resemblance to her father, did not cease to haunt me. I caressed the babe from a feeling of friendship towards him; and the little Elinora (for that was her name) might well imagine that she had two mothers, who loved her with equal tenderness.

Devoted to the pleasures of friendship, to my dear children, and my adopted daughter, I now enjoyed that bliss which peace of mind alone can give. Absence and the past feed the memory. Like painting, the heart's recollections restore to us the features, the image of the beings whom fate separates from us, whether that separation be caused by injustice or death. More powerful than art, and less severe than fate, it recalls to us their feelings, thoughts, manners, smiles and tears, and even the inflections of their voice. "Astonishing power of the past!" I exclaimed; "while we, frail children of sorrow, have lost all power over it, and can be severed from it only by death!"

At length letters were received from William. He was at the Bath Springs; he wrote that he should not return for some months; that he had had a long sickness, and must take time to recover his health. He besought Beauharnais to continue to be the protector of his wife and child. In a second letter, which soon followed the first, he said—

"I am afraid I shall be forced to remain absent for a long time, for there seems to be a sort of ferment here, and many of the officers of the corps I command solicit,

as a special favour, to be sent into the country of *Tippo-Säeb*. Who knows but I shall be obliged to follow them? In that event, I know not when I shall return. In view of this, I send you the papers which are necessary in regard to my claim" (25).

About this epoch the political horizon in France began to be darkened; the minds of men were in a ferment; the large cities resounded with the names of the deputies who sat in the Constituent Assembly. It was natural that a new constitution should lead to great changes, and the struggle between the people and the Court produced a deep impression upon my mind. I was alarmed at seeing Beauharnais obliged to figure in those tumultuous scenes. He could not, however, quit the post confided to him by his constituents; and yet, for his personal safety, I could have preferred to see him at Martinique in the midst of his countrymen, whose confidence and esteem he had once enjoyed.

As the wise men of the time had long foreseen, the provincial Assemblies having separated without coming to any decision, matters became so embroiled that the King[1] felt it his duty to convoke the three estates of the kingdom. The result showed that the remedy was worse than the disease. The deputies from the nobility and the clergy refused to make any sacrifice in favour of the commons (*tiers état*); while the people, for the first time, felt that they could conquer by force. They were sustained in their claims by the famous Mirabeau.

At the time when the different orders seemed ready to

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1 The time was now approaching when the language of Hume in reference to Charles I. might be applied to Louis XVI.—"He found himself in a situation where faults were irreparable; a situation inconsistent with feeble human nature."

come to an understanding, the evils of the Government had become incurable.[1]

M. de Beauharnais was by no means a hot-head in the Convention. He was distinguished for his moderation and his attachment to the principles of the monarchy, and often deplored the fatal divisions which were springing up. "The tribune," said he, "is an arena where the most eloquent voices should be heard; and yet it is a scene of mutual provocation and insult. One might suppose, on seeing certain orators, that they had just come out of a circus, and were running about in quest of new gladiators upon whom to try their strength, even in the presence of the fathers of the country."

I knew at that time nothing about politics, but I was forced every day to listen to interminable discussions, and to meet in society those senseless brawlers who were labouring with all their might to pull down the monarchy, whose fall must inevitably crush them. I was visited by the most influential men in the Assembly. The imposing presence of the Abbé Maury, Bergasse, Cazalès and the popular Mirabeau seemed to put me to silence. I listened to them with profound interest. That great and celebrated orator, who, perhaps, aspired to the *tiara*, and who, had he been the rival of Sextus Quintus, would have found the means of imposing laws upon Rome, appeared to me to be a profoundly ambitious man. He shrewdly covered himself with the mantle of Christian charity, and readily perceived that, in defending the Church, he was advancing his own interest.

He was desirous of being made a bishop, and clearly

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1 The true authors of the Revolution, we are told by a *celebrated* man, "were *absolute power*, *despotic ministers*, *insolent nobles*, and greedy *favourites!*"—(Napoleon?—TRANSLATOR.)

foresaw that the moment the Church should be despoiled its best situation would be of no advantage to him.

My opinion of the Abbé Maury was derived from himself, and when I heard of his being made a cardinal, I was not surprised. He had for a long time been paving the way to that eminent post, and had put everything in requisition for its attainment.[1] As to Mirabeau, he marched straight forward to his object; he had not been well treated at Court, and he sought to annihilate those who had been his adversaries.

Cazalès was adroit, intellectual, and possessed talent at extempore speaking.[2] M. de Beauharnais often replied to him. Though with some shades of difference, their opinions were the same, the former wishing to become a great man, while the latter looked only at the good of France. They agreed, however, that Louis XVI. did not possess the firmness necessary to check the progress of the Revolution.

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1 When Racine had become devout, he appeared abashed in the presence of Mademoiselle Champmélé; he blushed at his verses in the presence of the Dauphiness. Mademoiselle C—— remarked: "Had you not written them, you would not have been here."

2 Cazalès and Rewbel had a violent altercation. The latter had the best of it. The celebrated orator, overwhelmed with confusion, shouted out: "You have the advantage, *Jacobin! but I have succeeded in making myself heard by your wife.*" The celebrated Mirabeau, who was present, looked at him with surprise, and coolly said: "Cazalès, remember that among gentlemen this would be regarded only as a politeness, while a petty burgher would regard it as a serious insult." Mirabeau's *sang-froid* really petrified poor Rewbel.

Rewbel was anxious to avoid a quarrel with his antagonist, and begged his honourable colleague to give him his opinion upon this important business. Mirabeau brought about a reconciliation, and whispered in the ear of the offended husband:—

"Tout homme prudent doit se garder toujours
De donner trop crédit à de mauvais discours."

Bergasse was an enlightened and profound politician; he deplored the errors of the Court, and coolly calculated the effects of a change in the political system. "The explosion," said he, "will be terrible—there is not one of us who will not fall before it."

His counsels were sage; he pointed out the remedy, but his voice was lost as in a desert. The Assembly would have it that he belonged to the society of the *Illuminati*. But this deputy was a man of great energy of character, and not afraid to strip from his brethren the mask of hypocrisy with which they sought to shroud themselves. Sometimes he thundered like Cicero; he attacked those modern Catilines face to face; but being too feeble, alone and single-handed, to cope with an immense majority, he at length contented himself with communicating his opinions by his writings, which are indeed masterpieces, filled with the maxims of an enlightened senator and profound statesman.

When, by the votes of all, Beauharnais was elected President of the National Assembly, I could not help calling to mind the famous horoscope of the prophetess of Martinique; the prediction began to be fulfilled; for my husband had begun to act a most important part (26). Whenever he appeared at Court it was with profound anxiety; he loved Louis XVI. and appreciated his virtues. Yet he could have wished him to make some sacrifices which circumstances now rendered necessary, but which, at the commencement of the Revolution, he himself had opposed. He earnestly recommended them in 1791. What was called the Orleans faction had kept up its agitations for half-a-century. It was now in its full vigour; one step farther, and the Duke of Orleans would have been able to seize the supreme power. But

Philip (27), as some thought, was wanting in native courage, while, according to others, he was afraid to assume the diadem which was offered him by certain partisans. More than once did Beauharnais raise his voice in defence of Louis XVI. He saw this unhappy Prince exposed to the attacks of the Jacobins, who were labouring to destroy him in the estimation of the people. Seductive proposals were made to him, but he well knew how to resist the charms of popular favour, and in reality belonged to no party.

Though the romance of liberty had turned his head, yet his purposes were as straightforward and pure as his heart was upright; and, although as an orator he occupied only a second rank in the two Assemblies, his reputation as an honest man was universally admitted. He did not seek after place; but, possessing fine military talents, the career of arms was the only one to which he aspired. The moment the war was declared against the Northern Powers, he laid aside the senatorial mantle and resumed the sword.

He asked for and obtained the command of the army of the Alps, where he acquired a great reputation. His fidelity to his king was more than once put to the proof; and, like Bayard, he replied to some noblemen who urged him to emigrate: "Go, join your princes; for my part, my place is in France, and my duty as a soldier is to fight the enemies of the State. *Never will I bear arms against my country!* I pity those who, to gratify an offended pride, propose, as you say, to sacrifice their lives for the best of kings, but who go off into foreign lands and leave him alone. It is not by abandoning him to the mercy of faction that you will prove to Europe your perfect devotion to the interests of the monarchy. On the

contrary, you are destroying the throne, and sapping its very foundations. By remaining at home, the emigrant nobility might have held the balance of power, and decided the choice of the National Assembly and the Convention. They might have prevented a factious minority from declaring war upon the best of Frenchmen, the intrepid friends of the monarchy; they might have restrained the men who produced the bloody scenes of the 5th and 6th of October, the 14th of July, &c. (28), by resisting the evil at its beginning, by making to the nation the sacrifices demanded by the dilapidated state of the finances, by doing homage to the people in giving them some share in the public honours. The most of the emigrants would better have served the cause of Louis XVI. by throwing around him a rampart of their bodies, than by running off and begging the service of other nations. Doubtless those Frenchmen imagined they were born to be the defenders of the throne, and that, like true knights, they were bound to wage a crusade in order to deliver their unhappy monarch from the prison of his own palace. Their courage was truly heroic, and they armed themselves in the noblest of causes. But have those who sought to attach to their banner the Powers of Europe, shown all the energy which they ought to display in such circumstances? Why have the most of them accepted the perfidious aid of the ancient enemy of France? Shades of Duguesclin and Clisson! where are you? You would be ashamed to come out of your tombs; your *manes* would shudder at the outrage which has tarnished the name of your descendants. It was in the breach, Frenchmen, that you should have defended yourselves; 'twas in sacrificing a portion of your fortunes, in order to supply that enor-

mous *deficit* which threatened the downfall of the throne, that the nobility should have shown themselves worthy of the age of Henry IV., and that the virtuous Louis XVI. would have been enabled to reign over a people so worthy of him!" Such was M. de Beauharnais!

The French Revolution took a character at once the most terrible within and the most formidable without. The royal family were about to experience the most frightful catastrophe. "Paris," said a celebrated woman (Madame de Staël), "presented nothing but a picture of crime and weakness, while the army displayed one of devotion and glory."

The best generals, however, became the sport of perfidious denunciations. M. de Beauharnais was secretly warned of the menacing storm. By his political conduct he sought to impart confidence to the true friends of the country; but, unfortunately, there were but few who deserved that honourable title. An open warfare was waged among the different parties, and our modern Catos presented no resemblance to that *Roman senate* who sincerely aimed at the good of the republic, and whose members flew to the defence of their country. The Romans, as magistrates and warriors, cemented their government in a two-fold way.

The Fabricii, the Cincinnati, after having subdued the enemies of Rome, returned to spend the period of peace in the bosom of their families.[1] Those proud warriors suspended their lances on the walls of the Temple of Ammon;

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1 Fabricius died so poor that the senate was obliged to charge the republic with the expense of his daughter's marriage.

M. Baldus adds that, after the death of Epaminondas, the whole of the movable property found in his possession consisted of a *spit and a kettle*.

they laid aside the buckler, and with their victorious hands turned the furrows in their peaceful fields.

Yes, those masters of the world quitted *their* occupations only when called by their country to humble the pride of the confederated nations which sought to subject them to their dominion.[1]

How far were our modern legislators from imitating those whom they affected to take as their models! The words "Liberty and Country" were continually in their mouths. But the numerous Luculluses by their pomp outdid the famous Sybarite, and, towards the close of the Legislative Assembly, they were seen armed against each other. Every day the most courageous deputies were compelled to abandon the orator's tribune to the factionists. "*Wargus esto!*"[2] was continually repeated. "Say, rather," answered Beauharnais, "say, rather, '*Death to France!*' if she is to be governed thus." The ancient riding-school (*manège*), where the people's representatives sat, resembled a real circus, where gladiators came to display their prowess and engage in perpetual combats. Louis was but the phantom of a king; the sword of faction already menaced his head. The dreadful events of the 20th of June, and the 10th of August, lifted the veil from the approaching destinies of France. It was under the same frightful auspices that, on the 22nd of September, the republic, *one and indivisible*, was proclaimed.

The monarch, already declared dethroned by a guilty minority,[3] perceived, but too late, that his weakness had

1 Said the Athenians, after the ravages of the Persians in Greece: "We still have the soil; that is enough for a victorious people."

2 "Death to the opposing party!"

3 Crowns are lost only by timidity. Had the unhappy Louis XVI. been convinced of this truth, how many evils would it have saved France!

but emboldened audacity, and forged the manacles with which his own hands and those of his family were to be loaded.

An inexplicable fear paralysed the guilty Areopagus; they saw that they themselves could not try the King. It was for the Convention to show to Europe the example of possessing itself of the supreme power. Champfort, Vergniaud, Guadet, Valazé, eloquent apostles in the cause of liberty, all served it with talent, and some of them with good faith and courage. But the brilliant genius of the Gironde party appeared only as a star in the midst of thick darkness; it glittered but to mislead those who gazed upon it. Louis had already let fall from his feeble grasp the sceptre won for him by Henry IV.; he had become the pity of some, and the scorn of others. The friends of the monarch contented themselves with mourning over his fate, without opposing any barrier to the dark projects of the assassins.[1] And thus it was that the heir of an ancient monarchy was detained as a prisoner in his own estates, whence he was not to escape but on the wings of immortality.[2] The Legislative Assembly seized the royal authority; but it was reserved for the Convention to conduct the King to the scaffold.

> Il est donc, en naissant, des races condemnées,
> Par un triste ascendant vers les crimes poussées,
> Que formèrent des dieux les decrets eternels
> Pour être en épouvante aux malheureux mortels.
>
> —VOLTAIRE.

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1 "The whole history of Louis XVI. is but a series of bungling refusals and imprudent concessions. The whole Revolution was but audacity on the one side and fear on the other"—(*Madame de Staël*).

2 "Adieu, lovely and generous France! adieu, thou who didst desire liberty, and who mightst have obtained it. Now am I doomed to sketch first thy faults, next thy crimes, and lastly thy woes!"—(*Madame de Staël*).

## CHAPTER XI

UNHAPPY people! shun, or approach with sacred awe, that tower of the temple, whose walls imprison your hapless sovereign. The chamber where Louis XVI. retired to prepare for death is a sanctuary whose portals open to heaven. Here the torch of truth burns with a cloudless ray; here the mask of hypocrisy falls; here the heart appears in all its nakedness. Here the virtuous monarch appeared as he really was, for it is on the brink of the grave that virtue shows itself in its true light. God himself rends away the veil and shows His own. However imposing the exterior which pride lends to the heroes of a vain glory, their borrowed grandeur here gives itself the lie. Virtue alone retains its majesty in the arms of Death; in the grasp of that tyrant, the true hero alone can triumph. *O Louis*, with what rigour did he treat thee!

Twice was the King dragged before the National Convention, which had erected itself into a court for the purpose of trying him. He refused to acknowledge the crimes imputed to him.

Why did he not follow the example of Charles I., and deny the authority of his judges?[1] (29). In that case, perhaps he might have been saved, for the French really loved their sovereign. But, under the pretext of sustaining justice

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1 It seems clear that such a plea would have availed him nothing; his death was but a part of the revolutionary system, and was as necessary as the "10th of August." The law decreed his personal inviolability, and his counsel (M. Deseze) made that a point in his defence. But to what purpose? His time had come—the monarchy was to be extinguished.—TRANSLATOR.

and the laws, a few obscure, ignorant and ambitious men presumed, in the face of the astonished world, to condemn to an ignominious death their master and their King.

Day of mourning! fatal 21st of January, 1793! who can efface the memory of its gloomy tragedy? Shameful epoch in our history, what an abyss did it create in France! An age will not suffice to sound its depths. The blood of the just was shed; it bedewed a land covered with crimes, and instead of invigorating the pretended Tree of Liberty, the parricidal offering only served to engender the most unbridled licence. This regicide act, which covered the name of the sovereign people with shame, was, nevertheless, the work of a minority. It astonished all Europe. The death of Louis XVI. was an infamous violation of every principle —an assault upon the people themselves, and a terrible blow at all sovereigns (30).

M. de Beauharnais raised his voice against that execrable crime. He foresaw the dangers which menaced the kingdom, and, though he could have wished to abandon the theatre of horror, yet the state of things prevented. War was breaking out on all sides, and it was necessary to make a decided stand in the face of Europe. His arms had not arrested the murder of the King; his troops had not been able to subdue a people whom it was supposed easy to enslave.

Fear roused the energy of the nation, and the love of glory wrought prodigies.

Our soldiers showed themselves the equals and even the superiors of their predecessors in the military career. By a spontaneous movement all France rushed to arms. The war-cry rang from one extremity of the kingdom to the other—"*The invader must be expelled!*"

But the French always transcend the limits they pre-

scribe to themselves, and the love of great and generous actions feeds the flame that animates them. Alas, woe to the men who know not how to take advantage of their sublime impulses!

The august chief of the nation should, at the very dawn of the Revolution, have placed himself at their head. Had this been done, France, sustained by the valour of her soldiers, and protected by her tutelary laws, would have witnessed the triumph of those noble, sublime, and philanthropic ideas which constitute the glory of a great nation.

But the political horizon was covered with dark clouds. The revolutionary tribunal took the place of that of the 10th of August, and daily sent numbers of unfortunate persons to the scaffold. Every man trembled for his own safety; for, whatever his rank, he could not elude the bloodthirsty vigilance of the times. The noble and the plebeian were confined together and sat upon the same criminals' bench. The most devoted generals became martyrs to their own fidelity, and even the firmest supporters of the new Government perished before that hideous idol, popular licence, whose thirst could only be slaked by rivers of gore. The hired informers denounced even their own families, and hurled their insults at the Deity. The temples of worship were subjected to their sacrilegious assaults; they despoiled the sanctuary and broke in pieces the consecrated vessels, the more easily to steal them. The Saturnalia (31) of antiquity seemed renewed. The slaves became the masters, and the Goddess of Reason stood beneath the sacred arch in the temple of religion. The ministers of this new worship were also the pillars of the Jacobin club. 'Twas that impure cavern which belched forth the famous revolutionary committees, those

representatives of Fouquier de Thinville, and the ring-leaders of the popular societies, who got up the fabricated conspiracies in which multitudes of persons, unknown to each other, found themselves implicated. Everyone looked upon himself with a shudder; the father trembled for the son, the son for the father, and the husband for his wife. People fled from the capital as from another Nineveh. The troubles at Lyons, in Le Comtat Venaissin, the taking of Toulon by the English, and its recapture by the French, who there exercised unheard-of vengeance, struck all France with affright. La Vendée seemed to rise from its ashes. The decree which ordered all the rebel cities to be burnt, drove the principal inhabitants from them. It was there that the snare was laid in which the new cannibals proposed to catch all those ministers of the Gospel who had refused to take the civic oath; they hoped to overwhelm, with the same proscription, all those who had uttered murmurs against the new order of things. The greater part of the inhabitants abandoned their labour; some sank under the pressure of misfortune, while others fled before the pro-consuls, who carried terror and death in their train. The major part of the proscribed were ignorant people, not attached to their village lords, and displeased with the priests, who had taken the civic oath, and who came to occupy the places of their old curates. Many of these new pastors fanned the flames of discord, and took the lead in the popular disturbances in the towns; while others held it to be their duty not to treat with their consciences.

Hence, schisms arose and became a source of the greatest calamities. The flight of General Lafayette, and the desertion of General Dumouriez soon followed.

The Convention daily summoned to its bar the most

distinguished military officers. The aged Luckner was one of the first to fall beneath its strokes, and General Custine soon took the seat of an accused person before the revolutionary tribunal. He learned, too late, the folly of having served such a cause. Nor was the Duke de Biron slow to appear before the same tribunal; and while our armies were covering themselves with glory, the powers at Paris were, like cowards, cutting the throats of the generals who had led our troops to battle, and who, with them, had everywhere reaped the laurels of victory, whether in their efforts to expel the foreign forces who had dared to invade France in 1792, or in crowning their numerous exploits by the subjugation of Belgium, the ever memorable victory of Jemmapes, or the not less glorious victory of Fleurus.

I began to be really alarmed for the safety of my husband. It was he alone who could dissipate my anxiety; his political and military conduct was worthy of all praise; he had made every kind of sacrifice during the Revolution. He showed himself the firm friend of the wisest measures, though he had sworn eternal hatred against the factions which tore France asunder. He used to say to the principal leaders: "The true spirit of patriotism, that which in days gone by produced so many miracles and so many heroes, is a wise and rational love of country, an enlightened confidence in her strength and resources; and not that weak and jealous scorn, by means of which some people seek to supply the place of that vigorous national hatred which is inspired in every honest bosom by the violation of the principles of justice, the ravages of ambition, or the efforts of tyranny. Rome did not fall a prey to the Gauls and her other foes until she had become so blinded as to recognise only rude barbarians in the simple but warlike nations which overthrew her empire."

Such were the noble thoughts of a citizen zealous for his country's good. But this was enough to place his name on the lists of proscription. He shared, with other victims, honourable chains, and the palace built by the Medicis opened its doors and served them as a prison (32).

There, all ranks and sexes were confounded together; men of all nations were seen there. There, the heir of a lordly house shared his bread, and often his amusements, with the son of an honest artisan; and he who still remembered the proud position he had once occupied in society, here sought by kindly acts alone to make himself better known to the unfortunates by whom he was surrounded. M. de Beauharnais soon distinguished himself by acts of generosity. He not only alleviated the wants of his companions in misfortune, but, by his example, endeavoured to inspire them with fortitude, which seemed to forsake them. Military men, who had braved death twenty times in battle, were seen to tremble at the approach of their trial, and fainted at receiving the formal act of their accusation.

These examples show that the certainty of death humbles the courage; while, on the field of battle, the really brave man forgets the danger in the hope of victory.

If reached by the deadly steel or lead, he falls with brows entwined with the laurels he has won; or, at least, he has not felt the certainty of approaching destruction. What matters it to him, provided he dies with arms in his hands? The sons of Mars ask for no other apotheosis.

Numbers of those warriors whom the scythe of Time had spared fell beneath the revolutionary axe. The general of the army of the Alps shared the fate of those illustrious unfortunates, and his last moments were those of a man who knew how to unite greatness of soul to philosophy.

He gazed upon the road to immortality with the calmness of a sage. Less fortunate than Cato, he could not follow the example of that virtuous Roman and fall by his own sword; but he ascended the scaffold with perfect firmness, and the letter which he sent to his disconsolate widow, the true interpreter of his last thoughts, astonished his executioners. Even Thinville, the ferocious Thinville, was overwhelmed by it.[1]

"Et ce monstre, après lui traînant tous ses forfaits,
Va, dans des flots de sang, se battre à jamais."

I was, at this epoch, detained in a solitary prison, where Time, seated side by side with Sorrow, drooped his wings; where the innocent and the guilty drained, drop by drop, the cup of adversity.

It was written that in this place of horror I should receive the last will of my husband; alas! it recalled bitter and cruel recollections (33).

The dawn of each day announced to us that new victims had been carried away during the night. Those who remained spent the morning in agonising reflections. In the afternoon, I joined my fellow-prisoners, and hastily ran over the journals, which were then but the archives of death (34). Judge of my surprise—depict my anguish, on seeing, among the number of the executed, the name of my husband! I fell down senseless. "Let me die!" I cried, in the delirium of agony; "peace is only in the grave. My hapless children will perish in this struggle

1 "I condemn you" (wrote M. de Beauharnais to the successors of Jeffreys) "to read, every day, the predictions of Vergniaud. He said truly when he told you that in a short time you should reign over corpses and heaps of bones; over the ashes of the dead, scattered to the four corners of your republic. Pause! stand upon the graves you have filled; look each other in the face, and read in each other's eyes the maledictions of Nature herself!"

of virtue against crime!" Such were my exclamations. On the morrow of this gloomy day, they presented to me the act of my own accusation. Stupefied with horror, I was unable to read it. A mournful silence, the calmness of hopeless woe, were the only sentiments manifested towards me. Other victims were soon removed from our prison. I was called in my turn. I tore myself from the arms of Madame d'Orm—— and Madame R——, who strove in vain to hold me. Rushing, with eyes full of tears, to the keeper of the prison, not knowing but I might be included in the fatal list, I sought, for the last time, to press to my bosom the sad fruits of an unhappy marriage. The agents of tyranny maintained a disdainful silence, and directed me to go away. One of them manifested some surprise on recognising me (35), and so great was the number of the condemned, that, it would seem, from that circumstance alone, my name had been erased from the fatal list. What do I say? The ascendant of my star directed my course far away from the impending danger, but only to expose me in future to the caprices of inconstant fortune.

As if they had determined that we should suffer a thousand deaths before inflicting the one they were preparing for us, they suffered us, contrary to the custom adopted by those Cerberuses, to whose surveillance we were subjected, to linger for twelve long hours in the corridors, which had, in some sort, become the head-quarters of the prisoners. Here they questioned and answered one another in a loud tone of voice; suspense, affright, and terror froze our senses. Each one imagined the moment of his death was come. For several weeks it had been rumoured abroad that deep pits had been dug under the different houses used for

prisons in the capital, in which the wretched prisoners were to be buried. The *générale* was beaten; the tocsin sounded on every side; my companions could not dissemble their fear, and the dreadful scenes of the 2nd and 3rd of September[1] presented themselves vividly to their affrighted imaginations. Terror was painted on every countenance; every mouth uttered the accents of despair. The long expectation of that death which these ferocious men hurled around them at hazard, seemed more terrible than even the stroke which awaited us on the scaffold. Those who clearly saw their end approaching, soon became resigned to their fate, though they could not banish from their minds that sentiment of dread, which is the inevitable companion of the end of human life.

For some hours, the unfortunate females who were with me uttered loud lamentations. A young dog belonging to one of them set up a mournful howling (36). This spread a universal panic. But even in the midst of so much gloom, some of them sought to lull themselves with the illusions of hope. The Duchess of K—— seemed suddenly inspired—"We need fear nothing," said she; "the *future Queen of France is among us*. It was foretold to her that she should occupy the throne; it is utterly impossible that the prediction should be fulfilled in this horrible place; it must be verified elsewhere. I venture to express the prediction that we shall all escape from the destruction which now threatens us." Will it be believed? These words produced such an effect upon

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1 1792. The allusion is to the lawless and bloody butcheries in the prisons of Paris, from the 2nd to the 7th of that month, during which time, it is said, 1,005 persons were put to death in the prisons; among them, the Princess Lamballe met a tragical end.—TRANSLATOR.

those who heard them, that they thronged around that weeping widow, who was then far, very far, from supposing that, in *two lustrums* afterwards, she should have occasion to call to mind, in behalf of themselves and their families, the obliging promises which, to amuse them, she then made to those women. One of the keepers of the prison, whose rough manners had always inspired us with dread, now came among us in apparent trepidation, and setting down the vessels which contained our scanty meal, seemed to preserve a mournful silence. What were we to infer from this? Some conceived a feeble hope, which the rest regarded as a vain chimera.

This state of uncertainty and anxiety lasted till ten o'clock at night.

A person who took an interest in our sufferings found the means of sending us the following note:—

"Robespierre and his accomplices are marked for accusation; be quiet—you are saved."[1]

Our first emotion found vent in thanking that kind Providence who had deigned to save us. Never did we address to Heaven more heartfelt thanks. Yet I alone, after recovering from the overwhelming effects of this deliverance—I alone presumed to murmur against the laws of that Providence who had seen fit to take from me the most worthy of husbands. Five days later, and M. de Beauharnais would have escaped the rage of his

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1 What citizen was there, in those tragical times, who did not mourn the loss of a relation, a friend confined in chains, or expiring under the murderous axe which the sacrilegious knaves presumed to call the "axe of Justice?"—as if Justice reigned only in the midst of terror, over ruins and coffins! Alas! mourning and lamentation filled all hearts; stupor and affright were depicted on every countenance, and the tyrant and his minions made it a crime even to appear to lament the loss of friends.

persecutors, who had charged themselves with purveying to that man-devouring tribunal; and the phenomenon of my astonishing elevation would not have surprised the two worlds.

Many days thus passed away in waiting for the desired moment of our deliverance. More happy than my companions, I had recovered my liberty the night before the fall of the blood-thirsty Robespierre (37). At length Bourdon de l'Oise and Legendre entered the houses of arrest, to set at liberty the victims of a frightful tyranny. They were received with universal blessings. From the impulses of pity, they liberated many whom they did not at first intend to release.

The former acted from a motive of fear; the latter from an honest conviction of his past political errors.

Who would then have supposed that Legendre to be the same man who had proposed, in the National Convention, to divide the body of Louis XVI., and send a portion of it to each of the several departments; and that the same hand which now opened the prison doors, had signed the death-warrant of his King! Just God! Thou whom the hypocrisy of those men of blood so often offended, look upon them with pity! How have they suffered under Thy avenging hand!

"Le cruel repentir est le premier bourreau,
Qui dans un sein coupable enfonca le couteau."

—RACINE.

What did those new Cromwells gain by their blood-thirsty ambition? Riches, honours, power? Power! alas, time will show them they paid for it dearly. They will find themselves abased from their grandeur, banished, miserable, a prey to fierce remorse. What will then re-

main to them? Can the universe afford any cure for their ills? Alas, no, no!

"A man guilty of crime is pursued through life by the fear of a punishment proportionate to his offence, and this fear is its first expiation."

"Melius in vitâ poenarum pro malefactis
Est insignibus insignis scelerisque luela."

—LUCRETIUS.

## CHAPTER XII

I CAST my eyes around me. I saw men actuated by no other sentiments than hatred, pride and mutual distrust. But there was one among them whose soul was susceptible of friendship, who inspired confidence, and who did not stand in fear of others. He enjoyed not only the happiness of having wrenched their bloody sceptre from the hands of the decemvirs, but was looked up to as being able to do much good in future by extending a helping hand to those illustrious families whose names, whose wealth and whose talents had excited the envy and fed the cupidity of the successors of Sylla. These families he should have covered with a protecting ægis (38).

Rescued from the sword of my executioners and restored to my children, I pressed them both to my bosom and covered them with my tears. Eugene had become an Emile (39), and my beloved daughter had undergone extreme suffering. My industry was now their only support.

I swore in the face of Heaven an eternal hatred to the assassins of their father. But who would have thought that, in the course of a few years, I should actually have it in my power to avenge (40) myself? The property of M. de Beauharnais had become the booty of the plunderers of France, and I was left in a state of destitution. While away from my family the greater part of my friends were scattered; those who remained, though they well knew my wants, were in a situation no better than my own.

While waiting for the National Convention to allow my just claims, I united my feeble resources to theirs. We had a mutual understanding and furnished each other information (41). Someone, who was really interested in my welfare, advised me to cultivate seriously the acquaintance of the Deputy Tallien, in order to accelerate the liberation of my personal property from the sequestration to which it had become subject. That personage had become all-powerful. I saw him but seldom; but from a feeling of confidence in him, having by his means so narrowly escaped being one of the victims of the Reign of Terror, I presented myself among the circle of friends surrounding that celebrated man, who, on the 9th Thermidor, had displayed so much energy and inspired other representatives with his courage.

I expressed to him, in the most glowing terms, my acknowledgments for the political miracles he had wrought, not forgetting to suggest to him that much yet remained for him to do, and that it especially appertained to his dignity to effect a restitution of their estates to the children of the condemned. I insisted strongly on this point, and flattered myself with the expectation of soon seeing my own taking possession of their patrimony. But even this was not enough for me: I pleaded the cause of all those who had been the victims of the different factions—factions ever divided among themselves, and who, since 1793, seemed never to be united, except for inflicting death.

The deputy seemed deeply impressed with the nature of my claim. He told me the step I had taken was a courageous one, and one which, in his eyes, did me infinite honour. For the rest he advised me to arm myself with patience, and frankly told me that time alone

could bring about that great act of justice which I had come to solicit at his hands.

The tone and manner of the representative produced a very deep impression on my mind. His approaching marriage with Madame Fontenay was the theme of every tongue (42). Everybody told anecdotes about it, some of which were quite curious, and furnished plausible excuses for that extraordinary union.

Some censured her and accused her of selfishness and precipitation, while others, more wise and clear-sighted, congratulated her on obeying the impulses of her heart.

The men were moved with envy at the good fortune of the modern Antony, when they saw him espouse a young woman whose beauty rivalled that of Cleopatra. To the resources of a superior mind, Madame Fontenay united the noblest moral sentiments, which presented a strong contrast between her and the ancient Queen of Egypt. The latter, devoured by ambition, greedy for absolute power, would have attached to her car either Lepidus or Octavius; while the interesting daughter of Cabarrus, prompted by a sentiment of friendship, and obeying the dictates of her own heart, contracted this second alliance. She afterwards refused to listen to the insinuations of another and a powerful man (43), who often proposed to her to rupture the chains of Hymen, and attach herself to the fortunes of Cæsar.

Eugene soon began to display that noble character which he was destined one day fully to develop. His lively and ardent imagination led him to seize with transport upon whatever related to his illustrious father. When listening to the story of our victories, he would say with a sigh: "I certainly should have witnessed this new triumph if my father had lived. What glory would he have acquired

for himself and us!"[1] My son was fond of the history of the French Revolution, and though still young, investigated its primary causes; he sometimes astonished his teachers. He said one day: "*I want to become a great captain;* I will crush into their original nothingness the oppressors of my country, and as for my mamma, I would, should I reach the rank of general, surround her with the greatest dignity." I warned him of the dangers of passing the bounds of a just ambition, and, for his instruction, cited some celebrated examples. "My boy," said I, "an honest fortune is preferable to the highest distinctions. I should be unwilling to quit the sphere in which fortune has placed me, in order to move in one more extended." I did not fail to make known to him the unmerited persecutions which the Queen and Madame Elizabeth had undergone. Would it not have been better for those princesses to have been born in a hovel, than in the palace of kings? (44). This tender-hearted boy would sometimes picture to me my future grandeur, and recall to my mind the predictions made at Martinique, and more recently in Paris. I admit that I had the weakness to place some confidence in them, and suffered myself to be led by the example of M. and Madame R——, to visit and consult a young woman who had dared to utter some cutting truths in the faces of the ferocious decemvirs (45). But I have since attributed to chance what perhaps is only the fruit of long and serious reflections.

Eugene flattered himself with the hope of being, one day, the sole author of my happiness. Excellent prince! when you shall peruse the Memoirs of thy mother's life, you will remember with emotion that, in your infancy, you dreamed of projects which you intended one day to execute;

1 Eugene was in the campaign of 1792 with his father, though not twelve years old.

but, alas! it belonged to another mortal to change my peaceful existence, to conduct me upon a vast theatre, and to present me to the gaze of posterity.

Hortense had become my only companion, and I took pleasure in cultivating her mind. She was captivated by the love of the fine arts; her pencil was ever in her hand, sketching my own features or those of her brother. She could already draw tolerably well.

I often visited Tallien; he had become my protector, and I was in the habit of daily taking my son and daughter to him. Through his intervention I had succeeded in obtaining some small indemnity from the managers of the public property, but my principal claim still remained unanswered. It was necessary to provide for the wants and the education of my children, in which my friends, knowing my situation, kindly came to my aid.

They furnished me with employment which enabled me, for the time being, to re-establish my affairs, and to support, at least with greater fortitude, the ills which had befallen me, and which were the more cruel because they were not merited.

## CHAPTER XIII

At length the Directory took the place of that monstrous government, the Convention. The supreme power was exercised by five individuals. An assembly far more pacific, and animated by better intentions, put an end to the anarchy which, since 1792, had desolated France. Serenity began to be enjoyed; the citizen saw religious and political toleration succeed to the Reign of Terror[1]; Frenchmen who had hitherto been fugitives began to re-appear; society was re-established, and the meetings of friends and acquaintances began to be interesting; the nobility again animated the saloons; jokes and pleasantries were constantly directed against the new dictators of France (46).

Our governors were content to laugh at them, and one of them remarked good-naturedly to his colleagues: "What of all this? We must let them talk about politics as they please; while they do nothing but make songs, *bouts-rimés*, charades and riddles, we may well accord to them this sort of indemnity for the property of which they have been despoiled. Don't let us trouble their sports; let them appease their wrath with fêtes and balls *à la victime* (47). This will afford them recreation and some sort of recompense for the numberless ills they have felt. We ought to be more liberal that the Convention; they undertook to enchain the thoughts of men; but it is the duty of the

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1 Rome was drenched with blood at the time of the triumph of Lepidus for the victories in Spain, and with unexampled folly he ordered every one to join in it on pain of proscription.

Directory to give the mind scope. It is, perhaps, the surest means of ascertaining public opinion, and of remedying those evils into which an abuse of power may betray us."

Thus reasoned one of our new sovereigns. The people in general detested them, but the more wise and considerate awaited in silence the results of the late Revolution.

Letourneur de la Manche was an insignificant character, of a frigid temperament, and, in good faith, a republican; one of those men of whom little good can be said, and who are not so criminal as to justify us in imputing much evil to them (48).

Rewbel's look was rather sour; his aspect, at first blush, seemed repulsive, but, on further acquaintance, became more agreeable. Having no great experience in the field of politics, he obeyed, voluntarily, the impulses of the majority of his colleagues, and yielded readily to his fears (49).

La Revellière l'Epeaux was a true philanthropist. Like the successor of Mohammed, he thought to legalise his ridiculous scheme of religious worship and his errors; but he possessed none of the qualities fitting him for a prophet. His very shape testified against his senseless pretensions, and everything about him proved that he was but a fourth-rate actor on the great theatre of the Revolution. He, however, played his part before the sovereign people, exciting only laughter and pity, but not the least admiration (50).

Carnôt was truly an enlightened man; an austere republican, he became lost in the thorny path which he commenced to travel as a philosopher. He was one of the judges of the unfortunate Louis XVI. His opinion was probably against his vote. He certainly did not love kings; and yet, had he been a courtier, no one would have appre-

ciated better the noble qualities of the monarch. Carnôt would doubtless in the end have done them homage. His understanding, and the fruits of his profound studies, would have served him as a torch in discovering the virtues of King Louis XVI. This member of the Directory ever gave the wisest advice, and was absolutely a stranger to the most of the decrees issued by his colleagues. He signed them for mere form's sake, and appeared indifferent to the new dignity with which he was invested. He often forgot the hours of the public sessions of the Directory, and took no pride in wearing the directorial purple; he appeared constrained and embarrassed under the official toga,[1] and though possessing a knowledge of almost everything, seemed to experience embarrassment in receiving even a petition, and, at times, great difficulty in answering it verbally (51).

I come, lastly, to Barras, that man whose reputation is not even yet fixed by public opinion. He was the hope of all parties, but espoused none. He severely censured the men of the Revolution, and cast contempt on our fierce demagogues. He had just cause of complaint against many of them; and yet, for his own advantage, he caressed them all. He wore the livery of no faction. The new system and the new state of things had brought him forward. Though allied to the principal agents of the two former executive committees, he shared neither the extravagances of their opinions nor their crimes, but on the contrary was accused by many of moderatism. His youth having been boisterous and very irregular, he was despised by the nobility, and this circumstance probably

1 It is well known that Turenne, who certainly possessed the qualities of a great general, had great difficulty in learning how to pass the salute at the head of his army.

inflamed his zeal in favour of the revolutionary principles. He was a member of the tribunal that sat in judgment on the King. He tendered his resignation—it was not accepted, and the proposition was answered by frightful menaces. The Brutuses of the Assembly denounced him as a recusant, and fear alone dictated the vote he gave on that dreadful occasion. Very different from Cromwell, who coolly signed the death-warrant of Charles I., and *covered the face of one of his fellow-judges with ink in passing him the pen.* Barras grew pale and spoke not a word while depositing the black ball in the urn of those new infernal judges. Personally he wished no ill to the King, but was drawn along by the force of circumstances. His object was to save the King, but to destroy royalty, in attempting which he suffered himself to be subdued by the culpable example of others. Penetrated by a sense of the crime, he invoked an appeal to the people; but it was too late, the homicidal axe awaited the august victims (52).

While a representative of the people, Barras had been sent on a mission into the southern departments. 'Twas there that he became acquainted with Bonaparte (53). He had the tact to discover the talents of that man who has exercised so powerful an influence over my existence as well as his own. It is not for me to relate the events which took place at Toulon. History has charged herself with their publication, and that is enough for me; my duty is to be silent.

After the rising of the National Guard against the Convention, Barras had held the post of general of the troops of the division of Paris. Not feeling within himself the courage to repel force by force, he authorised Bonaparte to reap those sterile laurels. He gave up

the command that had been confided to him to the young Corsican, whose enterprising character from henceforth began to be known. The pupil and rival of the famous Paoli now considered himself on the road to fortune and to glory; he was anxious to attract attention, to inspire confidence; and soon the 13th Vendémiaire enabled him to display both his intelligence and his audacity. His success opened to him a new prospect for the future, but the unfortunate city (the second cradle of his military reputation) presented to the eyes of affrighted Frenchmen a spectacle the most sorrowful and deplorable.

This act was enough, however, for those two men, impelled by a thirst for celebrity, and proud of having made the capital tremble. The moderation of the one and the foresight of the other had made the Frenchmen who were most resolute in opposing the acts of a power as feeble as it was arbitrary, lay down their arms.

The several parties became calm, lamented their rashness, and came to an understanding with each other; and the victors themselves, astounded at the sad results of their bloody success, could have wished an eternal veil to be drawn over so many political errors. But Frenchmen will never pardon the National Convention for giving orders to fire upon the people; and the general himself incurred blame for having followed too promptly the barbarous orders transmitted to him by their authority.

The victorious party had reduced to order the so-called rebels, and rejoiced at it. The carnage would have been much greater but for the harmony which subsisted between the two functionaries of power. The ambition

of the first was satisfied; the other sought occasion for the still further development of his courage. Unhappily, these two politicians agreed in their views, and people began to conceive that a young man thus ardent was capable of overthrowing nations; he became the protégé of the Directors, and soon obtained a promise of promotion. But it was Barras, and Barras only, who showed any anxiety to fulfil the promise (54).

Before this gloomy epoch the Terrorists of the "Mountain" had used all their efforts to regain the sceptre which the deputy Tallien had so valiantly broken in pieces; they had secretly conspired for the purpose of preserving their strength.

"We must," said they, "foment discord among the sections, and rouse them to an insurrection, and then induce the most spirited party to blockade the Convention." Alas! Paris will long remember the fruits of that sad day's work, whose chances were all calculated with as much coolness as mystery! It appears that one of the most famous generals who figured among the opponents of the Government was pretty thoroughly initiated into the secrets of the revolters, but who, at the moment of executing the plot, hesitated to commence a civil war, and gave up the command to another. This honest man afterwards reaped the sad wages of his rare moderation (55). The capital began to assume a less sombre aspect. Yet a terrible scarcity prevailed, which added something to the existing discontents. Nevertheless, the people remained quiet. In the provinces there was more agitation, and the war in La Vendée, never yet wholly extinguished, seemed now to assume new vigour. It was resolved to pacify this province, if possible, and General Hoche was deputed to undertake that famous

negotiation. He was well known; his modesty was universally praised.

A decided republican, his manners were agreeable, and although at times his duty compelled him to issue stern orders, he endeavoured to modify their execution. He was shocked at the violence, the burnings and proscriptions in the western departments, and could foresee no end to them; and yet he was ever ready to do justice to the courage and talent of the rebel chiefs. He pitied the unhappy peasantry, who were merely led on by the more designing; towards the masses he felt a merciful disposition. He sometimes even saved the lives of rebel officers taken with arms in their hands. He offered protection to the old men, women and children.

Often did he seek to resign the command of this army, but could not prevail upon the Government to grant him his dismission. He wept over the barbarities committed by his soldiers, whose rage he found it impossible to restrain, and through whose violence he had often seen, in the heat of combat, the blood of innocent prisoners spilt. His authority could not restrain these terrible executions. His instructions were decided and formal—"*War to the castle—peace to the cottage.*"[1]

This unhappy country presented nothing but a scene of devastation; death stared everyone in the face, and almost every town exhibited to the eye of the spectator nothing but smoking ruins. For five years, in this afflicted region, had crime succeeded to crime, and disaster to disaster. Hoche sought to heal these evils, to re-establish

1 It is well known that the deputy Tallien suggested to General Hoche to solicit of the Government the pardon of the emigrants who were made prisoners at Quiberon. The general immediately proceeded by post to Paris, but the pardon which he demanded for the sufferers was pitilessly refused.

tranquillity, industry and confidence; but the thing was impossible. He aimed, by means of a pacification with the principal chiefs, to rescue those provinces from the desolations which had prevailed there ever since the commencement of the civil wars. It became the honour of the French name to treat with good faith the principal officers of the Vendean army. The young hero exhibited towards them the frankness and candour of a good man, not that republican haughtiness and austerity which were then so much in fashion; and his mission was crowned with signal success.

For a long time the royalists had demanded the recall of the son of Louis XVI., but in vain. They had offered to lay down their arms as the price of his restoration, and it is pretended that such a clause was introduced among the secret articles of the treaty; but as the deputy Sevestre had publicly announced the death of the young King to the National Convention, the Vendeans could not insist upon his being transferred to the headquarters of their army. All, therefore, which could now be done by the parties was a promise of mutual oblivion of the past, a simple exchange of prisoners, and the complete submission of the insurgent departments to the laws of the republic. And thus did those Frenchmen at length return to their homes and firesides who had so long been fighting against their brethren. Fanaticism undoubtedly had armed and impelled many of them in that bloody strife, and tended to prolong that terrible conflagration which had raged for such a length of time, in spite of the profound experience of the general-in-chief, who used all his efforts to check its progress. But Hoche, by continued exertions, finally succeeded in extinguishing a volcano which menaced France with constantly recurring eruptions.

I often received news from the Mentor of my son.[1] I was related to persons whom he loved, and who delighted to witness the growing reputation of the pacification of La Vendée. After the conclusion of the treaty of peace, he hastened to communicate to us some very interesting details respecting the famous Charrette. Hoche praised his courage and admired his modesty. In one of the interviews which took place between them, after the usual compliments and some reciprocal felicitations upon their exploits, Charrette said to him: "General, you conduct a treaty in good faith, while your Government makes a merit of having none; you seek to establish peace in La Vendée, while the Committee of Public Safety is not animated by the same sentiments. Imposture and knavery compose the policy of its members, frankness and straightforwardness characterise yours. General, lend me your ear. We are both Frenchmen, serving, it is true, under different banners, but not the less men of honour. Mark me! France will see us both fall in this struggle. I shall perish for having trusted to your promises; and you, young warrior, you will die a victim to that glory with which you have covered yourself by signing this capitulation" (56).

These last words made a singular impression upon the mind of General Hoche (57); he inferred from them that the civil war would be renewed. Before this, he could not believe in the dissimulation of those whom he was serving; but now the idea that he was but the principal agent of a mere party, who were using him for their own selfish purposes, humbled his pride and shocked his sensibility.

1 Hoche bore a singular affection for the son of Madame de Beauharnais. It was in the school of that general that young Eugene acquired the first rudiments of the military art which, in after life, he greatly adorned, as well by his bravery as by his mild and generous conduct.

He regarded as inviolable the terms to which La Vendée had subscribed, and could not support the thought that, in spite of himself, he was to become a perjurer; and this apprehension troubled him. In vain did he seek to banish it from his mind; it constantly returned upon him, and with augmented force. And soon did this modern Bayard perceive the sad reality that he was but a chief without power, invested only with an honourable title; that his mission had had no other effect than to create divisions among the higher officers of the royalist army; that the most solemn promises were not fulfilled; that fire and sword must still continue their ravages; and that, ere long, the scourge of war must annihilate his last hope of a reconciliation.

Hoche himself could not be faithless to his word; yet his solemn promise was violated, not by him, but by men who prided themselves on the title of republicans. This was sufficient to inspire him with the courage to utter his complaints to the Directory. He presented his claims to that famous tribunal with the pride of a Roman, without weakness and without shame—with the firmness of a Frenchman, without fear and without reproach. As a recompense for the great services he had rendered, he died, it is said, the death of Socrates (58).

I deeply felt his loss; I had conceived for the brave warrior such a particular esteem that many of my friends conjectured that my marriage with him was near at hand.

I did, indeed, look upon the general with a feeling of kindness; but how could he inspire me with the sentiment of love? I was well aware of his attachment for Madame de Pont-Bellan[1]; the modest "Lazaro"[2] had saved her in La Vendée.

1 She afterwards married an aide-de-camp of General Hoche.
2 Madame de Beauharnais used to call him thus in private.

Had he been free to dispose of his heart, I presume I might have made an easy conquest of it, but I limited myself merely to being his friend, his confidante; and I may possibly have had the good luck to influence some of the generous actions with which his military career abounded, and to which his unhappy end has imparted an unextinguishable brilliancy.

For the wife of the representative Tallien I entertained a real esteem, and our friendship made us inseparable. I shared all her griefs and all her pleasures; Madame de Cabarrus then shone in the midst of the most select circles. Paris was proud of a woman who then constituted the principal charm of society. Luxury began to reappear; the republican costume was eclipsed by the splendour and frivolity of the new fashions. Assemblies were better composed, and our modern Luculluses undertook to establish the *ton* of good company by improving their toilette and purifying their language. Nevertheless, their common and borrowed manners only showed that they were yielding to the force of circumstances (59).

Tallien, however, did not sympathise with their sombre authority; he had frankly renounced his first principles, and, ashamed of the name of *Jacobin*, served under the colours of no party.[1] He wished to maintain the republic, but was opposed to making new sacrifices to consolidate it. He had a sensitive soul; he was susceptible of pity, and daily struck from the lists of proscription victims who had been condemned by the revolutionary laws.[2] These acts of mercy were often the work of his wife; she never

1 It must not be forgotten that it is perhaps more praiseworthy to rise nobly from a fall than to have been constantly irreproachable; and that it is difficult not to lose one's course when the only way to the open sea is shrouded by storms and tempests.

2 He was of that small number who do good in secret and blush to find it fame.

applied to him in vain. Every unfortunate family well knew that to effect an erasure from those lists or a restoration of their goods it was sufficient to obtain the recommendation of that beautiful Spaniard.

Many flattered her with vain promises of rewards for her friendship, but her soul was too generous to think of making a fortune in so base a way. When, afterwards, she found herself surrounded by the many whom she had obliged, and who were just and wealthy enough to testify their acknowledgments for her favours, she employed the evidences of their gratitude in relieving the widow and the orphan whom she found without support. Such was that woman whom calumny has not failed to pursue, and whose most generous actions it has sought to poison. What do I say? If Tallien had not been smitten by her charms, I affirm that the memorable 9th Thermidor would not have broken the iron sceptre of the modern Marius.[1]

Without that movement in favour of liberty, millions of heads would have fallen beneath the revolutionary axe; and who can tell where, or how, the torrent could have been checked, when once it should have burst its banks? The generations which are to come after us will owe their existence to the good understanding which then reigned between Madame de Cabarrus[2] and the representative

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1 Tallien would doubtless have accomplished the same result soon, from his mere opposition and hatred to the decemvirs; but on being made acquainted with the danger which threatened Madame de Fontenay he brought on the crisis sooner by several days than he otherwise would.

2 "If," said Josephine, "I wished to speak of a lady peculiarly dear to my heart—one of those friends who, as Cicero says, make prosperity brighter and adversity more tolerable—I should name Madame Tallien, at present Princess of Chimène."

Tallien. God formed that union in order to put an end to the excesses of those monsters who had drenched France with blood; if, afterwards, the influence of that happy and beneficent pair became great with the Directory, it was but one of the miracles which Providence saw fit to work. Unable, without the aid of others, to combat the hydra of the Revolution, they at least did something towards taming the monster. Barras seconded them with all his power. The wise are of opinion that this director had to reproach himself with but slight faults while occupying the eminent post which chance had given him. Ah! who cares for the absurd stories which at that epoch were in circulation about him? The duty of a writer is to despise the popular weapons of ridicule, and to employ himself about the facts which he is to narrate. Without the intimate union and co-operation of those three persons, who moved together towards the same object, the termination of our woes, our Revolution, the living image of Saturn, would have ended by devouring all her children.

'Tis not merely the zeal of friendship which actuates me; I have been an eye-witness of the facts I am retracing; I have a personal knowledge of many others which I ought not now to bring to light; they are, it is true, present to my memory, but 'tis not time to draw aside the veil of mystery which hides them. Tallien and you, Madame Cabarrus (60), worked for yourselves and posterity, and you can expect nothing from your contemporaries but indifference and ingratitude.

"Qui sert son pays, sert souvent un ingrat."

Too happy still, if they would but cease to persecute you for the future! Yes, they are the men who owe their

lives to you, and who will probably pursue you with the utmost hatred, and prove your most implacable foes.

"Je connais trop les grands; dans le malheur amis,
Ingrats dans la fortune, et bientôt ennemis,
Nous sommes de leur gloire, un instrument servile,
Rejetté par dédain dès qu'il est inutile,
Et brisé sans pitié s'il devient dangereux."

My time was thus spent in the bosom of friendship; I delighted to recur, in memory, to the different scenes of my life. "Too fortunate moments," said I to myself, "did you but furnish me an occasion to perform some acts of beneficence! I then would show to the unfortunate that the ancient virtues of the French are not yet wholly banished from all hearts!" In the midst of the terrible revolutionary whirlwind, there were some souls that knew how to guard themselves against breathing the deadly vapour of that horrible contagion, which threatened from time to time to consume Paris and the departments. Since the death of the best of kings, France was governed in turn by the different factions, which succeeded each other with rapidity[1]; and well might the good man, in the bitterness of his soul, exclaim with the preacher: "O Josiah! happy lived we under the shadow of thy name; to us thou wast like the rose; the beauty of spring, like the lily which showeth its queenly whiteness beside the pure running waters, like the incense of Arabia

1 How did men conduct themselves in this Revolution? After having obtained all that was to be expected from a modification of the monarchical power, and when the Revolution seemed settled upon a solid basis—when, in short, they had a compass to steer by, across an ocean covered with so many shipwrecks, certain ambitious ones got possession of power, turned the strength of the people against themselves, and committed scenes the most shocking and deplorable, which were, whatever the pretext, nothing but execrable crimes.

beneath the summer's sun. How hath the strong man fallen who saved the people of Judah? Let us weep for the Lord's anointed, who hath been taken from us by reason of our iniquities."

## CHAPTER XIV

I COME now to the time when my destiny was to change. Since the death of my husband, my heart had dwelt upon the recollection of those dreadful events which had decimated France, and plunged so many families into mourning and oblivion. The image of my lost happiness, revealing itself to me as I reflected that M. de Beauharnais had intended again to unite himself to me, seemed, even in the midst of my misfortunes, to betoken a more happy future. I avoided all display, and thus found my situation supportable. Happy to be free, I felt a repugnance to contract another marriage. But my destiny did not so will it. It was my habit to look for a more favourable change, and this expectation seemed justified by my fortunes. Besides, I had, on the ashes of my husband, vowed never to give my hand to a man unworthy of him, or of the rank I had held in society. I closed my ears to the proposals which a certain republican minister made me; and yet it was written in heaven that I should be united to a man who was one day to enchain Europe to his victorious car, and that, like Esther, I should prostrate myself at the feet of another Ahasuerus, and aid him to escape from the blind counsels of those who would have persuaded him to exterminate wholly the men who remained faithful to their legitimate kings (61).

Being one day on a visit at Madame Chat——Ren——'s, while sitting by a window, I was looking at some violets, of which my friend took the greatest care,

when, suddenly, the famous Bonaparte was announced. Why, I was unable to tell, but that name made me tremble; a violent shudder seized me on seeing him approach. I dared, however, to catch the attention of the man who had achieved so easy a victory over the Parisians. The rest of the company looked at him in silence.

I was the first to speak to him. "It seems to me, citizen general," said I, "that it is only with regret that you have spread consternation through the capital. Should you reflect, for a moment, upon the frightful service you have performed, you would shudder at its consequences."—"'Tis quite possible," said he; "but what is your idea, madam? The military are but automata, to which the Government gives such motions as it pleases; they know nothing but to obey. The sections are quite happy—I have managed them. The most of my guns were charged only with powder. I only aimed to give the Parisians a small lesson; *'tis, besides, my seal that I have set upon France.*"[1] The calm tone, the imperturbable *sang-froid* with which Bonaparte recounted the massacre of so many of the unhappy citizens of Paris, roused my indignation. "These light skirmishes," said he, "are but the first coruscations of my glory."

"Ah," said I, "if you are to acquire glory at such a price, I would much rather count you among the victims." Pichegru was present at this conversation. It soon passed

1 At another period, Bonaparte, speaking of the affair of the 13th Vendémiaire, expressed himself very nearly in the same manner; and in the midst of a recital he gave of that event, he let fall these remarkable words: "I took care to let the insurrectionary troops have the streets which best enabled them to save themselves, and gain the Boulevards."

to another subject, and the thoughtful and reserved manner of the latter general sufficiently showed that he did not applaud the terrible hopes which this ambitious young man entertained. Each one of the company then expressed himself freely, and the news of the day was discussed without reserve. "Have you heard," said a deputy, "the news from the Faubourg St. Germain? A general-of-division has been appointed to the command of the army of the Rhine. A——, a superior officer, is to replace S——, and it is rumoured that a new army will soon be directed towards Italy."

Bonaparte showed some surprise; he was then ignorant that he was to be called by the Directory to fill the last important post.

"It is a vast field to cultivate," exclaimed the child of victory; "happy is the man who shall undertake it!" but immediately recovering himself, as if he had committed an indiscretion, he said, in a tone full of politeness: "Ladies, I do not think my stay in France will be much prolonged; I want to undertake a pilgrimage to *our Lady of Loretto*," and added with a smile, "my purpose shall be to make you stare at my wonders." He hardly knew how to get out of such a strange dilemma; the rest of the company joked him about his projects, and the time passed off rapidly and agreeably.

At the moment of leaving, however, he repeated, "I am a stranger to all the crimes of the French Revolution; pray regard me as merely a soldier of the 13th of Vendémiaire (62). I planned and executed a wise and complicated manœuvre, but I was forced to employ a little artifice; it was not a war of tactics, but of extermination; some victims were required; I could only diminish their number. Besides, the great men who signalise themselves in re-

volutions must never abandon their work until it is finished and consolidated, for there will always be found enough who are secretly ambitious to overthrow the moral edifice which good men erect. I have from my youth adopted the maxim that, '*He who is afraid of being deceived can never be sufficiently on his guard; for he is often the most so when he is entrapped.*' "

Party spirit never discovers any obstacles, and prejudice adopts at once whatever flatters it, without calculation and without reflection.[1]

Such was the line of conduct which Bonaparte appeared to prescribe to himself. Time alone could show whether this young lover of glory would have the good luck, and, above all, the power, to chain it to his car.

I was of the number of privileged persons who composed the society of the directors; I always had some favour to ask for unfortunate emigrants; I went daily to plead their cause at the palace of the Luxembourg.

Among them Barras was the most easy of approach. The next day after my first, and too famous, meeting with Bonaparte, this director said to me: "I am about to propose to you, madam, something to your advantage. For a long time you have thought only of the business of others; it is time you should be occupied about your own. I want to make you marry the *little Bonaparte*, whom I have just got appointed general-in-chief, and to whom I have given the business of conquering Italy." I

1 When the political machine has got out of order, it takes ages so to refit and arrange its parts as to make it move on with order and regularity. Thousands of men must perish before anyone will be found adroit enough, powerful enough, or politic enough to give to everything a regular movement. 'Tis only when men become tired of cutting each other's throats that they acknowledge their past opinions were but chimeras, and their vehemence a scourge.

was surprised at the proposal; it by no means met my approbation. "Do you really think of that?" said I to the director; "your project is inconceivable."—"Pray, reflect upon it," replied Barras; "I give him a new country to conquer! Bonaparte will easily, and in a short time, make his fortune there; he has the Italian character, and is, of course, ambitious; he burns to acquire a great military reputation. In marrying you he will gain a name in society, and on your part you will find in him a support. Don't doubt it, madam, this young Corsican will rise high, especially if he shall be so fortunate as to associate himself with so good and so amiable a woman as you. I know that this man has all the public and private qualities to render him worthy of you; he has not a single fault which can give rise to a reasonable objection; good-humour, manners, talents, character, reputation—he possesses all that the heart of a woman can desire."—"All that the heart of a woman should fear," I replied.—"*Fear*, and why?" said Barras, and the director pointed out a thousand subjects of brilliant hope.

But, as yet, the warrior who could accomplish them had not produced the least favourable impression on my mind. I discovered in him a tone of assurance and exaggerated pretension which injured him greatly in my estimation. The more I studied his character the more I discovered the oddities for which I was at a loss to account; and at length he inspired me with so much aversion that I ceased to frequent the house of Madame Chat—— Ren——, where he spent his evenings. We met several times at Tallien's; the more I sought to avoid his presence the more he seemed to multiply himself in my way. I mentioned it confidentially to Madame Tallien, and what was my surprise to hear her say: "Josephine! listen to my secret. I my-

self chose a husband from gratitude, but his kind attentions to me, and the ascendency which I have been able to exert over him, would make me unworthy of myself should I listen to the voice of ambition. I shall not mention the source of the ambitious schemes which have been spread before me, so foreign to my principle; suffice it to inform you that the persons who appear to interest themselves in my welfare advise me to quit the man who has bound me to his fortunes, and to attach myself to those of the modern Chevert (63). I am so devoted to you that I must urge you to accept the offer you have received. One of two things you may be assured of: you will be sincerely attached to the general recommended by Barras, which will certainly be a piece of personal good luck; or your attachment to him will not be sincere, in which case your children and yourself will at least partake of the advantages which the brilliant career he is destined to run must secure; and thus a sense of gratitude on your part will supply that of friendship."

Such advice as this, though I was far from expecting it from the woman I so much respected, necessarily led to serious reflections. The idea of marrying a man whose enterprising character was already so manifest made me fearful for the future; and yet, when I thought of the benefits which might result to my children, every personal consideration vanished. An agreeable dream would sometimes bring to my ears the voice of my Eugene, calling for a protector. So long had I lived alone and in widowhood, deprived of every hope, that in entering into a new union I fondly imagined that adulation, homage and pleasures would attend my path. This illusion rendered me, for a moment, happy indeed:—Last a while, fond dream! Why canst thou not endure always?

But I still argued against Madame Tallien's project, though so feeble were the objections I opposed to her solid reasonings that Bonaparte's assiduities began to be less displeasing to me. I began even to discover a kind of charm in his conversation; by degrees my heart yielded, and I consented, at length, to marry the hero who was one day to conquer so many nations.

Under a placid exterior I concealed a soul full of life and devotion to a loved object, but I felt a sort of pride in fully assuring myself of the reality of the attachment of a man who evinced nothing but the tenderest regard for me; and thus I carefully concealed my purpose from all my friends, even from Madame Chat—— Ren——. Often did that amiable and witty[1] woman hazard to my face many adroit and searching questions, the real object of which was to penetrate my thoughts; but, for the present, I merely manifested satisfaction at meeting Bonaparte. I was then in the habit of visiting the most distinguished families of the nobility. The most of them, although despoiled of their titles, seemed not to have fallen from the rank they had once occupied.

They still rigorously observed the rules of etiquette in the *salons*. I hesitated to let them know that I had promised to unite my lot with that of the vanquisher of the sections; such a disclosure would have deeply

1 I never saw a face more calm, or one which so perfectly realised the idea of an angelic being. She was seldom merry, but a pleasant smile was ever on her lips, and gave to her mouth a most graceful charm. Certainly, a woman might be prettier, but not handsomer. It would be difficult, indeed, to unite in the same person a greater number of those qualities which captivate the heart without disturbing the senses. She was a combination of ingenuousness, sharpened by wit and good-humour; a calm tenderness, a secret spell impossible to be resisted, breathed through all she said or did.—(*Portrait of Madame Chat—— Ren——, by Josephine's own hand.*)

wounded my self-love, and subjected me to their reproaches, and so well did I dissemble the fact, that I escaped that humiliation.

I myself sent to Bonaparte the letter from the Directory, offering him the command of the army of Italy (64). The title of general-in-chief flattered his vanity; he saw himself at once invested with full power to direct all the military operations of that army, and already believed himself, like Gengis-Khan, called by his star to establish a universal monarchy.[1]

He had but a few days to make his preparations for crossing the Alps; and, two days before his departure, he received the title of my husband. "Yes, madam," said he, "I swear to you, that I will be a second father to your children, and you shall never repent of the choice you have deigned to make. I devote to the execration of posterity the one of us who shall be first to sunder the bands which unite us, woven not only by esteem and friendship, but by love." And, as if he wished to prove he was not ignorant that he owed to me his appointment to the command of the army of Italy, he said, on taking leave: "Josephine, I owe you much, but I will either lose my head, or the world shall one day see me greater than it now expects." I then received his vows, which strengthened my own, and for a moment believed myself the happiest of womankind.

This marriage produced a lively sensation in Paris. Many persons disapproved of it, and my own family expressed some murmurs and complaints, and indeed my only consolation was that which Tallien and his lady lavished upon me.

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1 "Promote him," said a certain general to the Directory, "or he will promote himself without you!"

Bonaparte left me an honourable title and a delicious abode at his residence (65), where I saw constantly the best company. I was visited by deputies and generals, but politics were banished from that circle, in which there reigned a prudent circumspection, which excluded from among us all that could give umbrage to authority.

The victories of Bonaparte were themes of conversation; each courier that arrived confirmed them (66); already had he conquered at Montenotte, Millesimo, Dego, and Mondovi. The ramparts of Milan were already in sight of his army, and thousands of brave men were ready to mount and pass them. Bonaparte became master of Milan. The bulletins came so rapidly, that nothing was talked of but the general of the army of Italy.[1] He wrote me often, and in his letters entreated me to come and grace his triumphs. I felt impatient to see him, our meeting would be so welcome.

Three months had scarcely passed since my union with this extraordinary man, and he had already surpassed all his rivals in glory.

On receiving the news of the brilliant action at the bridge of Lodi, where the French troops covered themselves with glory, orders were given to hasten my departure.

In imagination, I was sketching that beautiful Italy which I was about to visit; it was a series of enchantments; I wanted to make a drawing of every landscape I saw, such was my admiration of the beauty of natural scenery. In passing the long chain of mountains uniting the Alps, my heart beat with violence; the sight of objects so new to me, the purity of the atmosphere, the richness and

1 The army of Italy was insignificant when Bonaparte received the command of it from the Directory.—NOTE BY JOSEPHINE.

variety of the scenery, elevated my soul, and awakened all my enthusiasm.

At length I saluted that land whose charms afterwards cost my son so many tears. I espied the Borromean Islands.[1] The dome of Milan appeared to me the finest and most magnificent temple in the universe. I addressed a fervent prayer to the God of my fathers for the prosperity of my husband and my children.

My reception by the victorious general was enthusiastic. He had excited so much admiration throughout Lombardy, that his wife could not fail to awaken a lively curiosity among the Milanese, of whom he was the idol (67).

The conqueror was quietly enjoying his triumphs, and the invincible army forgot, in this new Capua, the dangers and fatigues of the war. For my own part, I received my share of the public homage, but I remarked at the time, that so strong was the preference among men of influence in favour of a republic,[2] that it was almost impossible to make them adopt any other form of government. Bonaparte constantly flattered them with a promise of a constitution, and a decree of the Directory uniting them to the "great nation."

The project was adopted, but it was easy to see that they would endeavour to shake off the yoke which the conqueror sought to impose upon them; for it was perfectly clear that the Italians would prefer to govern

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1 A cluster of small islands in Lago Maggiore, continental Sardinia.

2 The Italian patriots had composed a republican hymn, in imitation of the Marseillaise, which was sung at their theatres, in the camp, and in the clubs, the refrain of which was—

"Del despotico portere
Ite al favio ivi qui editti;
Son del nomo primi dritti,
Tonalianza e liberta."

themselves. Had the general known how to avail himself of this happy disposition of the Italians, he might have worn the iron crown of the Lombards long before he did. All the neighbouring states seemed to rise simultaneously at his voice. The name of the chief who had conquered Leghorn was a talisman of marvellous power.

In less than two months this new Hannibal was at the gates of the capital of the Estates of the Church; they would have been opened to the French had Bonaparte willed it; for Rome but awaited him like another Numa, and was ready to submit humbly to his authority. I enjoyed and exercised a great influence over the mind of the general; I called his attention to the enormous difference that existed between the Romans of the 17th and 18th centuries and the Latins who founded the queen of cities, and became the masters of the world. The standard of the Cross had taken the place of that of the great Pompey; the tranquillity of the pontifical government had, for nearly two thousand years, depressed the courage of the descendants of Romulus. Pope Pius VI. was, of course, frightened at the progress of the French troops towards his territory. He saw them already besieging the Vatican, and the prince of the Church had reason to fear being shut up within the ramparts of St. Angelo.

Had Bonaparte followed his original plan, he would have been constrained to exercise this cruel law of war. Nevertheless, he would not flatter a prince whose throne he had come to overthrow. His instructions were positive. The head of the Catholic faith was liable, at any moment, to receive fetters from the hands of the victor. Perhaps, from a sort of shame, the French Government might have granted him the right of being the spiritual head of a Church rent by schisms; but it was absolutely determined

that he should ratify the civil constitution of the clergy, renounce all his temporal rights, and confine himself exclusively to the duties prescribed by the ritual. Then, by way of compensation, the Directory might perhaps, concede to him the modest title of the "*First Bishop of the French Republic.*"

Such were the secret instructions from which the general of a victorious army was not to depart, from the day he should, like another Alaric, enter the Roman states.[1]

My husband endeavoured to soften the rigour of his instructions towards the Pope, and I am certain that I contributed much to that act of generosity. "I cannot" (wrote Bonaparte to the Pope) "hold any kind of negotiation with you, unless you consent on the spot to the most enormous sacrifices. I wish to show the French Government that it is more profitable for them to draw contributions from Italy, than to afflict it with despair and death" (68).

The Romans of the present time are naturally superstitious; the persecutions of Pius VI. alarmed the Catholics; and the French general, instead of treating with him, was, in fact, preparing for him great resources for the future; for he proved to the world that an enemy who humbles himself before the French finds them ever ready to lend him a helping hand.

No sooner had the land of the Tarquins submitted to

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1 In order to obtain an armistice (it was signed at Milan), the Pope consented to cede to France the legations of Bologna and Ferrara. He gave up the town and citadel of Ancona, submitted to pay twenty millions, delivered up a hundred objects of art, selected in the museums of Rome, and more than six hundred manuscripts from the library of the Vatican, besides a costly cabinet of medals.

our arms, than civil dissensions broke out in the bosom of Romagna. The numerous insurrections extended to Lugo, a considerable town in the legation of Ferrara. The chief Italian cities trembled at our successes; many of them leagued together, and called upon Marshal Wurmser to defend them. The old general, sure of the support of those warlike people, presented himself before the French lines, and immediately the attack was commenced at all points. Wurmser attached a sort of glory to being the vanquisher of Bonaparte.

Their first engagement was a bloody one, and the Austrian general remained master of the field of battle. My husband promised to be avenged; but, in the interim, it was necessary to provide for the retreat of the French army, a large part of whom had fled in disorder, and were hotly pursued by the Germans.

A moment sufficed to show the great man his true situation, and to enable him to comprehend it. One false step might have destroyed him for ever. He took one which seemed extraordinary, that of immediately raising the siege of Mantua, and ordering several of his generals to join him at Brescia.

He could not forgive Marshal Wurmser for having beaten him. Said he to his troops: "This old captain, now more than seventy years old, gives us too much annoyance; it belongs to you, my braves, to make him repose eternally upon his laurels."

My husband multiplied himself, so to speak, at every point. At Lonadano, where he went to superintend in person an attack upon an Austrian division which menaced him, his exertions succeeded beyond all expectation. His presence of mind was wonderful. At length, a stroke of boldness and genius saved the French army. The

battle of Castiglioni was one of the most splendid feats of arms that adorn the pages of history.

This new triumph astonished Italy, and threw into the shade the principal part of Bonaparte's enemies. The first successes of the Austrians had awakened hopes at Cremona, Castel-Maggiore and Ferrara; the agitators made an appeal to the people, and talked about re-conquering their liberty; and while thinking about avenging themselves on their oppressors, they dared insult the French commissioners in the gardens of the Medicis. A civil war was on the point of breaking out. On all sides men were rushing to arms:—"We must," said they, "oppose the carrying away of the master-works of genius, the primary source of our riches and our glory!" Such was the general cry of the agitators. They trampled under foot the emblems of Liberty and Equality, and while Italy was losing her protecting divinities, the effervescence of the populace was carried to its utmost height. The people shed tears, and were touched with veneration for the antique statues which the victorious hands of the French were taking from their natal soil to enrich our museums at home.[1]

Fame had spread the news of these successes of Bonaparte throughout Lombardy (69).

The malcontents became quiet, and were afraid to provoke the vengeance of the conqueror. The most moderate and prudent party, those who were the friends of a consti-

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1 Posterity will hardly believe that, in a single campaign, all Italy was conquered; three armies successively destroyed; more than fifty colours captured; 40,000 Austrians forced to lay down their arms; and that all these wonders were achieved by a general only twenty-seven years old, at the head of a French army of only 30,000 men—(*Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire*).

tutional liberty and of organic laws, such as could alone ensure the tranquillity of a state, united their efforts to obtain political power, and the Cisalpine Republic was spontaneously proclaimed as the means of putting an end to the reign of anarchy.

I was at Milan during the memorable campaign in which Bonaparte triumphed so completely over Wurmser. "I have," wrote he to me, "beaten him well, but, I assure you, the old marshal was not well served by his officers, and the gold which I managed to distribute to certain favourites did him more hurt than the republican bayonets."

After the battle of Roveredo, balls and concerts multiplied to infinity at Milan, whither Bonaparte came for the purpose of celebrating the anniversary of the foundation of the republic. One can hardly form any idea of the pomp and costly luxury of that triumphant ceremony. He had, in some sort, ordered it for the purpose of trying the strength of the Directory, and at the same time making a show of his own power. All the pretty Milanese women were on tiptoe for the honour of being presented to him. He noticed in the great box, or *loge*, of the *Casino de Recreazione* a pretty Bolognaise, dressed in the colours that then constituted the universal charm. As she happened to be at my side, I perceived that he made a sign indicating his respect for the young stranger; and to please my husband, I even outdid him in eulogies upon that interesting woman. Her husband had fallen a victim in the late events that had taken place at Modena. He was a member of the regency, and was now in prison for his political offences; she had come to me to intercede with Bonaparte for his liberation. She finally obtained it, but upon a condition. Her father was all-powerful at Bologna; Bonaparte exacted that the tricolour flag

should be immediately raised upon the citadel of that town, and that a republic, like that of Milan, should be instituted without delay.

He was full of gaiety for several days. He received with marks of respect several Milanese girls, who came to present him with an elegant basket, the devices and emblems on which rendered it a beautiful ornament. I was charged with the duty of making his acknowledgments for this homage. At the same time, he forbade the admission to his presence of a certain terrestrial divinity who had ridden through the city elevated on a car, in the midst of shouts of "*Viva la republica francese!*" "Ladies," said he, with an air of good-nature, on returning to the palace, "to-day is the day for making calls among the Milanese. Liberty should not go out of her temple, and consequently the Goddess of Reason will remain veiled in the midst of these laughing children of Momus."

The French general was in the habit of thus charming away his leisure moments; but he soon became tired of what he called his inaction, and returned to his camp in the midst of his soldiers. His presence electrified and aroused them to confront new perils.[1] Meanwhile, seditious movements took place at Ferrara, Bologna and Modena. The inhabitants of the last-mentioned city made a hasty attempt to rebuild their feeble ramparts. Bonaparte appeared in their midst like a thunderbolt; overthrew its ancient government, and established another, and ordered that all the principal places should unite to-

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1 Cæsar, observing that all the pikes of his soldiers emitted sparks, did not stop to enquire the cause of the phenomenon, but immediately exclaimed, "Forward! Heaven promises us the victory!" Thus does a man of genius make every circumstance contribute to the end he has in view—(*Esprit de Madame Necker*).

gether by a firm league. Proclamations were then circulated throughout Italy, in which Bonaparte openly censured the agents of civil discord. "My honour," said he, "will be tarnished in the eyes of the French nation, should I not put a stop to the disorders which subsist among you. I am the enemy of villains and the robbers who lead them. I will shoot those who attempt to overthrow social order, and are born only to be the opprobrium and curse of society. Whatever may be your opinions, no one shall be judged but by due process of law; but property must be everywhere respected."

Bonaparte, it will be seen, endeavoured to overthrow those popular despots who had taken the place of the regencies. But, unhappily, the Revolution had, as a certain distinguished democrat once said, already begun to *make the tour of the world*.

It had introduced into Europe a new order of things, and sundered all the bands which had united civilised nations. The people had got tired of so many divergences from the old way, and quietly waited for the result of the deliberations of their new Cortes. In many respects, Bonaparte vigorously seconded the projects of the Directory, and his heart was filled with vengeance from the time of the taking of Leghorn. In opening communications with the country of his birth, he gratified ancient resentments; he determined to prevent Paoli from assuming the title of Viceroy of Corsica. "It belongs to me and me only," said he, "to be the arbiter of the destiny of my own country," and immediately ordered General Gentili to assist the insurgents, and put the strangers to flight.

He affected to pity Paoli (70). "He is a great man," said he; "I owe him a debt of gratitude; but that

generalissimo might have immortalised himself. How came he to trust to the *sincerity of the English?*"

In seeking protection at the hands of those lucky islanders, he despaired of his country's safety, and imposed on her a new Theodore (71). "This is enough; I now feel myself released from all obligation towards him. I mean to force him, in accelerating the fall of Elliott, to demand a second time an asylum among the enemies of the Continent. This man shall live as an outlaw, who for a time affected to live as a sovereign." Such was his language to the Directory, announcing to them the fact that the tricolour flag had taken the place of the British ensign.

The general, incessantly employed in sustaining the glory of the French name, pushed with vigour the siege of Mantua, where Wurmser was shut up. Not that he feared the field-marshal Alvinzi, who had the command of the Austrian army; but he had lost ground, and feared that the enemy, by concentrating his forces, might attack him and gain some advantage. He consulted Augereau. The two heroes of Lodi met, and the interview aroused the courage of the soldiers. Though Fortune then seemed inconstant, the exhortations of the chiefs awakened the courage of the troops; they rushed to their standards, and marched against the enemy. In vain did the new recruits falter before the enemy's batteries, that vomited death amidst their ranks; in vain did they seek to fly and get out of their line—they were carried on in spite of themselves, and forced to reap the laurels of Arcola.

In that action even the bravest lost courage, and seemed to despair; but Augereau, the intrepid Augereau, rushed forward, and planted the rallying sign at the

extremity of the bridge; the enemy's batteries redoubled their fire, and now the cries of the wounded and dying rang in the ears of Bonaparte. Consulting only his courage, anxious to imitate the noble example of Augereau, he exclaimed: "Soldiers! are you not the conquerors of Lodi? The enemy is but two steps off; rush through this trifling space, and victory is ours!" And with the word he advanced—he rushed forward, and, for the moment, seemed to overawe the enemy, who had just made a sortie. The tricolour flag met their eyes; but, alas! our best generals were already among the dead or wounded; death had mown down the *élite* of the brave; it had visited every rank, and the field of battle resounded with the groans of Frenchmen crushed by the bolt.

My husband was touched by the situation of the division under his immediate command, which was most exposed to the enemy's fire, and when he saw General Lannes[1] fall, who was his intimate friend, anguish was depicted in his every feature. In a moment he himself, carried back by the retiring ranks of the French, was thrown into a ditch; and but for the rare devotedness of a common soldier, who came to his aid and rescued him from a heap of wounded who lay wedged together around him, there would have been an end of the new destinies which he was preparing for Europe.

His reputation was naturally augmented by this famous action. He might have spared the blood of his troops, had he been so disposed, and his friends even advised him to turn the Austrian position, persuaded that he would thus

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1 Lannes was wounded at Rivoli, and killed at the battle of Aspern, in 1809.—TRANSLATOR.

be able to obtain an advantage. But, unhappily, this thunderbolt of war was fond of shining deeds; he well knew the impetuosity of the French youth. "With such legions," said he, "I shall easily carry by force whatever position I will;" and the slight check experienced at Rivoli was soon retrieved.

My husband sent me a courier from Bergama; he seemed uninformed of the complaints daily made against him by the Directory. They accused him of disregarding their authority, by treating with sovereigns without consulting them, as if such a pusillanimous Government could not be easily eluded. "Whenever I wish," said he to me, "I shall have a majority of the French people against them. A principality has been offered me; the House of Austria is anxious to put an end to the tribute I have imposed upon Lombardy. She stands in need of such a man as I am; but I have still loftier views, and I cannot govern in Italy."

His mind was intent on pursuing his destinies. "I must" (he wrote me) "have the fortress of Mantua; I must have it, madam, and then the happy Bonaparte, crowned with honours and conquests, will hasten to forget, at your side, the dangers he has encountered."

This despatch was from Verona, and a few days afterwards the news of the victory of Rivoli quieted my anxiety, and reanimated my hopes. This is what he told me: "I am going to triumph over General Alvinzi; I shall be master of all Italy, and feel certain of extending my conquests to the last boulevard remaining to the Austrians. Still, I have some fears. But, *Dolus an virtus quis in hoste requirat?*"[1]

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1 "In fighting an enemy, who cares whether it be by courage or fraud?"

This letter was sent me at the moment I had received news from France, revealing to my mind the certainty of my husband's approaching ruin. By means of a faithful agent, I enabled him to foresee it, and urged him to attempt a bold stroke. He instantly put an end to the armistice, laid a snare for the field-marshal, and compelled him, in some sort, to go and defend his humbled honour before his natural judges. He was accused of treason, but was only unlucky. Bonaparte having gained over one of his counsellors, he was drawn into that state of false security which left the French general a few moments of time to adjust his affairs. This was enough to produce his accusation. The Emperor showed himself more just than his enemies, and made him commander-in-chief of the army of Hungary.

The Nestor of the Austrian army was shut up in Mantua, where, for eight months, he had kept in check a large part of the French army.

The numerous sorties had cost each side thousands of men. Bonaparte saw himself compelled to pause for a time before this obstacle; but from the succinct accounts furnished him by his secret agents in the town, respecting its situation, he found out that a horrible famine and a pestilential disease were daily making the most terrible ravages, and that the maréchal must, from motives of mere humanity, soon capitulate. On this occasion the conqueror showed himself generous. The conditions he imposed were honourable to the illustrious warrior, who had forced his way through the Caudine Forks. Bonaparte knew that numbers of French emigrants were shut up in the city. He wanted to save them, but was at a loss for the means. I counselled him as follows: "Give General Wurmser, if necessary, a hundred or two chariots,

and give the formal order that they shall not be visited. By this ingenious expedient you will save the lives of the unhappy outlaws, who will one day thank you for it, and see in you a liberator. Endeavour to impose upon the Directory as to your real intentions; and rely upon it, posterity, more just than they, more just than your advisers, will applaud your moderation."

An aide-de-camp was immediately sent as a courier, by whom this confidential despatch was delivered to the Austrian general at the moment he had assembled his council of war, to deliberate upon the best means of obtaining an honourable capitulation.

Having become master of the superb Mantua, Bonaparte found there immense wealth; the spoils of the vanquished became the prey of the victors, who divided them amongst themselves. The Directory received the better part of them; the captured colours were all sent home, and were the occasion of brilliant and continual festivities at Paris.

The deputies strove with each other to contrive the honours to be decreed to Bonaparte. One of them proposed to give him the surname of *Italicus*. The public joy was at its height, and the French people again believed themselves safe.

Bonaparte then came and passed a few days with me. I was happy in his attachment and confidence. During his absence I had been alternately at Pavia, Cremona, and other places, and conversed with his friends on subjects relating to him. I had contributed not a little to stimulate their zeal in repelling the Tyrolese, who had had the audacity to present themselves at the gates of Milan. Much agitation prevailed in that city, but such was my ascendency over the Italians, that neither the

clergy nor nobility dared receive them, and the people themselves, whom I had taken care to conciliate by presents, remained tranquil, and kept about their usual labours. Bonaparte thanked me for the manner in which I had watched over his interests. "At another time, madam," said he, "I shall be able, without any fear, to entrust you with the government of a state. Make a vow that your husband shall arrive at supreme power; then, Josephine," added he with a smile, "I will let you have a deliberate voice in my councils; but as for the key to my treasures, you shall never have that."

I had scattered the evidences of my goodwill with some profusion, and my customary expenses had increased. At this he seemed surprised, but I soon convinced him that in our present situation his wife ought, in some sort, to eclipse the Courts of the sovereigns who were at war with the French Republic.

He appreciated my observations, but did not the less chide me for what he called my prodigalities.

He then showed me the orders he had received from the Directory, by which he was required to treat the Pope as a common enemy of the French nation, and to overthrow the pontifical power; and while I was endeavouring to make known to him my ideas on that subject, he said: "It costs me much thus to disturb Pius VI. I by no means desire to carry off from the ancient capitol the statues of the murderers of Cæsar, and yet I must, if possible, obey and execute a part of my instructions."

General Victor was already on the march towards the Roman states, and Bonaparte followed after him. "We are," said the latter, "about to take possession of Faenza,

Forli and Ceseno, one after the other. Will you be of the party, Josephine, or are you still afraid of the sound of cannon? (72). 'Tis music to a good soldier, and the wife of a French general owes it to his example never to tremble before the enemy's fire." Such was his language to me, and we started off post-haste for Imola, which he entered at the head of his army, surrounded by a brilliant staff.

On seeing Cardinal Chiaramonti (at present Pius VII.), I could not repress a feeling of respect. That venerable prelate prostrated himself at Bonaparte's feet. The general raised him with perfect politeness, and surrounded him with his guard. The worthy archbishop supplicated him to spare the town, and offered him his palace. "Everything is your own," said the pontiff to the general; "a servant of God must consent to give up his worldly wealth whenever it can purchase life or liberty for his beloved brethren in Jesus Christ." I besought Bonaparte to show himself generous, and was delighted to observe that he relented.

He promised to protect the town, and took away only the plate, jewels and diamonds which were found in the bishop's palace. "'Tis the law of war," said he, on seeing me afflicted by the incident, "'tis the law of war—woe wait upon it!—but be quiet, Josephine; I have only taken away some superfluities which he may well spare; I have reduced him to the simplicity of the Apostles, and the good cardinal will one day thank me for it—besides, I am only seeking the good of his soul in all this, and, by way of revenge, the martyrology of Rome will one day rank him, for his noble disinterestedness, among the number of Holy Confessors" (73).

Marmont sent to Bonaparte the "Madonna" which he

had taken from Loretto (74), and the general sent it to the Directory, but retained some other valuable relics.[1]

He jokingly offered to make me a present of one of the three broken porringers which had formed part of the household stuff of the Virgin, which I refused. Always filled with respect for Religion, I would not countenance the larcenies which were committed in her temples, and I often succeeded in persuading my husband to restore to the Italian churches the sacred vessels which had been carried off.

Sustained by the valour of his troops, Bonaparte soon made himself master of Romagna, of the duchy of Urbin and the marche of Ancona. Nothing could stay the tide of his conquests. Garlands of oak and civic crowns waited to adorn his triumph. Rome was filled with consternation; everybody trembled at the approach of the invincible legions and fled in dismay; the shadows of night favoured the escape of the fugitives. The Pope's household abandoned him, and Pius VI. remained surrounded by a few servants only, who continued faithful to his person. Most of the cardinals fled to Naples, and of this number was the celebrated Maury. In such an extremity what should the head of an afflicted Church do?—await the terms which the conqueror might impose upon him? Should he have made an open resistance? Ought he even to have launched against him the thunders of the Vatican? No, the venerable chief of the Catholic religion will take the wisest course. He

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1 Among these relics was a piece of old watered-camlet, which was represented to him as having been the robe of the Virgin Mary. He gave it to Josephine, who had it enclosed in a medallion. Without attaching much importance to it, she regarded it as a monument of antiquity.

wished to save the people of whom Providence had made him the sovereign. As to himself, he shunned no sacrifice; he made himself an offering; he threw himself upon the generosity of the conqueror. Cardinals Mattei (75) and Gallopi, the Duke of Braschi and the Marquis of Massino, hastened to the general's head-quarters with a secret despatch from the Holy Father. Bonaparte pretended that he could not depart from his instructions, and even increased his pretensions.

His army was not more than three days' march from Rome, but, faithful to the plan I had persuaded him to adopt, he consented to slacken his march. His answer to the Holy Father was full of modesty and magnanimity (76). He seemed touched by the fate of the conquered monarch, and the propositions made on each side were soon reciprocally accepted with apparent sincerity. No one could then have anticipated that this noble conduct of my husband would have exposed him to the most bitter reproaches from the Directory.

Our ever victorious legions did not enter the city of the Cæsars (77), but contented themselves with receiving its submission. Nothing was then wanting to the glory of their chief. He was adored by his soldiers, and the Roman clergy entertained for him a kind of religious veneration. They regarded him as a protecting angel, and from that time forth he began to lay the foundations of his immense power, and to conciliate the favour of the head of the Church. By cementing an alliance with the anti-republican faction, he took a step entirely opposite to that which had been before adopted by the generals who had commanded the French armies.

If he plundered the Madonna (78), and some relics consecrated by religion and their antiquity, he did so to

hide from the view of the too inquisitive, his real designs upon Italy and the Roman provinces.[1]

Our sojourn in the cities of Mantua and the Tyrol was constantly marked by some new triumph, in which I should sincerely have taken part but for my utter disrelish of the incense of adulation, for which no woman ever felt greater disgust. Bonaparte was intoxicated with it.[2] "I am resolved," said he to me, "to be the great regulator of the destinies of Europe, or the first citizen on the globe. I feel myself capable of overturning all, even to the New World; and then the universe will receive the law from my hands. Then will I make the cowards tremble who would force me to quit my country." Thus reasoned the French general after having triumphed three times over the Germans, put an end to that bloody war by the Treaty of Leoben, and caused to be acknowledged the independence of a republic in Lombardy.

I was the depository of his confidence; but he observed with attention my slightest movements, and penetrated my most secret thoughts. On all occasions, I took care that my opinions should appear to be the result of his own. Our feelings, tastes, inclinations were the same; the

1 Bonaparte used to say to his principal officers: "During my campaign in Italy, the Directory kept up a great clamour against me. They tried remonstrances; I sent them Madonnas of massive silver; they became silent and my army pushed ahead. After my victories, the different factions that agitated France came and knocked at my door. I turned them a deaf ear, for it was not at all to my taste to be the instrument of a party."—"*Pensées de Bonaparte.*"

2 The great merit of Bonaparte did not consist in his having gained battles, but in having placed himself above other men, in commanding them, attaching them to his fortunes, and interesting them in his successes. Nobody ever knew better than he how to imitate that celebrated Greek who taught his birds to repeat, continually, "*Psaphon is a god.*"—"*Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire de France.*"

same souls seemed to animate our beings, and so well did we seem fitted for each other, that, from the moment of our marriage, our union seemed cemented with all the force and firmness possible to be derived from our different sentiments. I esteemed myself happy to repay his attachment by the tenderest return. I begged him to repose upon my sincere devotion, and to feign ignorance of what I might one day undertake for his elevation. Justice requires me to say of Bonaparte that his nature was not violent, and that, on those occasions when he could yield to the impulses of his heart, he took pleasure in making himself loved for his good deeds; but ambition and jealousy, those two dangerous passions, are capable of destroying the best natural instincts, and of urging those who are subject to their sway to the most frightful lengths.

It was at Milan that my feelings received the first wound from his suspicions.

My reply was: "Unreserved confidence, my friend, is the only bond of true friendship; believe me, it is as indispensable to friendship as to love" (79).

We remained some time at Bologna (80); but I wanted, also, to pass the Apennines and go to Florence. I was not deceived in the picture I had formed of that city, where the front of the Strozzi's palace represents the entire history of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. The ease and politeness of the inhabitants, the smiling aspect of the scenery, the freshness of the promenades along the banks of the Arno, the trees crowned with vines; happy indexes of the fertility of that delicious plain surrounded by gentle declivities—everything conspired to keep me in that country of the gods. "The time will come," said Bonaparte, "when I shall make of this country a brilliant appendage. I intend that one of my own sisters

shall yet command the ramparts where the Medicis reigned" (81).

I explored the valley of Vallombrosa. That charming solitude lies hidden in the midst of a forest of fir trees. My husband granted some small favours to the monks of the hospice (82), who are truly useful personages, beacon lights in the midst of a stormy sea, where the wayfarer from every land is received and treated with kindness. It was pleasing to see that they had not degenerated from their primitive character. Their kind offices do much to reconcile one to monastic orders, which, for more than a century past, have found little favour among mankind. The torch of philosophy has never penetrated the Italian cloisters. Its light is intercepted by their convent walls, and habit and prejudice are the sentinels that keep a perpetual watch. Those two enemies of reason are more productive of darkness than their rival is of light.

Bonaparte was received with acclamations by a grateful people. He was everywhere hailed as the saviour of Lombardy. I was with him enjoying his glory, without pride of feeling, and aiding him, so far as I could, to sustain an imposing exterior.

My husband had become apprised that troubles were brewing in the upper provinces. He suddenly left Florence in order to prevent or appease them; and meanwhile I returned to Milan, where I held my Court. The *œil-de-bœuf* of Versailles, so to speak, was upon me in my palace.

Politics were the constant theme of conversation. Many censured the government of Bonaparte; some pitied, some conspired against him, and some were friendly to him. Virtues and vices became alike greater than ordinary.

The Frenchmen could never satisfy themselves in gazing at the charms of the beautiful Milanese. Who can calculate the effects of a deterioration of manners? The most paltry means, the most despicable intrigues were constantly employed to obtain even a look of kindness. I became habituated to this kind of political traffic! I was acquainted with the great—*they are everywhere the same.* The most of them easily obtained permission to remain in the city, and the ablest secretaries speculated upon the last ducat to befriend them. I tried to remedy this abuse, but found it almost impossible, in the present state of things, to reduce the price of passports.[1] I used all my efforts to conciliate opinion, and the Italian nobility found in my husband and myself protection and safety.

Nothing was wanting to my comfort; but the frequent absences of Bonaparte imposed upon me the necessity of keeping up a perpetual display, and my spirits in constant exercise; the Milanese, moreover, needed an idol to whom they might offer their incense. The people are, generally speaking, kind, but jealous of their liberties, as are also the great of their prerogatives. By seeming to protect the former and to make some concessions to the latter, I managed to maintain all in tranquillity. By promising them much, they were persuaded to hope for everything. They ascribed to me the greatest influence over Bonaparte, and necessarily became attached to me (83).

I also protected the clergy, a great part of whom were received with marked respect by the new female

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1 They brought more than 3,000,000 francs into the treasury of the General-in-chief.

sovereign who reigned in that region. In short, the part I acted at Milan enabled me to make many persons happy, and to be so myself. At least, I was happy in appearance, though in my heart I regarded the honours that surrounded me as so many breakers, from which I should have been quite glad to make my escape.

I was happy, indeed, when I could find an opportunity to divest myself of all fatiguing external pomp, and make an excursion through the charming country lying betwixt Milan and Lodi, and visit the islands in Lago Maggiore.[1] But the triumphs of the French army constantly demanded new programmes of fêtes and ceremonies. I did the honours on such occasions, and gave the most brilliant balls and concerts. My evenings were regularly spent at play, and on days of public festivity I visited the theatre.

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1 The Borromean Islands are, without dispute, the most singular things in Italy. You would suppose they had been formed and embellished according to the descriptions of Tasso and Ariosto, or that they furnished the models for those descriptions.

At the head of a gulf formed by the lake, are three islands, called St. Charles Islands. The largest is occupied by gardens and terraces, covered with orange trees, citrons and myrtles. The houses in the midst of the ornamented grounds are spacious, having their interiors embellished in the most costly manner. On one side you see the Alps, forming three ranges of mountains, the first in a state of cultivation, the second covered with woods, and the third with snow and ice.

In the opposite direction the eye surveys an immense expanse of country planted with vines, sprinkled with villages, towns, and cities. The lake itself presents a prospect not less enchanting. The waters are as clear as crystal, and upon them you see great numbers of sail boats, keeping up a constant communication with Switzerland. The road which conducts you hither vies in beauty with the finest in France. Madame Bonaparte's admiration was excited by the remarkable copper statue at Arona, 60 feet high, representing St. Charles Borromeo. The head alone was capacious enough to contain several persons, and the spouse of the general of the army of Italy rested for several minutes on the last step of the stairs, which led up, and terminated exactly in the *nose* of the holy archbishop who is so much adored in Italy.

Couriers arrived every forty-eight hours, sometimes preceded by an express. I was of course made acquainted with all the movements of the army, and the principal officers received the bulletins from my hands. I carefully concealed the defeats. It would have been impolitic to acknowledge defeats which were so soon retrieved, and I, moreover, had a firm belief that everything must yield to Bonaparte—that the most invincible difficulties must vanish beneath the steps of a hero who so devoutly idolised glory. My son seemed to be following in his footsteps, and had already distinguished himself in several engagements. As to Hortense, her rapid progress in all the useful and agreeable arts relieved me of much of the pain of being separated from her.

I had entrusted her to the care of Madame Campan, who had charge of a household of young pupils at St. Germain-en-Laye, whose parents had followed my husband's fortunes.

My daughter soon attracted the attention of her instructress and companions, by her amiability and rare qualities (84). I was about to set out on a visit to her, and only awaited orders from Bonaparte, who had flattered me with that agreeable idea; but he now wrote me that, in order to terminate his exploits in Italy, he wanted to subdue the Venetian states, an enterprise already commenced.

I well knew that the Five had determined on my husband's removal, and that they were nevertheless much troubled at the idea of his returning to France. "Where," I exclaimed, on first reading M. Batat's[1] letter, "where

1 Barras' secretary. Bonaparte was long jealous of him, and Josephine took good care to dissemble the fact that it was by his means she became acquainted with all that took place in the Directory.

will they find *sicaires* (assassins) bold enough, and rash enough, to come and announce such a resolution in his camp or at the head of his army? The soldiers call him their father, and regard him as an extraordinary being. He might, were he so disposed, throw that directorial minority into the shade; but the project must have time to ripen; he must merely feign an approval of the plan I intend to submit to him, of the projected elimination of the Directory and the two councils." Such were my secret reasonings, known only to myself. It was, however, plain enough that that shadow of a Government must soon vanish.

Already was the manifesto against Venice known at Milan. Among other complaints, the Directory reproached the Most Serene Republic with having given refuge to a brother of Louis XVI. and numerous French emigrants in his suite. Soon was the Doge forced to come and humble himself at the feet of the famous conqueror, whose invincible arms threatened to shake all the thrones in Europe. The least sign from the angry Jove was a decree of death to all governments.

The different proclamations issued by Bonaparte were a kind of amphibologies; but their real objects were concealed in the Cabinet of the Luxembourg, and that mercenary authority teased him continually to accelerate the ruin of Italy, and share the spoils with them. The directors probably hoped that, in the heat of combat, the deadly lead or the arm of some *Séide* might disembarrass them of the warrior they feared. While awaiting their triumph, which they regarded as certain by means of a prolongation of the war, our Five were enjoying, in anticipation, the fruits they had expected to reap from the events of the famous 18th Fructidor (85).

The Venetian states were not slow in making their

submission. Verona found favour in the eyes of her conqueror,[1] and the tricolour flag waved over the Doge's palace. Bonaparte occupied it. "Come, madam," he wrote me, "come and enjoy the enthusiasm of which I am the object. Come and partake of the good fortune of a Frenchman who is the first, since Pepin, to raise his flag upon the monuments of the first of republics." It was impossible that the liberators of Italy should not stain their trophies with blood; the presence of Bonaparte necessarily restored order; but I could not help sighing over the evils which were always inseparable from his numerous successes.

From Padua I came to Venice by the canal of the Brenta, which communicates with the lagoons—a kind of ponds or lakes separated from each other by sand-banks, forming pretty islands.

Here stands that unique city, the strongest unfortified town known, impenetrable without any defence, and which has given the law to so many of the vanquished, without

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1 The city of Verona would have been given up to pillage at this time, but for the powerful intervention of Madame Bonaparte. She despatched several couriers to her husband, beseeching him to respect the sanctuary where an unfortunate outlaw had reposed. "The pretender to the throne of France," she wrote him, "found in that city an asylum and protection; *you understand me, general.*" She succeeded in her request; the inhabitants were released by paying a heavy contribution of 3,600,000 francs. Sundry articles of personal property, deposited by the most indigent at Mont-de-Piété, were restored to them. Josephine made many but vain efforts in favour of honourable victims who were destined to perish; of this number was Count Emili. She interceded in vain; Bonaparte was inflexible. "I am sorry," wrote he to his wife, "but I was compelled for my own safety and that of the army to punish him. He is regretted, and friends and enemies alike mourn his loss. Such an example is always a painful one to him who directs it; but, in such a case, the good of the whole must prevail over the interests of an individual."

having ever yet fallen into the hands of a victor. My husband was now its conqueror, and I hastened to present him with the laurel, the symbol of his new glory.[1] My presence seemed quite pleasing to the people of Venice. Those grave, illustrious senators, whose fathers, if we are to believe an ancient tradition, descended in the direct line from the Adriatic Sea, daily came and gave brilliancy to my Court. Here, as at Milan, fête succeeded fête, and the thunders of Mars did not prevent the opening of the temples of Momus. All the authorities of the Cispadane and Transpadane Republics hastened to Venice (86) to obtain a look at the French Washington.

I spoke Italian passably, enough, at least, to be able to reply to the compliments made me, and sometimes to the very wearisome speeches with which they honoured the first *citoyenne*[2] of the French Republic. 'Twas thus they called me. I was in the midst of every kind of diversion, and for some time the carnival furnished new vanities to our Venetian belles (87). I did my best to prolong the deceitful illusion. Bonaparte took advantage of it to prepare, as he said, a diplomatic ball which he was going to give to the Genoese.

Genoa the Proud (88) was then on the point of enjoying, in its turn, a popular sovereignty. That city possessed too much wealth to escape the rapacity of the soldiery. Already

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1 The beauty, the variety, the picturesque views, the delicious gardens along the banks of the Brenta, enchanted me. In this country Nature everywhere presents a perpetual spring. The most magnificent palaces attest the wealth and luxury of their owners; the feathered inhabitants of this promised land, with their harmonious concerts, welcome the stranger who comes to breathe the rich perfumes, exhaled from vast fields, almost without cultivation—for along the road leading from Padua and Venice the air is really embalmed. During my travels in Italy I did not find one more agreeable.—NOTE BY JOSEPHINE.

2 A *female* citizen.—TRANSLATOR.

had the winds which forebode the tempest been blowing; the general-in-chief seemed to direct them towards the quarter where he meant to commence the attack. One of his aides-de-camp sent his despatches to the Doge. It was necessary for him to subscribe to the conditions imposed on him. The senate wished to discuss them. There was no time. "I must," said Bonaparte to the Genoese nobles, "*republicanise* your country, according to the Italian fashion, and that will save it. You are not worthy to enjoy any longer that liberty which the famous Andrew Doria planted among you. No, you are not worthy of it; you have dared to overthrow the statue of that great man, and you are now ready to relapse into that state of anarchy from which he rescued you. I wish to remain a simple spectator of your civil struggles; but you must have a government. It belongs to you to choose it, I give you that right; but I shall not quit you till it is established."

It was certainly necessary to employ menaces, and an imposing exterior, in order to get the Ligurian Republic recognised.

Bonaparte, a cunning dissembler, affected to mourn over the fate of this beautiful country, and the misfortunes of those who, no longer finding an asylum or safety among their countrymen, were forced to become wanderers in foreign lands.

He wished to cure the fever which pervaded the Genoese patriots. That demagogical gangrene must have ended in the gradual destruction of the best citizens. Bonaparte, at this epoch, occupied himself sincerely in laying the foundations of a Continental peace, and contributed everything in his power to accelerate that result; and the Treaty of Campo Formio was wholly his own work. But to have been thus far a great captain was by

no means enough to satisfy his ambition; there remained another task for him to fulfil, that of proving himself a good politician and legislator. Such was the art with which he had changed the entire aspect of the countries he had conquered, that Milan, the ancient cradle of monarchy, became, at the will of one man, the seat of a kingly republic; and Venice, the inheritance of liberty, was on the point of passing under the dominion of haughty Germany. Europe was supposed to be pacified; people had bowed before the fasces of the French authority, a name which was everywhere respected, although the revolutionary crater was about to burst forth anew.

Bonaparte, master of the destinies of Italy, was about this time informed, by his brother Lucien, that the Directory, jealous of his successes, and persuaded that the brilliancy of his triumphs would make an impression upon the statesmen of Europe, had judged it conducive to their interests to appoint him their first plenipotentiary to the congress about to assemble at Rastadt, to endeavour, according to the protocol, to establish the happiness of nations.

The general well knew how to gild the chains which he had imposed, with so much good-nature and address, upon those he called his good friends—the Italians. From his first campaigns, he never ceased to labour for "glory and for ambition." Such was the motto he adopted, and which he often repeated.

Some days before our departure for Germany, the city of Milan struck a medal in his honour, and decreed him the title of *Italicus*. "Thou seest, my friend," said he, presenting it to me; "thou seest this honourable testimonial; it is given to me by the public favour. Public favour, public favour," he repeated, continually,

"thou art as light as the zephyr, as inconstant as the seasons—thou wilt pass away like them, and when the north wind blows, thou wilt cease to be seen. As to my deeds," continued he, "it is for the chisel of History to transmit them to our descendants. I, perhaps, shall have lived in an age when, for all these high achievements, I shall reap nothing but silence and oblivion!" This said, he sank into the most gloomy and melancholy reflections. The broken sentences of his soliloquy made me the more sad, for the reason that, a few days before, one of the most influential persons at Milan, the Duke de Lit——, towards whom Bonaparte had shown a rare condescension, had expressed himself very freely in regard to him. He had said, in a privileged *casino:* "When shall we see this meteor leaving our walls, who, of himself, is able to set all Europe in a flame, and to scatter the sparks of his revolutionary fire to the ends of the earth?" He left; he quitted that Lombardy which had been the first theatre of his glory, and which was now the witness of his regrets. In vain did he flatter himself with the idea that he had created several republics, which he supposed invincible. Everything demonstrated that the levity and inconstancy of the people would overthrow his work.

Wherever he went, rejoicings attended his footsteps. But Bonaparte seemed a stranger to the public joy which his presence inspired at Rastadt. The ministers of the different Powers were presented to him. They considered it both a pleasure and a duty to grace our soirées. No female sovereign ever bore so fine a part as mine then was.[1] I was the centre of fashion, the queen of the

1 Madame Bonaparte was a long time in Italy, where she lived like a sovereign; receiving homage from cities, and presents from

diplomatic circle. I loved, indeed, to converse with the *royal and imperial bees;* but used with caution the confidence they saw fit to repose in me. I was far from mingling in politics, but left that task to him to whom it belonged, and kept myself strictly within the sphere assigned me.

Count de Fersen was presented to me; he was no longer the fine Swede whom I had once seen gracing the Court of Versailles. I found in him but a feeble diplomatist. He even wanted the presence of mind to answer Bonaparte when the latter, in a severe tone, asked him who was the ambassador of his own nation in Paris. On the Count's replying that he "would consult his Court on that subject," the French plenipotentiary added: "Tell your master that if he does not change the framework of an old worn-out policy, I will one day send him a *good Gascon*[1] *diplomatist who will understand how to simplify the machine, and make it work well.* King Gustavus will perhaps learn, too late, and to his cost, that *the veins of government require a firm hand, and that, while with one hand he grasps them, the other must be ready to use the sword whenever the times demand it.*"

Thus did my husband permit himself to give lessons to the sovereigns whom he seemed to menace, and preserved towards the ministers of the foreign Powers an unbending haughtiness of resolution, which he was in the habit of calling "definitive."

This energy showed to the different monarchs of Europe, that the new Gengis already regarded himself

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the vanquished. She was everywhere the object of public honours; even Venice, invaded and plundered, gave her magnificent fêtes.—"*Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire.*"

1 General Bernadotte, afterwards King of Sweden, was a *Gascon.* —TRANSLATOR.

as superior to the most of those mortal gods. "Besides," said he to the delegates of the surrounding nations, "do not force me again to enter the lists; the struggle will not be an equal one between a people who have conquered their liberty, and the masters who seek to wrest it from them. If you reject to-day the means of reconciliation which I offer you, to-morrow I will make other conditions —but woe to the one among you who shall refuse my mediation. I will overthrow the whole scaffolding of a false political system, and the throne that rests upon a foundation so feeble will soon be shaken down. I tell you this with the frankness of a soldier, and the allowable pride of a victorious general." Thus he expressed himself in the presence of the assembled plenipotentiaries. He reappeared in France at the moment when all eyes and all hopes centred upon him.

The Directory had reaped poor wages for the proscription they had exercised towards two of their members—two most worthy citizens. The revolution of Fructidor, which had exiled new Ciceros from their country, had like to have aroused all parties, and really threw the republic upon the brink of ruin. France, that admirable France, needed an extraordinary genius to heal her wounds. Bonaparte presented himself to the French people with brows bound with laurels, and hand bearing the olive-branch of peace. He seemed animated by a love of the public good; his warmest partisans believed him in heart and in principle attached to the new doctrines, which breathed the most ultra democracy. I alone divined his real feelings; before his friend his mask fell; he was already tired of the part he was playing. When we again met in Paris, whither I had preceded him by several days from Rastadt, he uttered this remarkable sentiment:—

"Remember, madam, that the lucky Bonaparte will never be satisfied until he shall, with you, inhabit a mansion corresponding to his fame. This little house (in the Rue de Chanteriene) is no longer suitable to the hero of the army of Italy. He must have a *palace*, and adorn it with the flags taken from the enemies of France.[1] 'Tis to you, Josephine, to you alone, I leave the task of designing one worthy to be offered to me by the nation I have immortalised, and, at the same time, of the wife whose excellent qualities cannot but adorn it."

Crowned by the hands of Victory, he laid upon the altar of his country, already prepared to receive them, a portion of the palms he had won. In vain did the feeble Directory, which both admired and feared him, which sought to dissemble its real feelings towards him, but could not conceal him from the eyes of the French people—in vain did the Five seek to eclipse the sun, and to intercept a portion of his rays. Useless efforts! nothing could cloud him, and that pitiable Government saw itself forced humbly to receive from his hands the Treaty of Campo Formio; nay, more, to proclaim him the saviour of the country, although they had secretly sworn his destruction.

Among the just causes of inquietude in France, the wise tactics of the Quintumvirate consisted in artfully spreading bad news. Certain journalists in their pay understood each other perfectly in this matter. At one time they caused it to be placarded in Verona that General Bonaparte was about to cause himself to be proclaimed Dictator; at other times, in some article from the

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1 Bonaparte was called the first decorator of France, in allusion to the *bon-mot* of the great Condé, who said of the Maréchal of Luxembourg that he was the "upholsterer of Notre Dame."

frontiers of such or such a country, it would be announced that the whole of Lombardy was on the point of openly revolting; that the Italians detested the tyranny of the conqueror, and were about to recall their old dukes to govern them; and a letter from Turin stated that a vast conspiracy was about to break out at Paris, having for its object the overthrow of the Directory, and the establishment of a military government, with Bonaparte at its head. The news was spread throughout the departments that the instigators of this plot had been taken and brought before military commissions, and that even the conqueror of Italy had judged it prudent to betake himself to flight, to avoid being arrested.

Such were the means resorted to in order to bring my husband into disfavour. It was useless for him to descend into the arena to justify himself; his lofty deeds spoke in his behalf. The Directory had, in fact, put an end to the crimes of the Jacobins, but it had established another system of despotism which only tended to increase its conquests without any regard to the good of the people who submitted to its sway. To maintain its numerous armies demanded immense resources, and to obtain them, the Directory set about forming a crusade; and this again directed all eyes to Bonaparte as its conductor. It was proposed to attempt a descent upon the Three Kingdoms, and to put an end to the haughty, colossal power of proud Carthage. The interior of France was in a state of great agitation. Every day revealed the weakness of the one side and the audacity of the other. Bonaparte alone seemed to remain an utter stranger to all those movements. He lived quite retired, but the concourse of his admirers was immense, and kept his house constantly filled.

During this interval of quiet, numerous plans of campaign were presented him. He feigned to accept, but adopted none of them, and used to laugh at the difficulties which their execution must encounter. He had a relish for English politics, and greatly praised the national spirit which directed them; but he wanted to study them at the Cabinet of St. James, which had already, on several occasions, striven to abase the honour of the French name. But he looked upon the present projects of the Government as gigantic, and did not dissemble his belief that to realise them was impossible. Meanwhile he made preparations to visit the coast. Some days before his departure, we had a sharp altercation, which, but for the prudent intervention of friends, might have produced consequences injurious to us both (89). By degrees, however, he gave up the prejudices which others had created in his mind, and seemed entirely reconciled to me—but I found it impossible to prevail on him to let me accompany him to Brest (90).

He left Paris with a numerous suite, and was received in the departments through which he passed, as a sovereign on a visit to his estates. The throngs who waited upon him during his journey, presented but an unbroken series of benedictions. The people saw in him the protector of their liberty. Already had numerous corps from the different armies assembled on the coasts of France, and the Three Kingdoms might for a moment reasonably have stood in fear of the success of an expedition commanded by an audacious man, whom nothing could compel to take a retrograde step when he had once sworn to undertake and execute an enterprise.

The French army burned to measure its strength against the English. The signal for combat was sounded;

and had the least provocation been given, the fight would have begun at once. The hostile legions were almost in presence of each other, but Bonaparte could not bring on an encounter; for how were his troops to pass over the space that separated them from their neighbours? Where were the ships to convey them to the shores of Albion? And notwithstanding the immense peparations the Directory had made to humble the pride of Britain, General Bonaparte knew perfectly well that the project of invading her was only a cunning feint to conceal his designs upon Egypt. The generals who were to take part in that conquest were already selected, and all persons who were to be connected with the labours of the expedition had received secret orders to repair to Toulon, where the squadrons from Genoa, Civita-Vecchia and Bastia were to be united to the principal fleet. More than 50,000 men, the *élite* of the bravest legions, awaited the signal to sail, without knowing whither the wind from the Luxembourg would direct their course. Bonaparte had returned to Paris, where new divisions threatened to break out betwixt himself and the Directory. A new revolution had broken out at Rome (91).

My husband was by no means ignorant that General Provera, whom he had fought and conquered in Italy, had contrived to collect partisans in the ancient country of Regulus. The French Ambassador near the Holy See kept his brother perfectly informed of whatever passed at the Vatican, and received from the latter instructions when to accelerate, and when to retard, the fall of the papal government. Joseph Bonaparte was ordered by the Directory to declare to the sovereign pontiff that hostilities would commence against him, in case he did not enjoin it upon the officer who had given umbrage to

my husband to quit his territories immediately. Pius VI., fearing another invasion, signed, but greatly against his inclination, the order for the expulsion of the Austrian officer. But it was written that the successor of the Apostles should again humble himself before the French, and that Jacobin missionaries from all nations should infest the abode of Christianity with their incendiary publications, dictate from the capital new laws to the Roman people, and force them to exhume the statues of Brutus and Cassius. The Jacobins constructed a kind of *palladium* for the eyes of the crazed multitude, whom they forced in a manner to imitate the example of the murderers of Cæsar, in case they should fall before they had reconquered the rights which they believed imprescriptible.

Had Bonaparte wished it, he might, at this moment, have turned to his advantage this insurrection, intentionally fomented, of which he held all the threads, and moved it as he pleased. His destiny had placed him in circumstances so extraordinary, that he might risk everything. At a splendid dinner given at Paris by the ambassador of the Cisalpine Republic,[1] he gave, as a toast, "The future destinies of the Roman Republic." It would have been in vain for the Pope to think of escaping this third war; he could not avert it, and was compelled to witness in silence the approach of that explosion which had threatened his estates. He particularly recommended to his faithful subjects to consider the French as their brethren, afford them every hospitality, and treat them with kindness. The unhappy pontiff had received an order from Berthier to evacuate

1 M. de Visconti.

the Château of St. Angelo. The French general declined to receive any of the deputations sent him by his Holiness, and contented himself with signifying to the Pope that he might remain in the palace of the Vatican, under the special protection of the eldest sons of the Church Militant (92).

Bonaparte appeared to me to be pleased that another than himself had been charged with that "diabolical mission."[1] He wished to make astonished Europe believe he was a stranger to the different schemes in preparation to legitimate that incredible usurpation; for to him it would have been really a painful task to overthrow the helpless successor of the Apostles. "I know not how it is," said he to me in confidence, "but that prelate inspires me with so much respect that I would not treat with him directly—he would have ended by making me a neophyte. Virtue should be all-powerful over men's hearts. I freely confess that I was as repugnant to the expulsion of that old man from his hearth as I should have been exultant in subduing one half of the world to my sway. I very willingly left that service to others. The manœuvres of some intriguers hastened it on, but the glory of it will for ever remain to the brave sons of Gaul, who alone were worthy to found a new republic upon the ruins of the ancient, and to rebuild the altars of Roman liberty, by appealing to the ashes of Cato, Pompey, Cicero and Hortensius."[2]

Everything seemed favourable to the cause of Bona-

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1 The exact words of the general of the army of Italy.

2 Bonaparte learnt by heart the speech pronounced by General Berthier from the Capitol at Rome, and used to cite fragments from it, when in point, to illustrate an idea.

parte. He continued to be the centre of political attraction at Paris. He was informed of the events that had recently transpired at Vienna, and foresaw their consequences. "Our interests there," said he, "are in the hands of a wise man. His native magnanimity (93) is a sufficient guaranty. Bernadotte will understand perfectly how to take advantage of the slightest circumstance. In all this, the Directory must find themselves embarrassed; they are afraid of me, and are certainly afraid to give me the command of a new army in Europe; they will adjourn their projects, and so shall I mine. They will assuredly wish to preserve peace between the two Powers. Who knows but it is reserved to me, one day, to dictate severe terms to Germany? There is one condition which will fix the seal to my reputation, and raise the pretensions of the House of Austria."[1] Thus spoke this valiant captain—the man who, a little later, was to crush so many nations, and finally to be himself crushed under the weight of his glory and his ambition. He wanted to make his rivals pronounce his name with a feeling of concern. The eyes of France were on him alone, and he knew it, and if the five directors feigned to confer on him extensive powers,[2]

1 Bonaparte already foresaw that he should become the supreme arbiter of the destinies of the House of Austria, and able to impose upon it those two species of tribute, which seemed most proper to satisfy the two ruling passions of his soul—the love of dominion, and the gratitude of posterity.

2 The Directory were curious to see in what manner Bonaparte expressed himself, in reference to themselves, in his correspondence with Count Cobentzel. A secret agent was sent to Vienna, and one of the despatches was intercepted. The general of the army of Italy gave the Austrian minister to understand that a political change appeared to him to be inevitable, and that he, Bonaparte, held that the conditions of the Treaty of Campo Formio should be religiously observed.

it was in order to open to him the way to the Tarpeian rock. The general made them believe that Italy was ready for another insurrection, that the Tyrol only awaited a chief, and that it was, perhaps, more advantageous to the French Republic to subdue those people, than uselessly to expose a hundred thousand Frenchmen amidst the burning deserts of Arabia, where the most of them must fall victims to their zeal and generous devotion. This was just what the Government expected; they were sensible of the dangers which surrounded them, unless they hastened the departure of the modern Coriolanus. But Bonaparte was by no means their dupe. Inferring their want of skill from their want of courage, he displayed in their presence a degree of energy, and made them hear, this time, the language of an irritated master. To have witnessed their anxiety to remove him entirely from public affairs, one would have said they really feared the ascendency of his genius. But the apprehension that he would assume too much authority yielded to that of present danger; for never did that feeble Government provide for anything; they were constantly asleep in the bosom of a foolish self-confidence, without reflecting what might take place the next morning. In one of the last conferences which took place betwixt them, Bonaparte—the irascible, the fierce Bonaparte—in a lofty tone, dictated to them his wishes.

That wonderful man foresaw, already, that he was called to overthrow the Quintumvirate, although he well knew that this political party could not resist him long. Some members of the Directory dared to raise suspicions respecting him, and manifested them so clearly, that he seriously threatened to resign his commission. "Sign your resignation, then," said Rewbel, coldly, presenting

him the pen. The hero of Italy hesitated a moment. Happily, he remembered the information that had been given him, that they only sought a plausible pretext to put him in accusation. Then, resuming his native character, he addressed them in a firm and heroic tone, as follows: "Citizen directors, I have in my lifetime made a vow never to lay aside my arms until it can be said, 'The French Republic has conquered its enemies, internal and external.' Thus far you may dispose of me. From your patriotism, and your zeal for the public good, I expect an immediate order to join my colours. To conquer or die for his country is the motto of every brave man; *it is my own!*" Thus freely did Bonaparte express himself in the presence of that directorial Areopagus; but he secretly resolved to shake off the yoke the Government pretended to impose upon him.

All that remained to do was to seize upon the right occasion. The directors, who foresaw his intentions, unanimously resolved to send him to immortalise himself in Africa (94), where a crusade of a new kind was soon to astonish Europe, and to carry the honour of the French name even beyond the Bosphorus.

## CHAPTER XV

GOVERNMENTS which have arisen from great revolutions must, whatever the regularity sought to be impressed upon them, long feel the agitations to which they owe their existence. Such was the Directory; it multiplied fault upon fault and injustice upon injustice, creating discontent among some, and among others that kind of indifference to political affairs which precedes a dissolution of the body politic.

Among his colleagues, Barras was the first to announce to Bonaparte that he was called by his star to achieve new triumphs under the skies of Egypt.

The general hazarded many criticisms upon the enterprise, and denominated it as rash and gigantic; but it was necessary to obey. Very little time was allowed him to prepare for this great expedition into the East. His first care was to call around him men of the highest talent.

The most distinguished *savants* begged the privilege of treading among the ruins of Thebes and Memphis. I also wished to accompany him, but he refused me; and at the moment the fleet, which was quietly lying off the enchanted coast of Provence, weighed anchor, the sound of martial music and warlike songs drowned his voice. Consulting only his political interests, to which he was willing to sacrifice his dearest affections, he made me promise, as I loved him, to remain in France.

On this interesting occasion, he repeated with emotion the words addressed by Maréchal Villars to Louis XIV., on

taking leave of him at Versailles: "Josephine," said he, "my enemies are neither in Asia nor Africa; they are in France. I leave you in their midst to keep watch of them, and, should it become necessary, to prepare the way for their overthrow" (95).

That extraordinary man knew me well; he knew that where his interests were concerned my heart was wholly devoted to him. I engaged to use every means for his speedy return, but without being able to guess when it would be, or the consequence of it. I was seriously affected by his departure, because I was fully persuaded of the evil intentions of the Directory in regard to him, and that they were conspiring his ruin. Two chances seemed to present themselves to those who wished to destroy him. Bonaparte would assuredly achieve the conquest of Egypt, in which case he would be almost certain to abuse his authority and undertake to set himself up as King of the Mamelukes, and would, of course, by this culpable act, make himself a decided enemy of the republic; in which event his fall would be certain. On the other hand, it was not unlikely he might be overwhelmed by the Beys, and the efforts of his own army prove abortive (96); in which case he would be accused of improvidence, want of skill, of having squandered the treasures which had been entrusted to his care, of treason, perhaps, and be put upon his trial and made to account for his conduct. And thus, upon every hypothesis, the general would hardly be able to escape the shafts directed at him on every side. In view of all this I entertained just apprehensions for his safety; but, fortunately for him, I acted as a prudent and vigilant sentinel.

By degrees I saw myself deserted by those who had been loudest in their praises of Bonaparte's military exploits. I withdrew from all noisy company, devoted myself

to the interests of my daughter, and confined myself within the circle of a few devoted, though unfortunate friends.

Three months had nearly elapsed when a report was circulated that he was defeated. The taking of the islands of Gorzo and Malta was soon followed by the most distressing news respecting him.

But he still retained some partisans, to paralyse whose generous efforts in his behalf the faction opposed to him gave out that he was assassinated during the rash expedition against St. Jean d'Acre. The news of his death was credited; and although momentarily affected by it, I doubted it, and was the only one who seemed unconcerned in the midst of the general alarm. Indeed, I should have banished from my mind all belief of his death but for a hint thrown out by Le Tour. One day while I was on a visit at the house of Barras, Le Tour remarked to one of his colleagues of the Directory: "That is the wife of that scoundrel Bonaparte; if he is not dead for Europe, he is, at least, for France."

This remark gave me the most poignant grief, to which I remained a prey for some time, without hope; entirely abandoned to my own sad reflections. But all my friends did not change with this apparent change of fortune, and Madame Tallien was still of the number.[1] That admirable woman, not hesitating to aid me in supporting the load of ingratitude, rendered me the most signal services. I had but little to do with Barras. The patron had quarrelled with his protégé at the time the latter sailed. It was my duty, without showing a want of gratitude to Barras, to defend the cause of the man I loved. I reproached him

1 The deputy Tallien had followed Bonaparte to Egypt. He volunteered to join the expedition, but did not reap all the advantages from it which he might and ought to have done.

for banishing my husband, a thing he might have prevented had he raised his voice against it. And yet I must, in justice to that member of the Directory, say, that he immediately forgot those slight dissensions when his colleagues ordered the seizure of several boxes of plate which belonged to the general. Fortunately, friendship watched over this deposit, and saved from spoliation the precious effects which had been given to the conqueror of Lodi and Arcola, by the most distinguished personages of Lombardy and the Roman states.

During my husband's absence, I retired to Malmaison (97). This place recalled to my mind the most touching reminiscences; here was I visited by those whom I loved; here I lived without display. Like most Creoles, I had nothing which I regarded as my own, and used not much discernment in bestowing favours; they fell without distinction upon all who asked—my heart could never say "no."

*(Kind and excellent Josephine, you were skilful in solacing others' woes, and knew how to lavish consolation!)*

I was fond of the country—and for whom has it not charms, when adorned with all its treasures? Who has not felt his pangs alleviated, his agitations calmed, at the sight of flowery meadows, or harvest-fields crowned with the rich presents of Ceres and Bacchus? Never did I contemplate the season of spring without experiencing a delicious sensation. In yielding myself to the agreeable impression produced by the objects which Nature presents, I saw that it was easy to be happy; I felt that the bounties which she lavishes, and almost always awards to labour, might satisfy even me. And why, said I to myself, why seek for superfluities, which, though they may add to our enjoyments, often mar our felicity?

One winter had passed, another had begun, since I had, so to speak, been exiled in my own domains. Yet I continued my favourite walks. "The snows of winter," said I, "will again shroud the valleys; its veil, glittering with pure white, will envelop all; the trees, despoiled of their foliage, will present nothing but skeletons to the eye of the beholder;—and all these changes must take place before I shall again see the man who is to open to me my new destinies." Such were my reflections at the time the Directory was exulting in its supposed triumph over my husband, and repeating, for the thousandth time, the rumour that the future King of Jerusalem and Cyprus had, at length, fallen beneath the strokes of some fierce Omar and his ferocious warriors.

All around me was sad and gloomy. I alone felt a kind of security, the natural effect of the confidence I reposed in the person who had predicted (98) that "*I was about to see again the man who was to be the most astonishing man of his age.*"

We love to believe that which pleases us, and my hopes now became more and more strengthened; soon they became realities, and at the moment when all France believed him lost, he arrived in Corsica from the port of Aboukir, and landed at Frejus.[1]

It appeared that he had heard, in an extraordinary way (99), of the successes of the allied troops against

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1 Madame Bonaparte had received some of his letters from Rhamante and Cheibeisse, and some from the great Pyramid of Cheops, in which he repeated, in detail, his conference with the Mufti Suleiman, and the Imans Ibrahim and Muhaméd. His last letter was written from Mount Tabor, after the battle of Aboukir, in which Admiral Brueyes had had the honour to present himself before Nelson, and lost his squadron. Their correspondence had ceased, however, for several months.

France; the embarrassments of the Directory in the midst of the struggles of all parties, and the cessation of all dispute as to the best means of saving France. On his arrival in Paris, he found matters much more favourable than he had imagined. But, however that might be, one thing was certain—the Government must be changed.

Different factions disputed with each other the honour of giving it the first blow. Bonaparte could not, therefore, have arrived more opportunely. He appeared as a saviour in the midst of the astonished French. All eyes were upon him, and all parties trembled at the sight of him.

Italy, which he had left free, had again submitted to its ancient masters. The Directory and the two councils, divided both by interest and opinion, contended with each other for the wrecks of a power which was fast slipping from their grasp;[1] civil war infested the southern departments; all Europe was in arms against France.

Such was the frightful picture which I unfolded to Bonaparte, who, from the moment of his arrival, could not but perceive that the greater part of the deputies divined his most secret intentions.

Yet he affected to be tranquil, and this shielded him from reproaches. Nevertheless, his political plans were everywhere going forward through the active instrument-

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1 Much has been said as to what a politician is. 'Tis he who best confounds prejudices and principles, duty and affection; who, under the name of public interest, promotes his own; who is most obstinate in his own opinions, and contemptuous of those of his neighbours.

Women usually take part in political discussions, always consulting their passions rather than their reason, and indulging in boundless exaggeration. And after all the forms of concealed malevolence and polished hatred are exhausted, open reproach and insult follow.—"*Pensées de Balzac.*"

ality of his friends. Such was his situation that, without leaving his house, he could tell with certainty all that took place in the Directory. Nothing, indeed, which was projected at their palace of the Luxembourg escaped his vigilant eye. He was kept advised of the slightest details which could be of advantage to him. A conversation which he had had with Barras had convinced him that Barras and Siéyes were labouring to restore the monarchy. This revelation showed him what plan of conduct it became him to adopt. So perfectly had he arranged matters that, at his first step, he met with unexpected success. Every measure taken by the Directory to prevent or retard their fall was paralysed; and the resolution was immediately adopted to convoke the two councils out of the city of Paris. Everything seemed to conspire to forward the work for which he had so carefully and vigorously laboured. He ceased to see the men of 1793, towards whom he manifested on all occasions the utmost coldness, affecting to condemn and combat their maxims—a circumstance which did not escape the general notice. He took upon himself a burden which he would have been unable to bear had I not come opportunely to his aid. On that great occasion I did not fail to make him feel how necessary it is for a man who undertakes to govern, to divide his cares with some one upon whom he may rely for solace and encouragement, and who cannot, at the same time, eclipse his own glory. His enemies spread a rumour that he had lost his influence over the soldiery, but good care was taken not to acquaint him with it, though it was impossible long to conceal from him the injurious reports which were circulated abroad respecting his intentions.

I hinted to him that he would do well to conciliate

the several members of the councils who detested this oligarchy, and directed the movements of the malcontents; and they soon united in a plan to annihilate this weak and miserable Government. All dissimulation soon ceased, and people talked seriously of the necessity of giving to France more able rulers. General Moreau, in consequence of his intimacy with the conspirators, was at first destined to act the principal part in this revolution.

Had that great man but possessed ambition, it would have been far easier for him to grasp the supreme power than for Bonaparte.[1] His merits and his profound knowledge had won for him a degree of consideration with the Directory, of which he had never availed himself with a view to make himself necessary to them. With all the qualities which make the man an Alexander amidst the tumult of arms, and a Cincinnatus in peace, he never devoted himself to public duties, unless the occasion imperiously demanded such a sacrifice of his leisure. Those who were unacquainted with his modesty and habitual distrust of himself, attributed his conduct to the principles of his philosophy—a philosophy which taught him to subject his ambition to the maxims he had gathered from a long study of the great art of Vauban. This idea agreed well with his known inclination to science and letters.

The power of the directorial government was insensibly sinking. The sceptre of power was about to drop from the feeble hands of an executive, devoid of justice and without force. And yet the approach of danger, for a brief moment,

1 "The country is saved," said Siéyes, on receiving the news that Bonaparte had landed at Frejus. This exclamation ought to have opened the eyes of Barras; but he did not seem to understand it in its true sense. Moreau confined himself merely to saying: "*You have no more need of me; there is the man whom you need for the present—address yourself to him.*"

roused its activity, and inspired it with a degree of courage; but the most of those who composed it were far from following that wise maxim of Rousseau, too much neglected, perhaps, even to this day, that, "if you would found a republic, you must not commence by filling it with malcontents."

Although Bonaparte did not merit that servile admiration of which he now became the object, he nevertheless possessed qualities which were not the lot of every man. His power increased in proportion as he became bound to the ship of state. Happily he persuaded himself that the empire I exercised over him, and my zeal to serve him, left him nothing to fear; and that was the point I wished to arrive at, in order to reap all the fruits which I expected from my secret attempts.[1] To me it was a pleasure, as well as a duty, to labour for his fortunes, and almost without acquainting him with my efforts.

I flattered myself that he would have a better relish for the benefits I conferred upon him, by having them heaped upon him at a moment when he least expected them, and I always looked out for some favourable opportunity to make him realise the fruits of my exertions, without perceiving that his success was due to me. I did not hope to triumph at once over any obstacle; but, after sowing the seeds of suspicion in his mind, I endeavoured to make him feel how indecent it was for a general to permit his old army to look upon him as the sport of the Directory. He seemed sensible of such a reproach, and I next endeavoured to convince him, by the clearest proofs, that the soldiers held the same opinion. Chance unexpectedly came to my aid,

1 In fact, Josephine found means to treat, adroitly, with certain men of great influence, and even to have an understanding with the army of the Rhine.

and fully justified the opinion I had formed of my husband; for, a few days afterwards, the Government refused to confirm the favours which he had granted to certain of his officers in the army of Italy.

Confounded at finding such resistance to what he called his authority, he did not disdain to employ reasoning to prove the correctness of his conduct in that matter. I did not leave him in this delicate crisis of his fortunes. I asked him whether it would be glorious for him to submit to an affront which demanded a prompt reparation. Human weakness does not always permit one to escape the snares of error. In showing him the different steps by which he was to reach the height of glory and fortune, I argued to him that the people imagine that greatness is ever accompanied by desert or virtue, and that even faults ought to be covered with a veil in order that they may obtain a name which shall turn them to advantage. "You must readily perceive," said I, "that the Directory, in showing their jealousy of you in so striking but impolitic a manner, have determined to abase you in the eyes of the French nation."

This observation produced a powerful impression upon him. He admitted that faults might be committed in the administration of a republic, but that, if they were to be made known to anybody, it should be to those who were not less interested to conceal than to repair them.

I cited the example of many Kings who resolved to share with their Queens the cares of government, and forced him to admit that there is nothing but the bond of matrimony and love that can tempt two hearts to sacrifice for each other their repose, and keep them true to each other in the pursuit of glory. He appeared so struck by this kind of argument, that he was ready to

consummate the fall of the Directory on the spot. I showed him that this resolution must be the work of a moment, but that it was necessary to proceed slowly in laying the plan, which was to elevate the conqueror of Italy to the place occupied by this phantom of a Government. This demanded discretion, skill and care. I wanted to conduct the scheme with so much address that France would, with an unanimous voice, applaud his own elevation and the overthrow of the five directors.

To Bonaparte there remained no means but dissimulation, and he consented to employ it. The Directory, on its part, made vain efforts to preserve its authority, which a Government never loses with impunity. It inspired confidence no longer in anyone. If it had made itself master of the different parties, it was only by compelling one to act as a restraint upon the other, and this narrow and hollow system of politics was from day to day dragging it to its ruin. And yet it must be admitted that, in the midst of the incessant occupation which conspiracies within, war without, the poverty of the treasury, and, more than all other causes, the hatred of the people, gave them, these modern Cromwells had wrought wonders.

But the situation of my husband would no longer allow him to temporise. I had, in concert with him, secured the favour of a number of generals. The most of those veterans stipulated in the treaty, which they hastened to make, that places and dignities should be the price of their concessions. They were all prepared to second him, though Augereau for a long time remained inflexible. His republicanism made him distrustful and gloomy. He hated the nobility, and Bonaparte was tainted with this original sin, and took a sort of pride in it. Augereau

had long been afraid of his ambition. "Be quiet," said the hero of Italy to me; "this Fructidorian whom you fear to-day will be with us to-morrow; he must have perceived since my return from Egypt that *the pear is ripe*."[1] This was uttering a biting sarcasm upon the conduct which this ex-deputy of the Council of Five Hundred had exhibited towards him at another period (100).

Thus was commenced that new edifice of a power whose progress and strength were soon to astonish Europe, to dictate law to it, and render it tributary to the French nation.

The cowardice of some members of the Council of Ancients would, perhaps, have defeated the enterprise had I not spoken to some of the chiefs of the conjuration, and affected to be alarmed for the safety of the being dear to my heart, and for that of the republic.

I assured myself of the assistance of the principal men of influence; I did more—I gave a splendid dinner at Malmaison, which was attended by different personages from every class of society. Murat and Lucien Bonaparte were of the number of guests. During and after the repast the conversation was stormy, especially among those who, jealous of the glory the general was about to acquire, could not bear the rays of a sun which was soon to rise, and to shine on none but himself. I employed to them the language of policy and reason, in turn, and strove to captivate them by magnificent promises. The most of them, tired of the inefficiency of the Government, promised to unite their efforts to mine, and I engaged others to do the same. All swore with alacrity to overturn this feeble Government.

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1 Bonaparte's own words.

But nobody was willing to expose himself to dangers without advantage, and each one took good care to refer to his personal interests, as stipulated in the impromptu treaty of which I have spoken.

In setting in motion all the machinery employed in the execution of this vast project, what fears, what anxieties beset me! I admitted the most famous statesmen and generals to visit Bonaparte continually. Almost all of them admitted the imperious necessity of a change in public affairs. Siéyes proposed an admirable plan,[1] and the Directory seemed, of a sudden, smitten with vertigo and inertness. The law of hostages carried despair into the bosom of innumerable families. Every day the revolutionary rage sent multitudes of emigrants to death, to whom the privilege had been granted to return to their own country. It was time that a courageous hand should seize the helm of state; for France was fast sinking under the combined efforts of her enemies at home and abroad.

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1 It was easy to see that a change was preparing in the form of government at Paris, when Siéyes was seen to mount on horseback. It was easy to judge, from the language held by members of the two councils who were in the secret, that a revolution was meditated.

## CHAPTER XVI

Skilful in sounding the human heart, I sometimes discovered men's inmost thoughts. I saw Bonaparte animated by a desire to free France from the cruel yoke that pressed upon her, and I remarked in the vigilant captain an ambition which aspired after greatness. "The enterprise I am about to attempt," said he, "cannot fail of success, since I advance under your auspices. The insults offered to the republic will soon be avenged; at least, madam, you shall not see me again, unless crowned with the laurels of victory." Thus he spoke, and immediately everything was put in readiness for striking the final blow. On the eve of that memorable day which was to change the destinies of France,[1] I saw a general of known courage arrive in haste at Malmaison, who united in himself all the qualities fitting him for the greatest enterprises. Although of a mind at once turbulent, supple and artful, bold in his language, prompt in action, intrepid in danger, he exhibited, as I thought, some alarm. He passed by me with a rapid step, and hastened to Bona-

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1 Forty-eight hours before the removal of the councils to St. Cloud, Dubois Crancé, the minister of war, applied to the Directory for an order of arrest against Bonaparte, Murat, Talleyrand, Fouché, Barras and others. Gohier, the president of the Directory, and Moulins, one of its members, were in favour of granting the order; but Lagarde, the secretary, declared that he would not sign it, because, to justify his signature, it was necessary to have a majority of the Directory. "But," said Gohier, "there can be no revolution, for I hold the seals." And when, on the 18th Brumaire, Moulins was informed of what had taken place at St. Cloud, he replied: "Why, that cannot be; *Bonaparte promised to dine with me to-day.*"

parte. A second soon followed; terror was likewise depicted on his features. Seized with the same fright, I had scarcely strength to advance towards him. My husband, till now perfectly unshaken, rushed out, exclaiming: "What—what is the matter?" The surprise was at its height. I had not courage to ask him what those brief words meant. He was in his room, and no one had noticed that he was present; silence reigned around him, and the consternation became general.

Recovering, in some degree, from my surprise, I was anxious to learn the cause of all this alarm. Lucien informed me that his brother was in imminent danger, and that all his projects were discovered. "The Directory," said he, "have penetrated his designs. He cannot escape from their toils; his movements are all brought to light, and after getting hold of the thread of his plots, they intend to convoke an extraordinary session, at which Bonaparte will be compelled to be present. They will there address him personally, and overwhelm him by a disclosure of everything. Perhaps even now the order is given to apprehend him."

Then I took counsel of myself. It seemed to me as if a protecting God was at my side, giving me supernatural strength and courage. Every one around me was thunderstruck—stunned by fear and stupor; and without listening to any voice but that of my heart, I started immediately for Paris. I expected to be arrested on the way, but succeeded in reaching Pont Royal, where I met General Massena, and gave him a sign which he understood. We proceeded on the instant to the house of a common friend, where we concerted the means of saving Bonaparte. We both agreed upon sending him a faithful guard, capable, by its imposing attitude, of paralysing the projects of his

enemies. For my part, I flew to the Directory, in order to ascertain the hopes or fears of the members.

I reached the Luxembourg Palace at the moment when they were holding a secret session. One of the door-keepers told me it seemed to be a stormy session, and that they were doubtless deliberating upon important matters. I confess I felt some fear when I reflected that I had placed myself in the hands of the Areopagus of five. La Revellière, Rewbel, Moulins, Gohier passed successively by me. I waited for Barras, determined to penetrate his designs, though I had resolved to dissemble the real perils to which they were exposed (101).

Yet I had taken care to make him who was now laying the foundations of his future greatness swear that, in case he remained master of the field, he would respect the life of him whom he was pleased to call his friend—his first benefactor. That director appeared. His presence caused me some emotion, for, to please Bonaparte, I had avoided him for several months. He spoke to me with an air of unconcern well calculated to impose upon any one else. At length I said to him: "What signify these absurd fables which malevolent persons have been pleased to spread, that the general of the army of Egypt aspires to the supreme authority? You well know, Barras, *there is nothing in it;*"—and emphasised the last words. The mute play of his features showed that he understood me. He seemed to say: "*We really presume the contrary;* we intend to remain mere witnesses of the same, until your husband shall commence hostilities, and compel us to become his accusers. What is the general about at this moment? He is engaged in his conspiracy." On being told that my husband had kept his room for some days, and that the state of his health gave me some uneasiness,

he replied: "Well, I rely on your word; and I shall go and oppose with all my might the decree of accusation, which all my colleagues have resolved to launch against him. The best way will be to adjourn the sitting, which is to recommence within an hour, and wait until we are better advised. As to you, madam," he added, "be assured the lucky Corsican ought not to disdain my benevolent protection; perhaps he will soon need it—and then it will be too late."[1]

It certainly cost me much to lead Barras into an error; but my business was to save my husband. They knew each other, and never could have pardoned themselves, the one for having been the dupe of a man who was in a manner indebted to him for his existence, and the other for having been so unjust as not to acknowledge it.

Rendered more tranquil by this ray of hope, I hastened to make several other arrangements which I judged necessary to accelerate the business of the morrow. I assured myself of the friendship of the men over whom I had any influence, and, discovering nothing in Paris to justify my fears, I returned promptly to Malmaison to reassure him I loved, convinced that even these feeble results could not fail to afford him a momentary quiet.

Alas! sad experience has taught me that a state of uncertainty is one of the severest afflictions of the human heart. When I arrived every one was overwhelmed with affright. Bonaparte himself was walking in his gardens. His looks were haggard, like one who expects every moment to be surrounded by foes. I caught him by the hand, drew him towards a kiosk, and endeavoured to calm his mind, which was absorbed in profound meditation. At

1 Bonaparte was more displeased at Barras' power, than flattered by his condescension.

every moment he cast fearful looks towards the capital; in speaking, he would begin a sentence, and break off abruptly without finishing it.

Any other person but myself would have pitied him at that moment, for he really showed himself pusillanimous. Overcome by fear, he was really unable to comprehend anything or to execute anything. Indeed, despair actually seized him for an instant; he fled like a guilty person from the sight of everybody, and ran and concealed himself in the darkest alley in the park, a short distance from the château. He was preyed upon by the deepest despondency. A courier arrived with a report that towards Neuilly the country was overspread with troops; all believed Bonaparte's cause lost; some immediately abandoned him, and others were preparing to follow their example; but I told them, with an air of confidence, that what they saw was but the fruits of my exertions, and that Generals Macdonald, Moreau, Lefebvre, Augereau and others were coming to join us. This restored their courage, and our friends now showed themselves before that guard upon whom they could rely with the utmost security. A calm succeeded the tempests. I talked with the two brothers, and did not permit myself to conceal from either the real state of affairs. "We are treading on a volcano," said I, "and have everything to fear from its explosion." It was, indeed, impossible, at this critical moment, to feel secure; the danger was continually increasing. We received, it is true, some reinforcements, and might, perhaps, have sustained an attack from the Government troops; but it was much better to avoid one.

Fear sometimes closely resembles prudence, and rashness seconds courage. I succeeded in persuading the chiefs of our party that even a man borne down by adverse

circumstances may often, by a bold stroke, succeed in extricating himself, and force a smile even from Fortune herself. "It shall not," said Bonaparte, "be in vain that you recall me to my duty. I swear to you this shall be the last time you shall accuse me of indifference to my cause." This said he immediately re-entered his apartments.

Murat was undecided, and gave himself up to gloomy reflections. "How now, general," said I; "are you here still? It seems to me you ought to have been with the *little committee*[1] two hours ago.—Hasten, general; to horse, or I will go myself and carry them these despatches." His air was serious on hearing me speak thus. He stared at me, but made a sign indicating his approval of the presence of mind I showed on the occasion. A moment after he started at full gallop for Paris. My son was in the court of the château with me. We found the men drawn up in order of battle. I addressed them some flattering compliments, and was much pleased to see that Colonel Perrin (102) was present. "You are prompt," said I; "you have arrived almost as soon as I!" Bonaparte and Lucien now showed themselves, followed by a great part of the officers. They all assured the general that they had taken an oath to form for him a rampart of their bodies, and, should it be necessary, to die in his defence. I caused refreshments to be distributed to the grenadiers, and we all conversed familiarly with the principal officers of the corps. During the repast the conversation was quite animated. The different claims of some of the conspirators had produced some slight altercations. In truth, a kind of darkness still brooded over the events which were in preparation. Many

1 Where Siéyes, Cambacérès, Roger Ducos, Lucien Bonaparte, Fouché, Roederer, Regnault de St. Jean d'Angeli, and others were assembled.

of the chiefs who were devoted to our cause knew not what they were to do, and hesitated between interest, honour and duty. In order to reconcile them, a commandant of the 17th military division, who was still undecided, pledged himself to espouse our cause.

From this time I busied myself exclusively in preparing the public mind for the *dénouement* of the drama.

At ten o'clock in the evening an express, sent by Murat, brought a letter to Bonaparte. He ordered the troops to proceed with the utmost silence along the road to Rueil, in order to act as an escort to a carriage which was to take him to Paris.

But Lucien thought it more prudent to get into the city noiselessly, and by means of disguise, very properly apprehending his brother might be seen by the agents of the Directory. I had already secured the adhesion of the principal chiefs of the guard attached to the legislative body, without hinting what need I should have of them; and also had my secret agents in the bureaux of the minister of police. I was not ignorant that the Directory had conceived the project of seizing Bonaparte at Malmaison—an indiscreet scheme, which had been known to me, and served as a warning of what they intended to do.

An important expedition was in agitation. People talked of the arrest of a great personage, without any further knowledge on the subject than this uncertain information. I strongly insisted that the general should come to Paris, and spend the night at a house unknown to the agents of the Government.

In this sad and cruel conjuncture, unless honoured by the confidence of the troops, my husband would have been at every moment exposed to the fury of factions, the attacks of conspirators, or the daggers of the Directory.

Alone, he would have become the object of universal hatred, exposed to every kind of peril. But, happily for his fortunes, a guardian angel watched at his side.

In the evening of the day which, to all appearance, promised him a complete triumph or an utter overthrow, the Council of Ancients was directed[1] to meet at break of day to discuss matters of the last importance to the public safety. Alas! how long and anxious to me were the 18th and 19th Brumaire. I cannot even now think of them without a shudder. At the opening of this memorable sitting the two parties separated. One could not but foresee that, in a contest so terrible, in the midst of such a violent debate, the republic, already dreadfully shaken, would, whatever might be the event, lose both its stability and its splendour.

The most of the members of the council, under the influence of fear, felt that their own fortunes, as well as those of their children, depended on the success of the enterprise. Should a fatal blow be prepared for my husband—should any disaster befall him, it would fall equally on their heads. And this consideration induced them to appoint him general-in-chief of the troops stationed at

1 The representative, Courtois, who was charged to prepare the famous report relative to Maximilien Robespierre, transmitted the letter of convocation to each deputy. The most of those who were not summoned showed some dissatisfaction. "Be still," replied Courtois, "I have only hindered you from taking sides with the opposition; you have remained neutral on an occasion where it might have been dangerous for you to manifest your opinions. Now you can join their ranks, and the First Consul will delight to see your names figuring beside those of Lucien Bonaparte, Boulay de la Meurthe, Regnier, Vimar, Herwin, Lemercier, Villetard, Cabanis, Baraillon, Cornudet, Bouteville, &c., all members of the Comité de l'Hôtel de Breteuil, and who were the first to sanction the resolution transferring the Directory, and the two councils, to St. Cloud, where they were convoked in extraordinary session."

Paris, and under that title to charge him to watch over the safety of the national representatives, as well as the accomplishment of the decree. Two messengers were despatched to him, and he hastened with his staff immediately to the Assembly, to whom he delivered the following speech:—"The republic was perishing! Your decree has saved it:—woe to them who wish for trouble or discord!—Aided by General Lefebvre, General Berthier, and all my brave companions in arms, I will prevent them. Let no one think to retard your steps by examples drawn from the past. Nothing in history resembles the eighteenth century, and nothing in the eighteenth century the present moment. The decree your wisdom has pronounced our arms shall execute. France wants a republic founded on true liberty, permanent laws, national representation; she shall have it. I swear it; yes, I swear it in my own name and in the name of my companions in arms."

"I receive your oath," replied the president of the council. "He who has never in vain promised victories to his country cannot fail to fulfil with devotion the obligation to serve her and be faithful to her."

Bonaparte now entered upon the command with which the Council of Ancients had invested him. By his orders, ten thousand men of the different corps were assembled near the Tuileries. General Lefebvre was appointed his lieutenant, and he read to the officers the famous decree which had been passed.

The conqueror of Italy and Egypt thus harangued his troops:—"Myself," said he, "without arms, but with your aid and that of every good citizen, will soon smother the plots already conceived and ready to be hatched in the bosom of our country. Our enemies

are not only on the Alps and the banks of the Danube, but in the palace of the Luxembourg. What do I say? I behold them in the sanctuary where the two councils are sitting. Come on, then, my braves; we will unravel the web that has been woven in the dark. For two years the republic has been wretchedly governed. The army was in hopes that my return would put an end to these numerous evils, and it did not hope in vain. The Council of Ancients are disposed to save the state. Should anyone oppose their will, your bayonets will avenge the wrong." Thus he spoke, and those veterans swore fidelity to him, and declared that they all burnt with a desire again to signalise themselves under his eye.

In the morning of that eventful day the storm roared furiously over the head of Bonaparte. The Council of Five Hundred were in session in the orangery of St. Cloud; it had for its support the whole of the popular faction. Most of them were determined to combat, at the outset, what they were pleased to call an attempt upon the prerogatives of liberty. The moment a proposition was made for the appointment of an extraordinary commission, to be charged with presenting the measures deemed necessary for the public safety under the present circumstances, the speaker was interrupted by tumultuous cries of "The Constitution—the Constitution! Why are we at St. Cloud? Why are we surrounded with an armed force?"

At this moment Bonaparte appeared in the Assembly, followed by several grenadiers. Lucien, the president of the Assembly, was replying to those who had addressed personalities and insults to him, respecting his brother. "I am," said he, "too sensible of my dignity

as a man to respond to the insults of a party of destructionists."

The confusion in the council now rose to the highest pitch. The most frightful yells and vociferations resounded through the building, and the general himself was received with menacing cries. "What does Bonaparte want in the place where we hold our sittings? *Outlaw him! Down with the dictator!*" In vain did he attempt to speak; his voice was drowned by the tumult. Lucien was obliged to put on his hat and leave the chair, at which the agitation became extreme. Terror for a moment seized my husband. He left the room, and while the two parties were forswearing themselves in the two councils, in which the Jacobins had succeeded in getting passed resolutions to renew the oath in favour of the Constitution, in which they carried with them two-thirds of the members of the Council of Five Hundred, Bonaparte repaired to the bar of the Ancients, attended by most of our celebrated generals. Here he displayed a supernatural courage, and thus addressed the Assembly:

"Had I cherished schemes of usurpation, they would ere this have been realised. Since my return, the leaders have urged me to assume the supreme power. Barras and Moulins have solicited me to do so; but I repelled their overtures, because liberty is dear to me. Let us not be divided; unite your wisdom and firmness to the force which surrounds me; I will only be the arm devoted to the safety of the republic."—"And of the Constitution," exclaimed a number. "The Constitution!" replied Bonaparte, with great emphasis, "how can you invoke the Constitution? Does it still exist? Has it not been the sport of all parties? Was it not trampled under foot on the 18th Fructidor, on the 22nd Floreal, on the 18th

Prairial?"—And continuing his speech in the midst of the council, from which all strangers had been removed, he insisted upon the necessity of hastening forward the movement which had been commenced. Then, addressing himself to the troops who were posted in the interior of the hall, he said: "My friends, I promise you peace at home and abroad. Pledge yourselves to turn your bayonets against me should I ever wander from the paths of liberty.—I am aware that, for so much zeal and devotion, a price will perhaps be set on my head, and assassins hired to destroy me. But I shall expose myself alone, and without defence, in the arena. Should I fall beneath the blows of the conspirators, swear, in the name of French honour, to avenge me."

"We will die with you, general," they replied; "we promise, not only to serve you as a guard, but to make a rampart of our bodies in your defence."

This said, he placed himself in the midst of the soldiers, who were afraid of losing their idol, and felt no fear of being betrayed. The shades of night fell upon St. Cloud. All became silent; but the agitators waked and watched around him. He dispersed his legions, and assigned them different posts in the city. Alone and unattended he entered the Council of Five Hundred. A tumult arose at the sight of him; each one rushed forward to meet him—nothing was heard but confused cries of "*Down with the tyrant!—Down with Cromwell!—Outlaw the dictator!*" He, however, expressed himself with frankness and firmness. Many of the deputies, who were mostly armed, menaced him with personal violence, but were careful not to commence the attack, for fear it might furnish an excuse for employing the bayonet against them. They compared him to Catiline, and, in the delirium of their rage, imputed

to him the most monstrous designs. "Thou makest war upon thy country," said Arena, menacing him with his dagger.—"How often," replied Bonaparte, "have we to complain of having served the state, when we meet citizens ready to forget our good deeds, and to impute to us dishonourable actions."

He stood astonished at the increasing confusion; his attitude lost something of its assurance; he grew pale, stammered, and cast a wistful look towards the door, where most of the troops were standing. They, perceiving he was frightened, rushed forward to defend him, and General Lefebvre succeeded in disengaging him from a group of deputies, who were eager to fall upon him. He mounted his horse in haste, without knowing what he was about.

Putting spurs to his courser, he returned to Paris at full gallop, exclaiming to his friends: "They wanted to kill me! All is lost, I believe—and yet I am invulnerable—I shall, one day, be compared to the God of Thunder!" Murat met him on the bridge of St. Cloud, and said, with great vehemence: "Is it rational that a man who has triumphed over powerful enemies, should be afraid of the most feeble? Come, come, general, courage! I will answer for it, victory will be ours!" Bonaparte now became again master of himself; he wheeled his horse, and felt the necessity of again presenting himself at the breach, in order to finish his work. As to Lucien, he had been reproached and insulted in the most furious manner. He leaped to the tribune, and made a violent charge upon those who renewed the proposition to outlaw Bonaparte. "What! you would make me the assassin of my own brother," he exclaimed, in the midst of a torrent of invectives poured upon him by the enraged assembly.

"No! your president shall never become a fratricide!" And, in a moment of indignation, he hurled into the middle of the floor his toga and senatorial scarf. It would have been all over with my husband, but for this noble act of resentment shown by his brother on that terrible occasion.

The grenadiers protected him, and he passed out, covered by his escort, but in the midst of the most bloodthirsty insults and menaces. He did not, however, remain inactive. He persuaded the troops to obey him, and immediately the guards re-entered the hall, led by an officer, who exclaimed in a firm voice: "The general has ordered me to clear the hall of the Council of Five Hundred!" The members, at the sight of the soldiers, who advanced at a quick step, saved themselves by rushing, with the utmost precipitation, through every possible avenue, out of the room, in the utmost consternation. Bonaparte would surely have been lost had the representatives displayed the least energy on this occasion. It is more than probable that the military would have refused to strike them with their weapons.

The two councils, by a unanimous vote, appointed a Consular Commission, composed of Siéyes and Roger Ducos. They took the place of the Directory and received the title of consuls.

Bonaparte was named First Consul.[1] No one took umbrage at it; he took precedence among his colleagues without the slightest opposition on their part. The

1 The general of the army of Egypt used to say jokingly: "If the lawyer Gohier, the apostate Siéyes, the attorney Rewbel, and the dealer in old clothes, Moulins, could make themselves kings, I might, I thought, make myself consul. I took my diplomas at Montenotte, Lodi, Arcola, Chebreisse and Aboukir."

royalists, supposing that the general was going to take the reins of government only *ad interim*, extolled him to the skies.

For my own part, I was filled with apprehension. A sudden horror seized me as I glanced at a letter, written in pencil, in which the writer remarked that my husband was about to be outlawed. I was impatient to know, and, at the same time, trembled to learn, what was passing; and I feared every moment some faithful friend would come and inform me that my husband had submitted to his fate. Already I seemed to see the scaffold erected before him, his name dishonoured, and posterity cursing his memory. Judge of the anxiety I felt, especially as I had to reproach myself with having been the first to excite him to hazard everything in order to deliver France from the directorial yoke.

Hardly could I endure this cruel reflection. I saw him approaching. I stood as if struck by a bolt from heaven, with eyes fixed, outstretched arms, and lips half-opened, and when he had reached me, we stood for some time speechless and motionless. I was the first to break silence, and said to him, with eyes filled with tears: "Oh, my husband, do I see you again! My sorrow and anxiety have completely overwhelmed me; I could wait no longer; sometimes I accused myself of having rashly pushed you upon the shore of a raging sea; sometimes I accused our friends of unfaithfulness, and uttered reproaches against them; then I would, with trembling lips, kiss the extinguished fires of my hearth, as if our enemies had already come to announce their triumph, and to force me from an abode abandoned by its owner. Consul," exclaimed I, in the delirium of my joy, at seeing him again at my side, "Consul, you have escaped a danger equally imminent

and glorious! But how immense a task does this success impose upon you! Thou alone, O Bonaparte," I added, pressing him to my heart, "thou alone art destined to be the saviour of our beloved country! France, still in tears, groans under the weight of her long woes; her golden days have disappeared like a star in a night of tempests; with her expiring voice, she calls a hero to her rescue. Be thou that hero! Hasten to employ the remainder of thy days in creating in her a new life. May she leave thy hands young in glory and felicity. Be for her another Prometheus. This is, indeed, a sublime part for thee to act; but thou, thou canst accomplish it! Rebuild our altars; from amidst the ruins of the temple of Dagon, bring new pillars to sustain the Church of our fathers; re-establish our institutions; purify our tribunals; complete the enactment of our laws. Thus shalt thou put an end to the disorders and crimes of every sort sown abroad by the hand of revolution, and heal the wounds of the state." Such were the ideas I ventured to express to him at this memorable epoch. Henceforth my task was fulfilled. What did I not do to place power in the hands of the man who was everything to me! To accomplish my purposes, I was even false to the friendship and gratitude I owed to Barras.[2] But what may not a woman accomplish under the electric influences of love and ambition? Moreover, I saw in the elevation of Bonaparte to the consulship, the regeneration of my country and the happiness of a great people.

## CHAPTER XVII

A NUMEROUS guard now armed themselves and watched over the safety of the First Consul. Bonaparte occupied the palace of the ancient kings of France.

The power of the patriots became feebler every day. More importance is often attached to a name than to the thing itself. The word "Republic" was engraved on the Tuileries in letters of gold, and this sufficed to convince the mass that he who dwelt there would never attempt to destroy it.[1]

It was of course impossible for the Directory, untaught by the lessons of a sad experience, to continue an unequal struggle against the consuls.

Reduced to their own resources, what could the Directory do? Was it not better to yield to the power of circumstances than to push such a man as Bonaparte to extremities? To resist him would have been to furnish him an occasion to try his strength, to feel it themselves, and to display it to others in its full extent.

Barras, meanwhile, sent in his abdication, as director, to the First Consul. I seized a moment when the latter was relieved of the throng of flatterers, whose fortunes depended on him, to call to his mind the memory of his old friend.

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1 Some time afterwards, Bonaparte remarked jokingly to Josephine, "I have left the word 'Republic' on the walls of the palace, for the same reason that the name is sometimes placed at the bottom of a picture which is unlike the person intended."

He replied to me with some sharpness, "My hatred has prevailed. I followed my resentment, my enmity—I have avenged my own wrongs; I have avenged my own affronts." Then, reflecting a moment, "What," said he, "does this man want? Nothing can henceforth reconcile him to me." These words distressed me, and I attempted to speak in Barras' justification. "You owe it," said I, "to that director, that you did not fall a victim to the dark politics of his colleagues, Gohier and Moulins, who would have arrested you but for the powerful remonstrances of Barras. You are doing the greatest wrong to forget the important services which Barras has rendered you (103). What would you have been without the interest he deigned to take in you? A man does well to sustain himself by his personal merits or rare talents; but, unless some patron, who is acquainted with them, brings them to light, the possessor never can do justice to himself."—"What is your object?" replied the consul, with an air of impatience.—"To make you exercise the noblest of virtues," said I. "The word gratitude is ever on your lips; engrave for ever on your heart the sacred debt of gratitude which you owe him. A great politician ought to sacrifice his ambition to it."—"What will the people say, should they see me associate this ex-director with my glory? The time has passed by when I had the honour to obey his orders. 'Tis necessary, madam, 'tis necessary, in order that I may make an impression upon France, for me to come to an open rupture with him. It might, should the same apparent friendship exist between us, be supposed that he had favoured my designs. I wish, henceforth, to cast the hero of Vendémiaire into oblivion; and when the proper time shall come, I will teach the Parisians that, so far from

destroying their capital, I only wanted to embellish it with the finest monuments. My vast plans will soon furnish them the means of judging of my conceptions, and will one day present to posterity rich materials for history."[1]

I was far from approving the first part of this reply. I knew that Barras, in investing Bonaparte with a portion of his authority, expressly recommended him to use clemency towards the sections which had rebelled against the Convention; and, thanks to his principles, the sword of Damocles was returned to its scabbard; in fact, the military commissions were created rather to overawe than to destroy the vanquished party. Each one of the leaders had, in some degree, fanned the flame of revolt; a small number of distinguished citizens were put to death; some found safety in flight, while others owed their preservation to steadfast friendship, or the zeal of certain courageous deputies.

Bonaparte advanced with rapid strides on the vast theatre of ambition; and he who had lent him a helping hand soon saw himself banished by the modern Sylla. What did I say? One of the consuls even asked authority to apprehend the person of Barras! "That will not do," said I to my husband; "you cannot commit an act of perjury and ingratitude with impunity. Who knows but that the *lex talionis* may one day be applied to you?—You will then learn to appreciate the painful situation of a victim of proscription, condemned to wander alone

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1 "In the midst of the wars I have carried on, I have rendered Paris more comfortable, more healthy, more beautiful than it had ever been. The Parisians received these benefits with songs of praise. The great thing for them was—and I well knew it—to furnish dancers, cooks, and fashions to all Europe."

in foreign lands. Yes! should a like misfortune ever overtake you, the memory of the friends you have forsaken will not fail to add to the weight of your woes; you will in vain invoke your household gods; both men and gods will turn a deaf ear to your lamentations. Perhaps, even Barras may hereafter glory in having been the victim of your ingratitude; perhaps, even his misfortunes will, in the eyes of the public, entitle him to their commiseration, and soften the rigour of his lot." I did not, on any occasion, hesitate thus to oppose the First Consul to himself. I cherished vast hopes; it seemed to me that nothing could check his course. I augured that his haughty and ardent spirit would work out the regeneration of France, and that the same man who had for a moment been seduced by the two liberal ideas of 1789, had only *pretended* to adopt those of the revolutionary chiefs who made use of the name liberty the better to outrage her laws.

Nevertheless, in entering upon his illustrious career through paths as yet untrodden, the astonishing genius of Bonaparte supplied him with new harvests of glory. As an intrepid warrior and a modest consul he appeared before the world, sustaining with one hand the dignity of the French name against foreign armies, while with the other he repaired the injustice and the blunders committed by a corrupt oligarchy. Far from imitating the arrogance and the show of his predecessors, he was frequently seen walking in the palace of the Tuileries with the doors thrown open, made himself accessible at all hours of the day, was affable towards all, and listened with attention to their complaints. Such was that great man immediately after his promotion to the consulship.

The French people, fatigued by the violent agitations

of the Revolution, ruined by the different factions which had one after another usurped the bloody sceptre, were now permitted to hope that their condition would be improved under the First Consul.

His administration seemed just and pacific. Parties became silent. All the talent of France became tributary to his new government.[1] He preserved the republican forms and the shadow of liberty. All was not conducted by a single absolute will; and the flattering hope was entertained that the day was not distant which should wholly dispense with all republican forms. Before he reached his present position the state was sunk under misfortunes, and, whatever might have been the results of war, the French nation had no other prospect than to wear a tyrant's yoke.

I soon ceased to lead the same life, and no longer frequented the same social circles. This, doubtless, cost me much, but, being the wife of the First Consul, I could not appear without the pomp and splendour of Courts. I became surrounded by throngs of courtiers. Ever thirsting to attach themselves to the dominant power, those men, who had long since habituated themselves to the saloon of Versailles, and had lately encumbered the avenues to the directorial palace, now contended with each other for the honour of burning a grain of incense at the feet of the wife of a general whose party had succeeded in overthrowing its

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1 It will be recollected that he directed the ceremonies of the 1st Vendémiaire, year 9. No fête since the Revolution had been so brilliant. The mayors of all the cities and deputations from every part of France came to Paris, followed by an immense number of citizens of the middle class, attracted by curiosity. The most splendid dinners were given to the notables and public functionaries. All the preparations for this holiday were executed with equal ingenuity and magnificence. Fêtes, plays of every kind, and illuminations filled the people with joy.

adversaries. I entertained a sovereign contempt for those gilded insects who wing their way towards the voice of every dispenser of place or favour, whoever he may be.—"To-morrow," said I to some of them, "to-morrow the King of France may reascend the throne of his ancestors. Then will he behold the most of you inundating his palace and soliciting all the favours of the Court.—You should have remained faithful to your old masters; and even now, while you are uttering prayers for their return, you cannot resist the temptation to suspend *some* of your crowns in the temple of the false gods."

But I did not forget what was due to the majesty of the rank I occupied. I was skilful in reading the characters of the men who lavished their homage on me. Some of them craved the honour of attaching themselves to my car, hoping by this means to perpetuate the peace they had secured. Of this number were the emigrants. I employed the ascendency which I possessed over Bonaparte to persuade him to repair the crimes committed by those who had held the helm of state. I easily obtained from him the favours I sought; but they did not satisfy my generous ambition. I wished my husband to surpass himself; I persuaded him to repeal numerous unjust and sanguinary laws.[1] I urged him to rebuild the temples of religion, and recall her ministers, and thus appease the wrath of a just God.[2]

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1 The abolition of the law of hostages, the closing of the list of emigrants, made him numerous proselytes among the party which desired the return of the ancient *régime*, as well as that which openly favoured the establishment of what they called a constitutional *régime*.

2 On seeing the remains of the great Turenne, which had escaped the profanation of the tombs of the Kings of France, at St. Denis, which had been carefully preserved in the *Musée des Monuments français*, I persuaded Bonaparte to have them transported to the church of

Bonaparte soon demonstrated his intention to pursue a course entirely opposite to that of the Directory. This noble conduct won him numerous partisans. To proclaim liberty of conscience was to settle his power upon a solid basis; to be the first to furnish an example of submission to the religious worship of his fathers was, in some sort, to legitimate his power. I convinced him that the slightest concession on his part to the principles of the innovators would hurl him from the position in which Providence had been pleased to place him; and he finally yielded his assent to my just observations. I now enjoyed the light of a brilliant morn—a ray of happiness and prosperity which had not appeared on the horizon since the year 1792. At length the proscriptions ceased and numerous exiles received permission to return to their country. Everybody applauded this first step of Bonaparte in his political career.

A great number of the emigrants saw their names erased from the tables of the ostracism. Paris resumed its ancient splendour; talent, art and genius, no longer compelled to hide themselves in obscurity, were recalled and received into favour; the men of letters were no longer afraid to be seen in the public libraries, or artists in the public museums; manufactures everywhere revived

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the *Invalids*, as belonging more especially to such a sanctuary. "You will," said I, "satisfy alike the clergy and the defenders of the state, by directing a pompous ceremony to be held in the temple consecrated to the God of the universe." Lucien, then minister of the interior, pronounced a discourse on the occasion, in which he retraced the great actions of the hero of Salsbach. All Paris was present at the removal of the precious reliques of the great captain who adorned the age of Louis XIV. They were deposited with great military pomp in a vault, on which more than a thousand colours, taken from foreign armies, were suspended in festoons.—Bonaparte rejoiced in having followed my advice, and thanked me for it.—NOTE BY JOSEPHINE.

and afforded employment to the labouring classes; and in all the principal cities a thousand apartments received the poor and relieved the curse of beggary.

Thus, after a long tempest, men again tasted the miraculous calm which succeeded; the laws now became more just, were peacefully executed, and France again saw plenty and prosperity reviving in her midst, and effacing the vestiges of those long days of sorrow and mourning which had passed.

Everything tended to inspire confidence that the peace of the Continent would restore internal and external tranquillity, and Bonaparte began to caress the idea of sovereign power—an idea which I more than once strove to banish from his mind. "What!" said I, "thinkest thou that thou hast done all? No! thy task is to undertake much more. Thou art not yet a great man in the eyes of all; in truth, everyone has connected himself with the army of the interior. The republic no longer exists but in name, and thou already exercisest the most absolute dictatorship. But never will Europe leave thee in the peaceable possession of the supreme power, unless thou shalt fortify it by force of arms. 'Tis no longer the cause of nations against kings, but the cause of kings against nations. So long as thou shalt act in the name of the First Consul of the republic, all parties will hasten to attach themselves to thee. But remember, my friend, thou must direct the people by means of that precious talisman; for, should thy ambition ever lead thee to imagine the possibility of erecting a throne upon the ruins of the consular power, then, alas! all the sovereigns of Europe will league together to hurl thee from it, and in process of time thy posterity will fall beneath the weight of combined Europe.

"Thou mayst easily escape all such shoals; thou needest but to maintain a firm and determined will. Yes, so long as thou shalt shun the thorny paths of kingly greatness, the people will be penetrated with respect and admiration for thee. But shouldst thou cast thine eyes upon the *diadem*, all the brilliant illusions thou hast created will vanish. Alas! astonishment at length ceases, enthusiasm subsides, and the fatigued spirit, seeing all the ideas by which it has been seduced flee away like a dream, learns with pain that it is disenchanted.

"The French people have passed over the vast field of liberty. It is now necessary, according to thy system, to lead them back to the point of departure without letting them perceive it, and to give to the national pride an entirely new direction. 'Tis necessary to inspire thy compatriots with all the docility of servitude without its apparent humiliation. Hearken! Thy generals will recognise in thee only a general like themselves. The more thou shalt heap fortunes and honours upon them, the more will they seek to hurl thee from thy throne. They will say, 'This man seeks to place himself above us; he has been recompensed by the contempt and indignation of those whom he has elevated from obscurity.'"

Thus did I labour to prepare his mind for the great part which he seemed destined to act. Everything seemed to conspire to consolidate his power, and Bonaparte, now become the first magistrate of a youthful republic, might have undertaken anything. I kept the example of General Monk[1] before his eyes, and urged him to follow it. "France," said I, "expects a generous action

1 The English general who restored the Stuarts after the death of Cromwell — an example which Bonaparte was wise enough *not* to follow, however much his wife might have desired it.—TRANSLATOR.

from thee. By restoring the Bourbons to the throne, thou wilt, perhaps, do no more than accomplish the wishes of the nation.[1] I repeat, it pertains to thee to rebuild the altars of the golden age of France, altars consecrated to virtue." Such were my secret conversations with the wonderful man who, by his genius, then ruled over modern Gaul.

He alone made all appointments, all financial arrangements, and dispositions. At his words hope awakened in all hearts, and, from one extremity of the republic to the other, nothing was heard but a continued concert of praises and benedictions. The bleeding wounds inflicted during the Reign of Terror continued to heal; the saddest recollections began by degrees to be effaced; the Frenchman began to resume his gay and amiable character.

Thrice happy days which succeeded the horrible night that had so long stretched its gloomy pall over the most lovely country on earth! Bonaparte, as he had promised, made the Parisians forget that he had ever taken part in the popular disturbances.

The concourse at Malmaison became immense. It was no longer that modest solitude where I had recently spent my leisure hours. I found myself at this period a stranger, so to speak, to society, although the company I saw at Malmaison was lively and interesting.

The most important points of diplomacy and politics were discussed in my presence, and Bonaparte held a

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1 It seems almost incredible that such a sentiment should have been uttered by Josephine. If, however, such was her real opinion, the *divorce* was to be expected sooner or later, and the only thing surprising about it is that it should have been so long postponed.—TRANSLATOR.

council there every day, at which the ministers attended and presented their reports. The First Consul's chief care was to conclude a peace with the European Powers. He imitated the ancient custom observed by the Kings of France on coming to the throne, of writing to all the crowned heads; but, receiving only vague or unmeaning answers from the different Cabinets, he was soon persuaded of the necessity of preparing for war. He devoted himself to the pacification of La Vendée, and at length announced that freedom of religious worship was guaranteed by the new Constitution. A great number of royalists were thus conciliated, and among them George Cadoudal, l'Abbé Bernier, and many others, who now delivered themselves up. M. de Frotté endeavoured to impose more difficult conditions; he pretended that the unfortunate son of Louis XVI., the last Dauphin, was still alive, and claimed for the young prince the crown of France. His name was consequently erased from the list included by the amnesty. The First Consul wrote him a letter in the following terms:—

"General, your head is turned; the proof is now conclusive that the young prince died in prison at the Temple. Moreover, and in any event, you will never stand excused before God or man for seeking to perpetuate this civil war. Your officers are all ready to abandon it, and I advise you to imitate their example."

When those who called themselves the friends of Frotté urged him to accept the amnesty which the First Consul again offered him, "Leave me," said the intrepid Vendéan; "I want neither war with you, nor peace with Bonaparte." This courageous resistance was the signal for letting loose his enemies upon him.

I admired the noble devotedness of this Vendéan general, and without prying into the secret motives which influenced his political conduct, I cannot help here calling to mind the words of the First Consul, on receiving the news of that brave man's death :—"The Court of Mittau," said he, "has met with a great loss, for with such generals as Frotté the Pretender might have hoped to see himself one day recalled to the throne of France. As I cannot gain over the Vendéans to my cause, I must enfeeble and discourage them, and destroy those among them who refuse to lay down their arms. I am sorry for Frotté; I should rejoice to count him among my friends; yet, to have pardoned him would have been dangerous for us both, and such being the case, the best way was to get rid of him."

About this time, Fouché, then minister of police, informed Bonaparte that a young man who had been arrested and conducted to prison pretended to be the son of the unfortunate Louis XVI. (104.) On the 21st January, 1800, the portal of the Church of St. Madeleine was covered with a pall of black velvet striped with white, and the King's will was stuck upon various churches, and distributed through the saloons. This circumstance produced some anxiety in Bonaparte's mind, and he ordered all those evidences of mourning for the late monarch to be removed. As to the impostor (for he judged him to be nothing else), he directed Fouché to keep him concealed, so as not to encourage either hope or curiosity among the people; for the consul sought every means to efface all recollection of the royal family, which had been so unworthily proscribed by the factions. Such is the madness of revolutions!—Thus it was that the Stuarts and the Bourbons saw themselves, each family in its

turn, hurled from the pinnacle of absolute power into the abyss of misfortune.

After the Vendéan army had been disbanded, Bonaparte applied himself unceasingly in making preparations for the ever memorable campaign he was about to commence; he soon joined the army of reserve, and took up his line of march towards Mount St. Bernard (105). It belongs to the pen of history to describe the famous battle of Marengo. I must be permitted to say that the death of General Désaix was wholly unknown to Bonaparte. The latter, however, could not much regret General Désaix, for the glory of that day was wholly his own. The young hero had made himself beloved and respected alike by friends and foes. The First Consul had no longer any rivals to fear; this battle decided his fate as well as that of the campaign in Italy. France was again saved, and the second coalition overthrown (106).

From that time the plans executed by my husband, whether of war or government, were better combined. He had tried and learned the effect of the sudden irruption of a mass of men upon hostile ranks, dashing forward with fury, and scattering all before it; while, in politics, he had become satisfied that, in case he should fail to keep his place as First Consul, Italy would be his last resource. He busied himself in the organisation of the Cisalpine Republic, and appointed a French minister to guard his interests there.

His entry into Milan was truly a triumph. "Everywhere," he wrote to me, "everywhere am I greeted with the most lively demonstrations of joy." That city seemed to rise into new life—rich in glory, happiness and hope.

Bonaparte quitted Italy with regret. He looked with

pride upon the independence of that fine country; it was his own work. The general returned victorious to Paris. His entry was, of course, pompous; and his presence again animated all hearts and silenced faction.

## CHAPTER XVIII

The bell was sounding the hour of twelve; a refreshing slumber had just begun to weigh down my eyelids, when I was waked by the harmonious accents of a voice which enchanted my ear; it was my husband's. "Madam," said he, "rejoice with me over your good fortune. Your son marches rapidly to fame; he will yet become one of the greatest captains in Europe."—"Ah! my Eugene," I exclaimed, "thou wilt surely follow in the footsteps of thy illustrious father, and, directed by such a general as Bonaparte, thou wilt, perhaps, even surpass him."

I confess I could not meet the First Consul without a feeling of pride; and I clung to the hope that he who had given the Austrians so impressive a lesson, would not be slow to give a still more terrible one to the agitators who were labouring to rend France asunder. She had triumphed without; but the wrecks of old factions still menaced her within.

Unluckily, great numbers of emigrants were included among the disturbers of the national quiet; and the agents of the police were busy in hunting out the principal royalist conspirators. Emigrants and royalists were alike denounced to the First Consul as the sworn plotters of his ruin. The opinion was universal that the safety of France depended upon his preservation. Many peaceable but unfortunate men were persecuted anew, and put to death, for no other reason than that the Government had discovered amongst them many whose courage it feared.

I had, all along, done my utmost to put him on his

guard against the perfidious reports which were artfully framed and presented to him, but now began to perceive that my remonstrances were irksome to him. Our differences of opinion began to interrupt our good understanding. I knew the inflexibility of his character, and that, in his presence, no one had a right to hazard the slightest observation. A despot in the bosom of his family, he was the same at the head of the French Government; for his passions increased in strength in proportion to his power. His ruling passion was to be obeyed in the smallest matter, and I could by no means obtain an exemption from that law.[1] The royalist cause appeared to me grand and imposing; I saw the time was fast approaching when the phantom of a republic would vanish, and had become painfully convinced that my husband was labouring only for himself. I did not dissemble my thoughts upon this subject, nor conceal the consequences which his system would produce. As consul, he moved the equal of crowned heads; and the consulship for life opened a boundless career to his ambition. He witnessed with surprise the exposure of the plot in which Arena took the lead.

1 Often would Bonaparte wake Josephine at night, in order to read to her. At other times he would question her as to how many, or how few, visits she had received. Marshal Duroc gave him a minute detail of whatever passed at the château. The consul loved to be informed of everything; and the chronicles of the palace became more familiar to him than to Josephine. I must here do him the justice to say that he was very sensitive in reference to the internal regulations of his household; in these matters he was minute. Rigorous in respect to the manners of those who surrounded him, he more than once drove from his presence persons who had been forbidden to approach him. He very seldom reviewed a decree which he had made. Everyone who was in his service was subjected to the most scrupulous surveillance. The ladies, even, who attended Josephine dared not absent themselves without his being informed of it; nor could any person be admitted into her presence without first being seen and scrutinised by him.

Arena was a member of his family (107). That thoroughgoing republican had been so unlucky as to express himself with too much boldness in reference to Bonaparte. He was opposed to his usurpation, and to the exercise of the immense powers which Bonaparte arrogated to himself; and finally accused him of the blackest ingratitude. This was enough to arouse Bonaparte's indignation. He showed plainly that he could not pardon so culpable an imprudence. Soon did the Argus-eyed mercenaries of the Government take an oath to entangle Arena in a snare from which he would escape only to mount the scaffold. They endeavoured to persuade the people that Arena had made an attempt upon the life of his relative; and, had the unhappy man not been so indiscreet as to open and hand to General Or——, his countryman, a pamphlet, published in England, in which the First Consul was vilified and insulted, never would the thought have been conceived that he was capable of committing a crime abhorrent alike to the laws of God and man.

It was, I think, on the 10th of October, 1800, "*Les Horaces*" was to be played at the opera. I was indisposed[1] on that day, and manifested a desire to remain

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1 On the evening of that day, the First Consul appeared to be quite merry. He, however, in our conversation, crossed me repeatedly, and finally accused me of wilful caprice. On my telling him that I felt out of sorts, and could not possibly accompany him, "Well, madam," said he, with some sourness, "you are, I see, really sick, and I will write to the Pope to send me immediately his *mine de bois*."—"You are joking," said I (his observations began to fatigue me); "of what are you speaking?"—"Eh? of the *Bambino*," replied he, with a serious air. "The Franciscans shall come forthwith, and bring it to you in their coach; they shall place it by your side, and stay here at my expense until you are killed or cured. Do you understand?"

This sally of fun cheered me up, and I asked him to explain this

in my apartments. "To-day is the first representation of the piece," said Bonaparte; "you cannot help going." I yielded to his entreaties.

In the midst of the tumult occasioned by the throng of spectators, I noticed the minister of police, and the prefect Dubois, entering, going out, and returning continually. I called the First Consul's attention to their continual bustle.

He seemed to understand it, and said to me, "*'Tis nothing, attend to the play.*" Fouché came to our box, and whispered to Bonaparte that he was surprised at not

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religious phenomenon. "The *Bambino*," he replied, "is a small wooden Jesus, richly dressed, which is carried around to rich persons, who are sick, and of whose recovery the doctors despair. The little saint is, of course, always going the rounds. People sometimes fight for it at the door of the convent, and snatch it away from one another. During the summer season it is in constant use, although the price for using it is then very high. But as we are now entering upon the month Nivose, I can probably obtain it at a low rate. If you wish, madam, I will immediately send a courier to Rome for it." It then occurred to me that I had read in Dupaty, that the convent which owned the *Bambino* had no other patrimony. But our French monks preferred dotation secured by mortgage on lands, and not without reason. And yet, notwithstanding all their science and sagacity, mankind will ever resort to superstitious practices. The people are the people, whether in France or Italy; they must have something wonderful to fill their minds. Thus, Catherine de Medicis sometimes remarked to Charles IX., "I have often heard it said to the King, your grandfather, that, in order to live at peace with the French, you must keep them merry and gay; they must be kept agog either by a variety of shows, prodigies or miracles. My son, your people need to be humbled; without that, some evil genius will sooner or later rise up and trouble their repose in the name of those liberties which they have been demanding for ages. He will teach them to present their humble remonstrances to you, with a view to obtain those liberties.

"Beware of renewing in your reign, my son, the faction of the *Maillotins* or the *Jaquerie*, and do not give your Parisians time to fill their heads with vague notions and foolish discontents; for, if you do, they will give you no rest."—NOTE BY JOSEPHINE.

seeing Arena and Demerville there, but that he had taken means to secure the two Italians.[1]

My husband became sombre on hearing this, and seemed agitated. "Let us leave the opera," said he; "I have some despatches to send off to-night." He was careful not to let me into the secret, for I must have become alarmed, and my agitation would inevitably have disclosed what it was very important to keep concealed.

I employed every moment which I could steal from the pomp and display of greatness in succouring misfortune.

A great number of unhappy families who claimed my protection were presented to me[2]; in whose behalf I employed all my influence with Bonaparte, to induce him to repair the ravages occasioned by the stormy times which preceded him. His humour was often savage and repulsive, but the habit I had of teasing him enabled me to renew my demand, and I sometimes succeeded in obtaining that which he had once refused. It was universally believed that I should induce him to become the General Monk of France.

The country was, I confess, at this time, on the point of passing again under the dominion of its legitimate masters; but the fatal events of the 3rd Nivose exasperated

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1 Those two conspirators were Ceracchi, a celebrated sculptor from Rome and only rival of Canova, and Diance, an aged notary at Rome.

2 Josephine was easy of access. She extended her bounties to all classes who had suffered in any degree during the Revolution. Nobles and plebeians were by turns presented to her. She listened to their complaints; to some she made promises, to others she gave pensions. Her goodness was inexhaustible, though her means often failed her. The Americans* had strong claims upon her, and never did she refuse them when she could, by means of her purse or her credit, satisfy them.

* Inhabitants of the French West-India Colonies.—TRANSLATOR.

Bonaparte, and scattered to the winds all my hopes of seeing the Bourbons restored (108).

Some days before that frightful catastrophe, the First Consul was looking out of one of the windows of the Tuileries at the carousal. "Behold," said he to himself, "a place without nobles; in time I intend to render it worthy of his palace, who is yet to become the master and arbiter of the world." I joked him a good deal about his ambitious projects, and endeavoured to show him the impossibility of accomplishing them. "Hush, madam," said he; "I shall become so much superior to other men that my glory will eclipse the power of kings."

During the night preceding the day which was to see that horrid crime committed which plunged so many families into mourning, while I lay asleep (the soul has its revelations, the heart its mysteries), the ghost of Beauharnais appeared to me. I saw him, not as in the days of his former splendour, but enveloped in his grave-clothes, and resting in his coffin. His face was uncovered, his eyes half shut; his body was motionless. Suddenly I saw him draw from his bosom an enormous dagger; he turned the glittering blade towards my eyes, and I distinguished certain characters which were perfectly engraved upon it; the numbers 21, 24 and 28, struck me singularly. On the reverse of the blade was a hieroglyphic written in Greek, which he told me must not be explained *except into three times nine*. I awoke in a fright, supposing I had seen my first husband. Again my eyes closed, and again the apparition presented itself to me. I awoke again. A terrible beating at the heart told me how great had been my fright; my pulse was in the utmost agitation, and a buzzing sound rang in my ears; my limbs had become stiffened, and so insupportable was my situation

that I cried out with absolute horror, "Awake, Bonaparte, awake; we are both threatened with the greatest danger!"

It can scarcely be conceived in what a distressed condition he found me. A universal trembling seized me; I fainted, and my words died on my lips. When I came to myself, he asked what was the cause of my agitation. I told him the dream I had had. He joked me at suffering myself to be affected by such puerilities, and pointed out the consequences. I did not take his advice; but, becoming at length more calm, told him to be on his guard, for plots were going on in secret against his life. I recommended the minister of police to keep a closer and more active watch over my husband's life. "It is my duty," said I, "to use all my efforts to avert the danger which menaces him." I was sad a considerable part of that day.

The weather was dark and cloudy, and I showed no inclination to leave my apartment. The oratorio called *The Creation of the World*, by Haydn, was to be performed that evening at the opera, and Bonaparte had made me promise to attend. I had, however, given secret orders to the officers to have the guard *de service* doubled, and to see that there was not the slightest obstacle in the way of his suite, in passing along the streets.

At length, at eight o'clock in the evening, he got into his carriage. Scarcely had he left the palace of the Tuileries, when the noise of a terrible explosion was heard. "Alas!" I cried, filled with fear and grief; "my husband's life is in danger, and I am not by his side." Notwithstanding the wise counsels of the persons who were with me, I immediately hurried forward to the scene of confusion, directing my carriage in the very track of my husband's. An officer came to inform me respecting

his fate. I enquired and learned of him the unheard-of disaster, a disaster deplored by all with sighs and groans. Here was a disconsolate wife seeking among the slain for a husband, whose looks she could no longer recognise; there, children, pale and shuddering with affright, uttering cries of anguish at seeing the by-standers lift up the gory body of a mother who was seeking them in order to bestow on them the caresses of maternal love; in another place, a mother rendered frantic at the sight of the mangled remains of her son, whose body had been hurled to the clouds by the force of the explosion, and whose torn limbs had fallen rudely upon the pavement; and farther on, an aged man bathing with his tears the inanimate face of a daughter, the solace and prop of his declining years. In vain did the by-standers strive to tear him from her; in vain did he perceive that his child was but a lifeless corpse, covered with blood and smoke. "Leave me to die with her," said he; "I cannot survive her loss." Overwhelmed with despair, delirious with anguish, he cried out, "She is gone—she is no more!"—and rested his aged head upon her bosom, which had scarcely ceased to throb.

For a moment he remained immovable as a rock, then uttered a piercing cry—and died! Thus, on every side, fathers, mothers, husbands and friends, were called to mourn the loss of children, mothers and husbands. Whole families, undone in a moment, were plunged into mourning or sorrow that must follow them to the tomb. And well might those who had lost their friends by that shocking attempt, wish for the long repose of the grave. In the anguish of my heart, I devoted to eternal execration the authors of a crime hitherto unknown in history. Had it affected only the head of the Government, it would have been attributed to the schemes of faction; but falling, as

it did, upon a portion of the French people, it was properly regarded as an act of cold-blooded atrocity, without the slightest colour of justification (109).

I visited, with deep emotion, the scene of carnage, and was melted by the piteous wailings of the sufferers. Alas! what a scene of woe was there exhibited.

I joined my husband at the opera. On entering my loge, I was so overcome at the sight of him who had so narrowly escaped being eternally severed from me, that my voice failed me. I obeyed my first impulse, and threw myself into his arms. "Ah!" I exclaimed, bathed in tears, "will you, another time, believe Josephine? You have escaped by a miracle the thunderbolt which those who seek your life had prepared for you! 'Tis to be feared they may yet be more successful"—and my sobs choked me. Bonaparte was not insensible to this proof of my attachment and friendship, and did not hesitate fully to testify his gratitude. He often recounted to his officers my sad forebodings, giving as a reason for his disbelief of them that such weakness would appear ridiculous. "Ah!" said I to him, "a wise Providence has in store means which are concealed from our imperfect view; we ought not to bring into doubt a mystery which the human mind cannot penetrate."[1]

On our return to the château, I was afraid of a repeti-

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1 Man must have hope, he must have something marvellous, he must have a future state; for he feels himself made to live beyond this visible world. Among the people, magic, necromancy, are but the instinct of religion, and one of the most striking proofs of the necessity of worship.

Men are ready to believe everything when they believe nothing. They have divines when they cease to have prophets; witchcraft when they renounce religious ceremonies, and open the caverns of sorcery when they shut the temples of the Lord—(*F. A. Chateaubriand*).

tion of the tragical scene. But the wise precautions which were taken dissipated my anxiety. On hearing of the deplorable event, all France believed the true authors to be the plotters of the revolutionary troubles. The citizens remembered, with renewed horror, that it was they who, in the name of Liberty, had committed countless crimes, had made Liberty blush, and stained with blood the hideous cap which adorned her brows! And it was secretly determined that those who still wore that abominable symbol, great numbers of whom remained, should henceforth be disabled from doing mischief. Three hundred persons, known as anarchists, were exiled by the First Consul,[1] and thus the capital was delivered from the remainder of the fierce republican chiefs of 1793 and the following years. On the day that Arena and his accomplices ascended the scaffold, the authors of the *infernal machine* were made known to Bonaparte by the minister of police. The public were surprised to hear that the Criminal Court pronounced as guilty only two old Vendéan officers (110). Against them the minister of justice urged the prosecution with great earnestness.

But afterwards the matter took another complexion. The police redoubled their vigilance; numerous arrests took place; it seemed as if the horrible conspiracies of the reign of Robespierre were renewed, when, under the pretext of the same judgment of condemnation, throngs of the most illustrious victims were put to death, and when many of the persons accused of conspiring together never saw

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1 Seventy-five of them were transported to the Isles Sechelles, of whom seventy-three there perished. The remaining two returned to France at the restoration of the Bourbons. One of these engaged in a new plot against the King, his benefactor, and was again condemned, by the Court of Assizes at Paris, to be transported.

each other until the day of their doom united them in one common death.

It was well known that I openly aided all those who had suffered from the Revolution. I even persuaded Bonaparte to close the list of emigrants. I was anxious to effect the erasure of the names of a number of them from that list, but had to arrive at my object by careful approaches. It is true that Fouché seldom refused me; and I must say that that minister concurred with me in rescuing numbers from misfortune and banishment, who returned to their country penniless, without any prospect but despair and death.

The citizens began to feel secure. Their affection for the First Consul daily increased. As to the Jacobins, he well knew how to restrain them, and everybody at length saw a calm succeeding to the protracted Revolution which tore France asunder. The people began to believe themselves happy; the wise and moderate hoped everything from the progress of time, and the ministers of religion now supplicated the Almighty to prolong the days of the man whom, in their prayers, they called the pillar of authority, the Cyrus of modern times (111).

Everything seemed to second my husband's views. He became satisfied that it was he alone who knew how to turn to a good account the courage and the immense resources of this industrious nation, thirsting for glory, and rich in all the treasures of a soil of inexhaustible fertility.

But he became weary of inactivity, and could not pardon himself for the inertness in which he found himself.

France saw herself surrounded by friendly governments, but the restless genius of Bonaparte soon disturbed the

tranquillity of her neighbours. He persuaded Spain to declare war upon Portugal, and sent 30,000 men to accelerate its conquest. In vain did I point out to him the fatal consequences of his designs, and so firmly did he cling to them, that he did not hesitate to say, "It will be fine, madam, to see a Bourbon declare war upon his relative to please Napoleon I. But be not surprised; you will see many more wars" (112).

I began to reflect upon the boldness of his project. Surrounded continually by a throng of courtiers, he finally persuaded himself that a commander of his reputation ought to mount the throne, and that, by his sword, he held the right to reign over France.

At length his ambition and the force of circumstances cleared the way, and enabled him to reach that goal; and could he have found a new Meropé, he would doubtless have given her his hand, and thus, perhaps, have legitimated the usurpation he then meditated.

He endeavoured, really, to earn the title of the Pacificator of Europe, and dreamed of concluding a peace, which must in the end have proved entirely artificial. He accordingly wrote to his brother Joseph, then French minister at Lunéville. The battle of Marengo had not been decisive. The Emperor of Germany had, indeed, been compelled to evacuate Italy, but he still possessed prodigious resources. Bonaparte learned that his aide-de-camp, Duroc, whom he had sent on a mission to Vienna, was detained as a prisoner at the Austrian head-quarters.

This violation of the law of nations was relied upon as a proof that the Emperor had refused to ratify the treaty, and had chosen to place himself at the head of his army.

On receiving this news, the First Consul ordered

Moreau to recommence hostilities. The Austrians proposed an armistice, but the general would allow it to continue but one hour, in order that the Emperor might not have time for reflection.

He was of opinion, also, that, to put an end to the interminable debates of the plenipotentiaries assembled at Lunéville, a battle ought to be fought. Moreau fought one, gained a glorious victory at Hohenlinden, and moved forward his head-quarters to within five days' march of Vienna.

At length peace, the object of my prayers, was concluded. The Emperor Francis confirmed the cession to France of the Belgian provinces, and gave up entirely the county of Faslekenstein with its dependencies, and the whole of the province of the Frickstal; in exchange for these acquisitions, France guaranteed the immense possessions of the House of Austria.

Bonaparte had for a long time meditated the conquest of England. He often said to me, "I want to humble that proud people; I want to bend proud Albion under my yoke; I want to compel her Cabinet to beg peace of me."[1]—He never could pardon the British Government for having refused his proffered alliance. He contrived the plan of sending home to Russia, fully equipped, the

1 His project of a descent upon England was serious. He wrote to me thus:—"I have not assembled 200,000 men on the coast of Boulogne, and expended 80,000,000 francs, merely to amuse the idlers of Paris; but Villeneuve's fleet has deranged everything. In vain has the British Cabinet exerted itself to rekindle the war upon the Continent. The yoke of those islanders will not always be to the taste of other nations. They will grow impatient under English domination. And yet, they excel in everything; they have chalked out for us the road of Revolution; but to me, and to me alone, it belongs to humble England in her turn.—Proud Albion! in time thou wilt be compelled to pass between my Caudine Forks."

prisoners he had taken from her; but he was especially careful to publish to the world that the French prisoners in the hands of the English were kept in a state of the utmost destitution. I observed to him very cautiously that it was unheard-of for a people who called themselves hospitable to dishonour themselves by practices so contrary to the laws of nations. "The Cabinet of St. James," he replied with a smile, "whose hidden schemes I have long divined, has demanded a decision in regard to that; but it will not obtain from me the satisfaction it desires."

Thus he sought, by legitimate means, to satisfy the expectations of all, in consolidating his power. Appointed consul for ten years, the magistracy thus conferred by no means satisfied his ambition; he wished to be consul for life. Nothing in his conduct indicated any intention to part with an authority which he wished to possess without reserve. He received some reproaches from the Court of Spain, which he had drawn into a disastrous war, and, to appease its resentment, he made the Prince of Parma King of Etruria.

On my observing that the whole world would be strangely surprised to see the chief of a republic creating a *sovereign*, he said, "You don't yet see, Josephine, what my plans are—you shall see what the future has in store for me; you know not, my friend, how difficult it is to resist the most attractive of all seductions, supreme power and glory.

"The necessity of securing my person and my power, will, in conjunction with my ambition, determine me hereafter to place upon my head the crown of Charlemagne. I can, when I set myself about it, work wonders. But, meanwhile, I am trying an experiment on the French

nation. I want it to imagine that, in calling the son of Charles IV. to the new kingdom which I have formed in Tuscany, 'tis only to prepare him to receive one day the crown of the Bourbons. Yes, the Prince of Parma will ascend the throne of Etruria as a stepping-stone to the throne of France. The crown of France"—he repeated with enthusiasm—"'tis worthy of me! At my bidding, discord will scatter hatred and division among the partisans of the royal family." Returning from this digression, as if he feared he had gone too far, he added, "Believe me, I shall maintain the new kingdom I have created only so long as it favours my designs" (113).

Surprise, a sad foreboding, seized me on hearing this. But yet everything seemed to encourage Bonaparte's projects. The most friendly relations were established between his Government and the principal Powers of Europe; England and Portugal alone were at war with him. The English public, who studied the character of the First Consul, were full of the idea that he would take some false step; and the celebrated Fox continually represented to those Powers who were now, to all appearance, friendly to Bonaparte, that he would soon afford them an occasion to repossess themselves of whatever they had lost. Such a revolution appeared to Bonaparte impossible. "I will," said he to me, "imitate William, Duke of Normandy; it will not be the first time that England has submitted to the law of the conqueror. For a series of ages she was governed only by foreign dynasties, whose chiefs had successively vanquished her; and I am well aware that, in order to rely, with any safety, upon the conditions imposed upon the vanquished, it is necessary that circumstances should require their peremptory execution."

Spain and Holland had now become subject to the French Government, and were included among the other nations of Europe in computing the enormous sacrifices which were to be exacted from them. Peace at length was concluded, and the arrival of Cardinal Caprara at Paris filled the measure of the public joy. He brought the concordat, signed by his Holiness the Pope (114). The immense power which the First Consul at that time enjoyed was assented to by all in the most flattering and honourable manner. He was now hailed as the restorer of the ancient worship, and on the day the French people celebrated the establishment of the general peace, Bonaparte fully partook of their generous emotions.

For him it was the most delightful of all triumphs, and he said to me, with conscious pride, that there was no public place where his name was not inscribed. "You see," said he, "the people adore me; the courtiers tremble before me; and the factions have ceased to be. Soon will France say of them, 'They have all sunk into nothingness.'"

"You should," said I, "now imitate the example of Augustus. That prince took care to restore plenty in the capital of his empire, and strove to gain the popular favour by means of sports, spectacles and presents, bestowed not with a lavish, but judicious hand."

He condescended to consult me respecting the form of government to be established in St. Domingo, having determined to place General Leclerc at its head. I did not conceal my fear that this fatal step would deprive France of that beautiful colony. "Your brother-in-law," said I, "will never know how to combine the address and vigour which are indispensable to sustain him in so difficult a position. Keep friendship with Toussaint-Louverture (115); he can render you the most useful service in governing

the blacks. The moment you seek to strip him of his authority you make of him an enemy who will have it in his power to do you much mischief; while, on the contrary, by flattering his ambition and preserving to him an honorary title, he will necessarily attach himself to your cause. I know the Americans—flatter them. The negroes have now established their dominion over that colony, and will see, with pain, the sceptre of power pass from the hands of their 'colonel-general.' They will be continually afraid of relapsing into their former slavery, should they be subjected to European laws. Besides, of what can you accuse that black chief? He has ever kept up a correspondence with you; he has done more; he has sent his children to be held by you, in some sort, as hostages. Methinks these are a precious testimony of his devotion to you. You always find motives for opposing my opinion, and I much fear that your numerous family will yet be the source of all your misfortunes."

I could never convince him on this subject. He assured me that Toussaint-Louverture would soon fall into his toils, and that he did not despair of having him brought to France, where a strong citadel should be the pledge of his fidelity.[1]

I was at times so fortunate as to be relieved of the tumult and tedium of political affairs. The Machiavelism

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1 The unfortunate Toussaint-Louverture was persuaded beforehand that Fortune reserved a shameful death for him. In his youth he had been told that in case he went to Europe he would there perish; hence the repugnance he manifested when he went on board of a ship. He was always afraid to get out of sight of Cape Francis. On being told that the First Consul of France wished to see him and to treat him as an equal, as the First Consul of America, "It is all over with me," said he; "I shall never again see my wife and children; the fortune that was told me will be fulfilled."

of Courts, the dulness or the falsehood of most men who managed to gain consideration, became to me insupportable, and I was compelled to adopt a set form of words in my intercourse with them. I often resorted to Malmaison to charm away my leisure hours. For me that had become a kind of enchanted spot, although the air I inhaled there was not so pure as it once had been; the breath of the informers had even there spread its foul miasma, and I soon received an order from my husband to admit no persons to visit me except such as he should designate. How painful was this to such a heart as mine! I must, forsooth, forget the sentiments of gratitude and friendship, as if the memory of those who were dear to me could possibly ever be eradicated from my heart! (116.)

"There are," said Bonaparte, "some nations which, by the genius of a single man, or by mere circumstances, are raised from the bosom of obscurity to glory; but a proud and warlike people, fond of renown and jealous of its fame, can never be beneath its fortune, whatever it may be. Such has been this unique nation, to which I feel myself happy to dictate laws. Her fall will not soon follow her surprising elevation, nor her celebrity be succeeded by a long silence; it seems to me she can never, while she has strength to prevent it, fall into an inferior rank among nations.

"Never can France feel that her glory, her prosperity, or the achievements of her arms, have been an expense to her. During this rapid revolution every day has been marked by a battle, every day has recorded a triumph; it is the calendar of victory. It brings to mind the words of one of our celebrated writers: 'A single people has filled those glorious records with their

toils, their actions, their success; to cite their deeds is to praise heroes.'"[1]

The public feeling having now become tranquil, I seized the occasion to entreat my husband to grant an amnesty to the emigrants. My request was at first rejected, but I renewed it shortly after, and told him frankly that the concordat, having satisfied the timorous consciences which were once afraid of schisms, he ought now to give the same kind of guaranty to the partisans of the monarchy, and prove to them that he was wholly a stranger to the crimes of the Reign of Terror. Such was the effect produced by these remarks upon him that he immediately set about devising measures to ameliorate the condition of the unfortunate outlaws.

Thus were some obstacles removed; yet others remained and seemed insurmountable, and among them were the affairs of St. Domingo, where nothing could overcome or cure the popular madness. When General Leclerc came to take his leave of me at Malmaison, I said to him, "My brother, I part with you with anxiety." The disasters of that expedition, the death of the commanding general, showed how well-founded were my fears.

During the interval between the formation and the rupture of the Treaty of Amiens, Bonaparte, in his intercourse with the members of the tribunate, employed the most efficacious means for reaching the goal of his ambition. He insinuated to them that in decreeing an honourable recompense to the first magistrate of the republic, the national gratitude should not be limited; that he alone had rescued the country from the scourge of war and the most terrible anarchy; in a word, that,

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1 Thomas' "Eulogy."

to recompense his eminent services to France, he ought to be proclaimed First Consul for life.

Soon a deputation came, and announced to him that the whole nation was filled with a sincere desire to give him some shining token of its satisfaction and its good-will. The senate hastened to confirm the resolution of the tribunate; and thus was completed a work of gratitude by a generous people, who now looked upon the permanent tenure of its chief as a recompense worthy of him, because it was an act wholly national.

For form's sake, however, registers were opened to receive the votes of the people, and during the time which elapsed between this and his being proclaimed Dictator for life, Malmaison was filled by a succession of fêtes and pleasures. People here usually conversed about the most important matters, and here Bonaparte tasted whatever of happiness he ever found on earth. That romantic retreat, as he himself often said, elevated his thoughts, and exalted his soul. There he was not disturbed during his moments of reflection. He often told me that the château of the Tuileries afforded him no inspiration; that he could not help feeling shocked, in a manner overawed, on going into the cabinet of the late King. The two other consuls whom he himself had appointed for life, laboured with him daily; they were constantly employed in discussing the great interests of the state.

Less fortunate than Madame de Maintenon, who was permitted to sit in the council of Louis XIV., and raise her voice in favour of the unfortunate, I stayed in my apartment, or was occupied in the saloon in the reception of the generals of the army. I received with marked attention their wives and children (117), and felt confident that I had secured their attachment to my husband's cause.

Alas! in vain do we feel that whatever flatters us ought to be perpetual.

I received the foreign ministers in the same manner, and used my efforts to persuade them that the First Consul, in all his signs, had no other object in view than the good of France. Of many of them I read their most secret thoughts, and the slightest smile upon their lips taught me more of what really passed in their minds than the most formal discourses. A word or a look was instantly seized and interpreted by me; and even Bonaparte, who disbelieved everybody, was often forced to admit that, so just were my ideas, he was afraid to admit me to the least degree of confidence, for fear I might dissuade him from his gigantic undertakings. In this he was certainly right, for I blamed him for seeking to disturb the peace of nations, and especially that of Switzerland (118). I endeavoured to show him how singular and how interesting was the situation of that country in respect to its neighbours — that of enjoying peace, while Europe was in a flame; and that the descendants of William Tell were worthy of the liberty won by their fathers. "I shall," said Bonaparte, "so embroil their affairs, that they will finally address themselves to me. I shall give them a Constitution; I want to be their mediator. What do you say to this fine scheme?"—"This plan," said I, "can only sow discord through that noble and generous nation; but you will be satisfied. Yes, Helvetia will soon see herself torn by intestine commotions. The cantons will not receive you for a protector; you will become irritated, and resolve to speak to them like a master. The Diet will attempt to assemble, and be dissolved by force; great dangers will environ them, but before separating they will publish

their protest against your despotism. You will invade Switzerland, and will not hesitate to listen to the magistrates, who will offer to capitulate upon the ground of the unconditional submission of their whole country; and it will turn out that the Helvetic Council, assembled in the French capital, will submit to your authority. But what will you gain by the struggle? Little real advantage, and only an honorary title! But will future events guarantee the continuance of this foreign alliance? Hear me. You will one day see that people, whose ancestors so boldly defended their liberty against the German Empire, blush at having bowed their necks beneath your yoke, and ally themselves with other nations, who will, perhaps, cause you to repent, but too late, having taken them under your protection" (119).

I reminded him of the inconstancy of fortune. I wished him to grow great by his merits, not by his politics. I saw him sailing upon an agitated sea, surrounded by hidden shoals; his course became crooked and uncertain; he regretted having signed the peace with Europe; he now saw that his relations with England were becoming less friendly.

That Power had been, apparently, anxious to conclude with him a treaty of commerce, and some preliminary notes had passed betwixt them; but England immediately increased her pretensions and rendered such a treaty impossible. Lord Whitworth presented the *ultimatum* of his Court. He was instructed, in case of a refusal, to leave Paris in twenty-four hours. Bonaparte seemed a little surprised at this, and hesitated what course to take. He said to me one evening, "Josephine, I am determined to imprison some seven thousand English in the different cities in France. I will teach these insolent islanders

who are visiting France that they repose in vain upon the faith of treaties and the laws of nations — their Government has obliged me to make reprisals.

"Great Britain would, if she could, conquer the whole world. And it is she who, in the face of Europe, dares accuse me of cherishing the project of getting possession of the whole Continent. She asks me to let her keep Malta for ten years, to take possession of the island of Ampedoce; and that the French troops shall evacuate Belgium. Perfidious Cabinet! Perfidious Ministry! — They demand what it does not and cannot depend on me to grant. I will teach them that they cannot with impunity sport with such a man as I am. I will seize Hanover, and after that blow is struck, who knows where my military skill will stop?"

I listened attentively to this discourse, intermixed as it was with laconic reflections, the scope of which was that the English could do nothing without the powerful intervention of France, and that, whenever he wished, he could make himself master of their maritime commerce. Henceforth he occupied himself exclusively in contriving the best means of effecting a descent upon England. "I will take you to London, madam," said he often; "I intend the wife of the 'modern Cæsar' shall be crowned at Westminster."

The remark is, perhaps, worth making, that at first I regarded this idea of a coronation at Westminster as a joke; but so often did he repeat it that I began to see the bottom of his designs. A rumour was in circulation that the First Consul was intending to have himself elected Emperor of the Gauls; but the story was set afloat by his worst enemies—and, besides, the high title he now bore was every way worthy of the head of the French nation.

On one of those occasions which I knew so well how to take advantage of, I turned the conversation upon that subject, and spoke of it rather jokingly. He made me little or no reply, and seemed to be absorbed in dreamy reflection. On another occasion, when he was in the same mood, he said to me sharply, "*Well! and why should I not be crowned?*" I was, I confess, thunderstruck at this, and could not for some moments make any reply; but becoming calmer, I told him plainly that the project was but a snare his enemies had laid for him.—"Who told you so?" said he, in the same sharp tone; "I will show you the contrary. You know I am the idol of the French; everywhere am I hailed as a guardian god. Of this you must have been convinced since 1802. I am going to recommence my *travels;* but my purpose is to give them a wider range. You shall yourself, madam, see that there remains but one step for me to take, and that I am resolved to take it. Perhaps," added he with a smile, "you will be the first to advise me to it—certainly your good genius will inspire you with some lucky thought." I led him to the portrait of his father, which was hanging up half-concealed. "Look," said I; "that man bore your name; as this picture is hidden away in this dark chamber, so did your father live in peace apart from the noise and strife of the world. You see upon his garb none of the ensigns of power and greatness. The world could say nothing of him, except that '*he was happy*.'"—"What must be done," said Bonaparte, "to become happy?"—"Fly ambition," was my answer; "recall to the supreme power the descendants of your kings, and place them on the throne; then shall you be the first of men, if you shall be able to live independently of them." He threw himself into

my arms, and promised to reflect upon the counsel I had given him. I pressed to my bosom the heart that had never yet had cause to reproach itself with having placed distinction and honour in opposition to the happiness of France; but which, alas! was never to find repose but in the bosom of the earth![1]

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1 I have seen Bonaparte at times when it was impossible for him to dissemble, when he was compelled, on the instant, to avow or disavow sentiments by his actions. His passions were never veiled from me, for I have known him in the secrecy of intimate confidence; and nothing illustrates a man's nature so clearly as the different changes in the fortunes of a party. Would to Heaven his prudence had been equal to his courage; but, alas! one man cannot unite in himself all the virtues; one's virtue shines in the combat, another's in council. My husband really believed himself a universal genius.—NOTE BY JOSEPHINE.

## CHAPTER XIX

Bonaparte now put in execution the intention he had formed of visiting the departments. He commenced by visiting the battle-field of Ivry. "There," said he, pointing it out to me, "there is the plain where a man, truly worthy of being the King of France, subdued, like a kind father, his rebellious subjects. I think I should not have waited so long as he did to make myself master of the capital. I should have preferred to be fed by the besieged, rather than to feed them. It would be an honour, no doubt, to resemble Henry IV.; but I cannot think of imitating his example during every period of his reign."—"You will never have a Duke de Sully," I replied; "the Bearnais had a true friend in that virtuous Mentor; he never blushed to listen to his sage counsels, or to follow them on almost all occasions. Will the impetuous Napoleon ever meet with ministers equally enlightened and equally honest—especially if his first care is to throw among them an apple of discord? The choice of a friend will be, perhaps, still more difficult; but it will be to me a pleasure, at all times, to endeavour to supply the place of one."

We continued our route through Evreaux, Louviers, Rouen and Caudebec. "Here," said Bonaparte to his officers, as he showed them Ivetot, "here was once a famous kingdom. I can now scarcely distinguish it upon the map." He was quite humorous on the subject of the great power the lord paramount must have possessed. I observed that the lord paramount was, perhaps, happier

than he; to which he replied, in the words of Cæsar, "I would rather be the first in a village than the second in Paris."

We pursued our journey without stopping. Suddenly the wind changed, the skies became overcast and foreboded a storm; the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, and the heavens were in commotion. Our horses took fright; one of them in falling trod on the feet of one of our guides. This accident gave me much pain. Alas! how quickly do such accidents, in the contemplation of a feeling heart, bring together the most remote conditions of human life. We cannot but recognise, in the victim of a lamentable accident, a being equal to ourselves in respect to all the vicissitudes of life. We feel then that the least of mortals is our fellow. I directed him to be carried to a neighbouring house, and all proper care to be taken of him. I learned soon after that he had recovered from his wounds.

The rain began to fall, and our men looked about them for some hospitable tree under which we might take shelter. They perceived, at the foot of a mountain, some houses, situated in an enclosure. At the entrance of a hamlet upon the slope of a hill, around the foot of which a limpid stream wound its serpentine course, we descried a sort of colonnade formed by the trunks of trees, which overhung the abode of a humble peasant. We followed a narrow footpath which led round a house whose glazed windows were cut facet-wise. An old man was sitting at the entrance of his cabin, with his arms crossed upon his breast, and apparently in profound meditation.—"Plain and virtuous old man," murmured Bonaparte, "thou enjoyest peace under thy roof; remorse, suspicions, the projects of ambition, trouble not thy delicious simplicity—'tis the

simplicity of innocence and goodness." The master of this humble dwelling showed us into a perfectly neat room, where the villagers were wont, during the hot summer months, to enjoy the refreshing air. Immediately behind it, stood an ancient castle in ruins. The surrounding hill-tops were crowned with aged oaks, which seemed suspended from the lofty pinnacles—lovely scene of tranquillity and happiness.

After sitting a moment, the consul turned towards the old man, who seemed to be unquiet. "What do you desire, my good old man?" said he; "speak freely."—"Citizen," said he, "citizen, you see here my garden, my wife, my daughter-in-law; but my grandson is not here" (and he turned his hat over and over). "Alas! ambition spurred him on, as it has so many others, and he followed a great man to the wars. Charles never thought of becoming equal to his master, but he was disposed to serve him faithfully. During his march, he was arrested for an act of insubordination; he is to be tried by court-martial, and this beloved child, citizen, the prop of my old age, my sole remaining hope, must sink under the sentence of condemnation, leaving us nothing but despair and disgrace! I know the rigour of our military laws. I myself, *mon officier*," said he, raising his voice, "I myself, at Fontenoy, was guilty of disobeying orders. I passed our lines without permission from my superiors. I wanted to chastise three Englishmen who, from the top of the redoubts, insulted me and my brave comrades. 'You French dogs,' said they continually, 'we will flog you—we will flog you.' A council of war condemned me to have my head broken for the crime of desertion.

"On my way to the place of execution, I saw the Duke of Richelieu passing by, and said to him, 'My

general, I die contented—I have made several of our cowardly foes bite the dust; the honour of a Frenchman required it.'

"This exclamation so pleased the maréchal that he reported it to Louis XV., who was in our ranks, and the beloved monarch granted me a pardon, and did me the honour to attach me to his august person, as one of his guard."

"My friend," said Bonaparte, "every soldier must obey; without subordination, what would become of our armies? The soldier who runs away is unworthy of his colours, and ought to be punished. Examples are necessary to restrain mutineers." At these words the old man trembled in every joint; to him it seemed the voice of the accusing angel; and as though it had been the day of doom, he stood awaiting his terrible sentence.

The father of Charles was kneeling before a badly executed plaster bust of the First Consul, weeping, beating his breast, and tearing his hair. "No, citizen," said he to my husband, sobbing, "I will not leave thee till thou hast promised me thine intercession, in favour of my child, with him whose image thou seest here!" Bonaparte was really affected by this touching scene.

The unhappy father fell almost senseless at our feet. In vain did we endeavour to console him; he became cold, almost inanimate; for some time we thought him struck with death, and had him removed to a lower room in the house. As to the aged grandfather, his reason seemed, for a moment, to wander; he broke in pieces the bust of the consul, and tore up a petition he had hastily prepared. Wringing his hands in agony, unable to utter a word, he showed us by mute signs that he despaired of surviving the loss of his grandson. One

of the sisters of the condemned soldier entreated us to intercede on behalf of her brother, and addressed me these few words, not knowing to whom she spoke: "People say that Madame Bonaparte is so kind, so indulgent, that her husband never refuses her anything she asks."

"You are right," replied the consul, with a smile; "she manages so well that her advice is always followed, especially if its object is to save some one who is unfortunate. You cannot do better than to pronounce the name of Josephine, for it will secure the pardon of your brother. Nay, I will myself solicit Bonaparte in his favour, and endeavour to have him enter the Consular Guard."

He left with the family some tokens of his munificence. I placed upon the finger of the young suppliant an enamelled ring, and assured her it was a remembrancer that would secure to her a dowry on her marriage. "And, for my part," said my husband, "I will give Charles his first pair of epaulets; he shall receive them upon the field of battle, as a reward of his bravery." These honest villagers knew not who we were.

But now the sound of the village bells struck our ears, and the mayor, at the head of a deputation from his commune, was making preparations to inflict upon us a tedious harangue. "Let us save ourselves speedily," said I to Bonaparte; "the First Consul of the republic ought to shun all the displays of gratitude on the part of those whom he has rendered happy."

He rose and left the cabin; I followed after him. We stopped a moment to take breath on the summit of a high hill which was crossed by the road, and then directed our course towards a city which we saw before us. It could

be distinguished from the sea by the foam of the waves that dashed upon its shores. We had only got half way there, when the storm overtook us again in the midst of a plain. At a short distance from us, the lightning struck the hut of a herdsman, who had established himself with his cattle in this solitary place. The consternation was general; the "*Petit Pierre*" was struck with lightning; we sent him some money, and the people from a neighbouring farm came to the assistance of the wounded man. We continued our route to Havre. Bonaparte wished to inspect the port. He made some seductive promises to the inhabitants, and distributed his gold with dignity. Next, we passed Fêcamp, Dieppe and Gisors, and, when I least expected it, my husband informed me that he was taking me to Belgium. He well knew he should here find numerous partisans, and hastened to meet them. His entry into the Low Countries seemed a real triumph. Next to him, his wife necessarily became the object of public fêtes.

The most distinguished personages were, one after another, presented to us. The most of them were the same men who had fomented the revolt against Austria. The Belgians had now thrown themselves into the arms of the French revolutionists, who had no God, and had prostrated themselves before all the idols to which those men had successively sacrificed. They had, likewise, submitted to the famous general who had invaded the estates of the Pope, plundered the chapel of the Casa Santa, and concluded with the Holy Father a concordat in which he had inserted a great many pretended organic articles secretly tending to undermine the papal power (120).

I laughed at this strange association, and still more at the insipid harangues to which Bonaparte felt it his duty

to listen, and to which he was constrained to respond; for he treated all these speeches as the voluntary offerings of hearts which had espoused his cause.

But, for my part, I thought very differently of them. The Belgians appeared to me to be inconstant in their affections. They are fond of changing masters. And yet it is true that the fertility of their country affords their rulers considerable advantages. They would, were it possible, consent, by means of a tribute, to number among their allies a Power sufficiently imposing to protect and defend them; but never to have a prince who should claim to be their master. Such was my opinion respecting that nation.

"And yet they are among the best people I have met with," I said, laughingly, to Bonaparte. "Well, if you are seized with a fantasy of reigning, endeavour at least to reign over a fertile country, and over men as sensible and as generous as the Brabançons. Possessing the character I know them to possess, you will profit by their wealth, and know how to repress their spirit of rebellion. You must subdue their chiefs by holding out a brilliant prospect of protection from France."

These ideas struck him with surprise, but he finally admitted them to be just.

We spent some time in viewing the fine scenery, which attracted our admiration. Everywhere we met with comfort, and left liberal proofs of our generosity. The consul was affable and insinuating in his manners, and the officers who accompanied him were agreeably surprised at it.

Having returned to Paris, he pretended still to caress the idea of a descent upon England. He thought to dazzle the enemy by his splendid preparations. For this purpose he directed the building of an immense number of flat-

bottomed boats, which were to be collected together at Boulogne. He then transferred his head-quarters to that city, in order to superintend, in person, the embarkation of the troops.

For many days there was nothing but fêtes and rejoicings. He wished it to be credited, from pole to pole, that an invasion would take place, and encouraged all those who offered to spread the news. The biscuit was already put on board; the horses were embarked; the army covered the beach; and a forest of masts seemed to rise from the waves and extend itself to Dover.

The plan of the consul was to publish it abroad that he was going to effectuate his designs upon Ireland.

In the midst of these great events, which seemed to portend an interminable war, he ordered Fouché to circulate a report that he was about to go to Ostend, and pay a visit to the United Provinces. His flotilla was immense, and, to please one of his sisters, we had the novelty of a sham-fight at sea. But while he thus held everybody on tiptoe, he suddenly appeared at Malmaison, where his unexpected arrival occasioned profound reflections. He despatched an order to the minister of police, enjoining upon him to make a profit of the public curiosity; to give out that the French Government had used all its efforts to bring about a peace with the British Cabinet; that, till now, peace had been the object of his most ardent wishes; that he had neglected nothing to procure its benefits to the nation he represented; but that the head of the Government, indignant at so much useless delay, had commanded new battles to be fought. "His native foresight," responded the people, with admiration, "was quick and just—for rumour proclaims that General Augereau has already invaded Ireland, and that probably the national colours are now floating upon the

towers of Dublin." Thus did the secret agents of the man whom it seemed impossible to resist express themselves; and thus did he manage to escape the observation of his own ministers, and to hide his own secrets from their curiosity.

As has been seen, I used all my endeavours to inspire Bonaparte with the desire to recall the Bourbons. "Why," said he "do you wish me to restore to them a crown which I am almost certain of preserving for myself?" Every time I recalled the subject to him he had some new reason for opposing me. Still, I affirmed that all the royalists had their eyes fixed upon him, and that they all regarded him as a liberator. He replied with coldness, "I shall soon dissipate their enthusiasm in a manner that will no longer leave any veil upon my purposes." When in my presence he affected a perfect unconcern, and yet I often came upon him suddenly and found him in a state of sombre agitation; this state of mind was not usual with him. I often said to him, "When we are in the enjoyment of a great felicity we are apt to forget that time, enveloped in events which are concealed from our view, may, in a single day, extinguish the happiness of our lives. How happens it that you are pleased with following a dangerous road? You stand in need of a guide, and 'tis I who claim the privilege of being your guide." He would answer in a sort of frenzy—

"Of what use are the counsels of a woman to me?"

"But if that woman be your wife and your best friend?"

"That furnishes an additional reason why I should conceal my purposes from her."[1]

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1 Fulvius, one of the friends of Augustus, one day heard that prince, now become old, deploring the losses which had occurred in his family. He said that two of his grandsons were dead, that

What, then, were those new designs which I had not the art to penetrate? what was he about to attempt? I fell into a train of the most gloomy reflections. I was surprised by this new kind of policy which Bonaparte had adopted; alas! I was far from seeing what a mighty career he had resolved to run.

Never at the Tuileries was the name of the Duke d'Enghien pronounced, although the memory of Louis XVI. was there held in singular veneration, and the picture of the unfortunate king adorned one of the apartments of Malmaison. Bonaparte would sometimes stop and gaze at it as he passed it by. Speaking of the late king, he said, "I pity him!—he deserved a better fate. Why did he not mount on horseback on the 10th of August? He had cannon; he had good troops who were faithful to him. The National Guard of several of the districts were admirable. With those powerful auxiliaries he might have crushed the rabble without

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Posthumus, the only one of them remaining, was living in exile, a victim of calumny, and that he now saw himself forced to call to the succession the son of his wife. Pitying the lot of Posthumus, he seemed inclined to recall him from banishment. Fulvius related this conversation to his wife, who related it to the Empress. The latter complained bitterly about it to Augustus, saying that, instead of recalling his grandson, as he had long thought of doing, he had made her hated by *him whom he had destined to the empire*. The next morning Fulvius came, according to his custom, to salute the Emperor and bid him good morrow, when the latter replied, "I wish you were a wiser man." Fulvius understood his meaning, and returning immediately home, said to his wife, "The Emperor knows that I have betrayed his secret, and I am going to put myself to death."—"You will but do an act of justice," replied his wife; "for so long have we lived together that you ought to have known me, and to have been on your guard against my weakness—but it is my duty to die first;" and she took her husband's sword and was the first to kill herself.—*Plutarch*.

pity." Then, rubbing his hands, he added, "*Had I been King of France at that time, I should have been so still.*"[1]

Thus, far from failing in respect towards his king, my husband always awarded to him a just tribute of praise for his intelligence and his virtues. If he seemed to forget the benefits he had in his youth received through his means, it was because he supposed himself beholden for them to the state, and not to individual munificence. He did not, like many others, make a parade of his joy at seeing the Revolution perpetuate the woes of the descendants of Henry IV. He said, with evident feeling, "that the death of Louis XVI. greatly affected him; that if the nation had, at that sad epoch, entrusted him with the same power that he then possessed, the virtuous descendant of St. Louis would have been living still, for the good of the people and the prosperity of France."

Such was Bonaparte. Capable of the most generous actions, his soul shone out with the radiance of true greatness and independence. You had, however, to avail yourself of his first impulse—the first movement of his heart. The moment reflection resumed its sway, he was no longer the same man. Without asking for counsel, he received it readily and kindly. He wanted no Mentor, and yet nothing was easier than to make him come to

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1 In vain would the hapless monarch have smitten the rebels. It was no longer time for that. Louis XVI., as one of our publicists has said, was dethroned before he became king. At that fatal epoch of our Revolution, the virtuous prince could not make himself respected, nor do the good he would to his country. And he used to repeat, in bitterness of soul, the saying—"A king can only do the good which he has at heart when he has the necessary authority. But if he be trammelled in his operations, he does more hurt than good."

a resolution. Whatever tended to his glory, whatever flattered his ambition, whatever made known to him his enemies, so electrified him that he instantly seized upon it as an occasion of showing himself an extraordinary man. In making his *début* in politics, he committed some errors. He imagined that at a single blow he could crush the most powerful political sect; on the contrary, he multiplied it. France believed that in Bonaparte she had a protecting genius, but found in him only a warrior maddened by a thirst for despotic power. In attempting to intimidate the royalists, he separated them from his cause. By according special favours to the Jacobins, he incurred the contempt of most of them. And there remained to him only that class of men who know how alternately to flatter and betray the same person, according to the position he happens to hold — those political serpents who wore every kind of mask by turns, and who were seen at every epoch disguising themselves according to circumstances. Such individuals were the only persons who could never in my eyes find any lawful excuse. With my accustomed frankness, I told these chameleon-like gentlemen, who professed to approve of the government of the First Consul—"I have seen you by turns burn incense to the revolutionary executive committees, and to the Directory. To-day you are cringing at my husband's feet. Begone! I supremely detest men of three faces." The more I learned how to enlist partisans for Bonaparte, the more did I distrust those who at this period surrounded him. The French Revolution, like a new sun in the firmament, had so dazzled and turned their brains, that they could see no beauty, grandeur nor truth in anything but philosophy, and to that they clung.

I one day asked Fouché, whom I often saw at Malmaison, what was the occasion of his frequent nocturnal visits. The minister seemed embarrassed; he knew not how to answer me. I did not insist, but soon succeeded in finding out partially what I wanted to know. A despatch which I chanced to find lying on Bonaparte's bureau, signed by the minister of justice, put me in possession of important information. I discovered that a new plan of conspiracy had been made known to the First Consul, and that a person named Quarelle, who had been condemned to death, and was about to be executed, had petitioned to be pardoned, promising, at the same time, to make some important revelations. He gave out that the plan was to re-establish the Bourbons upon the throne, and to restore vigour to the ancient government. This was enough to awaken the activity of a police which had, from necessity, become dark and sly in its movements. I did not hint that I was almost initiated into this mystery, but for some days let Bonaparte float on from one uncertainty to another.

He preferred to be alone in his cabinet the principal part of the time, though he loved to show himself in public at the Tuileries. He there passed frequent reviews of his troops on the spot he had embellished, and, after they were over, received in a dignified manner the foreign ambassadors and other persons who were presented to him; but scarcely would these ceremonies be over than he would hasten away to Malmaison. There the idlers from Paris daily assembled in great numbers; but he absolutely refused to see any but the generals, or persons attached to his service. Couriers came and went at all times of the day, and despatches succeeded each other with rapidity. At length I learned from Murat

that our frontiers were still menaced, and that a great number of emigrants had landed on our coast. Everyone talked about this unexpected demonstration, and spread all kinds of tales through the capital, with the air of mystery which arouses while it piques curiosity. Fame's hundred tongues, so often filled with falsehood, soon circulated the news that a prince of the House of Bourbon would do the emigrants, who had lately landed, the honour of placing himself at their head.

At this time the wisdom and firmness of the Consular Government threw a lustre on the name of its chief. His numerous victories, the prosperity of the nation, and its continually increasing domains, the admiration of the French for the young hero who held the reins of government, all seemed to promise him a continuance of the popular gratitude and homage; and yet there were those who then were seeking to overthrow him. "Great storms," said his friends, "are rarely followed by a perfect calm." The conspirators were the more dangerous that they assembled and carried on their plots in darkness. But orders were promptly given to visit upon their heads the consequences of their crimes. Veteran soldiers were sent forthwith to secure their persons, conduct them to Paris, and subject them to be judged according to law.

Soon after this it was announced to my husband that General Moreau was arrested, as well as several officers of the so-called *royal* army. Bonaparte had a long conference with Regnier, his grand judge. He ordered him to make a prompt report to the legislative body and to the tribunal, upon this important capture, and to place great stress upon the reconciliation which seemed to subsist between the informer and the accused (121).

The most of the generals were envious of the celebrity of these two chiefs, who had carried the glory of the French name to the extremities of Europe. Moreau had shown that he knew how to conquer, and still spare the blood of his enemies. An effort was made, which seemed likely to be successful, to throw his merits into the shade. A spy, decorated with the title of an *honest man*, came regularly to Fouché, and gave an account of all that was said or done at the hotel of the modest Moreau. He permitted himself to put the most unfavourable interpretation upon certain innocent railleries which passed at a dinner-table at which he was a guest; and the consul, who affected to be superior to every human weakness, took great umbrage at them. He was, moreover, afraid of the influence of this great captain, and this was enough to determine him to resort to the tribunals. Had the letter which I wrote to Moreau been faithfully delivered to him, I should have succeeded in inducing Bonaparte to listen to his justification; but how could I succeed in this while I was ignorant that the very messenger I had employed was a traitor? My husband expressed the utmost indignation at what he called my mad enterprise. He showed me the very letter I had written to Moreau, and in which I remarked to him that a great man like him had nothing to fear; that the First Consul could not but pardon him, and that he ought to solicit the favour of a private interview with his successful rival. Antony and Cæsar, two famous foes, were, at length, reconciled, and enjoyed each other's esteem. The present circumstances were similar. I presumed to ask my husband, trembling, what would be his determination as to the fate of that unfortunate general. He replied, gloomily, "*Death*, or perpetual imprisonment."—"Ah!"

said I, "by what right would you deprive your fellow of his life? Do you think that because you are sheltered from human laws you will be able to escape those of the Deity? Do you believe that God will neglect to ask of you an account of the precious blood you are about to shed?"

"I have," said he, "a right to do as I please with those whom I govern."

"It is true," I replied, "that, according to the code of monarchs, you can do no wrong, nor act otherwise than in accordance with the interests of the people, your subjects. Should Pichegru be arrested, would you send him, also, to the scaffold? Remember, my friend, those two brave men were before you in the career upon which you have thrown so much lustre. In the eyes of sensible men, your sole merit consists in being more lucky than they. Have you not fought under the same banner, and, in turn, conquered the same enemies? A warrior like you should present them, with one hand, the olive branch of peace, and, with the other, return to them the sword."[1]

These words made him dumb; he cast a look upon me which showed how horrible was the commotion that reigned within. His heart was touched, and he would then, perhaps, have granted a pardon had not his ambition, excited by the Sejani who surrounded him, carried him to extremes. He could brave anything.

Thus, for several days, a spirit of discord reigned betwixt us, and our conversations became more and

1 And yet there is not the slightest doubt of the guilt of both those generals. Moreau afterwards served the allies with Russian epaulets on his shoulders, and was killed at the battle of Dresden, while by the side of the Emperor Alexander; a tolerable proof that Napoleon was in the right in regard to him.—TRANSLATOR.

more embittered by the same subject of dispute. Although Bonaparte in public ever observed a proper respect for me, yet in private our attachment was far from being what it had been. And yet I was the first to bring about a meeting. I had enquired of Fouché respecting this conspiracy.[1] "Nothing," said he, "shows that any scheme has been formed to assassinate the First Consul. All that appears certain is that several of these conspirators have formed the design of dressing themselves in the uniform of guides, and by means of this disguise to seize him either at Malmaison, on a hunting party, or on a journey, and to carry him to England. Don't be alarmed, madam; the invincible Bonaparte has nothing to fear from these conspirators."

The particularity of these details made me attentive to whatever was passing around my husband. His reserve towards me had become extreme, and his conduct artificial. He was always anxious to act as mediator among his rivals, towards whom he observed, outwardly, the forms of friendship and esteem, whilst the agents of his power fomented divisions amongst them, the better to effect their ruin. I continued my observations, noting, with scrupulous care, every smile among the courtiers whom Bonaparte admitted to his intimacy. I was no longer the depository of his confidence. I had spoken to him the language of feeling, and had interceded in favour of those who had prepared the brilliant destinies of France. This was enough to render me the object of his dislike.

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1 To *assassinate* Bonaparte in the street, under the ridiculous pretence of making *war* upon him. It was composed of royalists paid by the British ministry. Moreau was undoubtedly in its secrets, and ready to declare himself the moment of its first success. Never, perhaps, was traitor more justly punished.—TRANSLATOR.

Unhappily, a letter was written to him from Stuttgart, that the Duke d'Enghien had called in question his military reputation, and denied him the qualities of a great captain. He himself, on the contrary, was persuaded that his glory was not due to the merits of his generals, and that it was his presence alone that electrified the courage of the army.

He could not pardon the grandson of the great Condé for the irony and ridicule which he had cast upon him.

The stratagem was cunningly managed by the enemies of the consulate. But the duke was, in reality, a great admirer of Bonaparte, whom certain persons took great care to exasperate by their insidious reports. From this time did the chief of a warlike nation conceive a guilty design, and, in a moment of wrath, he swore to execute it. His flatterers, as base as they were cowardly, dared counsel him to order the death of a new Germanicus.

He hesitated long to strike the blow. "It is," said he to Murat, "a personal insult to me. I would willingly fight the prince, and believe him a brave man." Such was the struggle of feeling within him that for several days he scarcely showed himself to his courtiers.

My surprise and grief were extreme on learning from Duroc[1] that the Duke d'Enghien was a prisoner in the dungeon of Vincennes (122).

My first emotion was fright, but it was succeeded by indignation. I hesitated to give any credence to the report, which, alas! turned out to be too true. Certainly, those who contributed to this shocking crime—which, *par excellence*, they call a stroke of policy—were doubly guilty.

1 A distinguished general, who afterwards became grand marshal of the palace.

I here affirm, in all the sincerity of my heart, that the moment Bonaparte had heard of the prince's arrival, and was informed of his anxious desire to speak to him, he felt the utmost concern. "What hinders me," said he to Murat, "from gratifying his wish?"—and added, a moment after, "I will go to Vincennes."

The mute play of Murat's features showed that he disapproved of this sublime impulse. It made such an impression upon Bonaparte that he quickly repented himself of this impulse of sensibility. "No," said he, "I cannot see him without pardoning him. But who knows? Yes, 'tis better not to be seen there."

A vile courtier, who was standing by his side, instantly chilled all his impulses of humanity by telling him that "*the French princes who had taken refuge in England had long been seeking to recover the sceptre of St. Louis*," a remark which produced upon him a terrible impression. The homicidal words aroused him from the drowsy melancholy into which he seemed to have sunk. "Ah!" answered he, "the Bourbons think to overthrow my power! Folly! I will soon show them their servants are but fools!" After this it was impossible to approach him. He looked at his watch every moment. I observed he was in a state of the utmost agitation; he walked to and fro with a step so rapid that he seemed to run from one apartment to another.

His situation at this time presented the picture of a man animated by the fatal hope of doing a criminal act. I asked him what was the cause of his inquietude, but he gave me no answer. After some moments of silence, he said, "You will soon know, madam; but, on many accounts, I could wish you might remain for ever ignorant of it. Pity me, pity me, Josephine" (he laid great stress

upon these words); "I wish to spare myself inevitable regrets. Would that I could revoke my orders! but there is not time."

The clouds that covered his features could not conceal the pangs which rent his soul. He sighed and seemed not inaccessible to remorse. And, immediately on seeing Cambacérès, for whom he had sent, he seemed to repent of his half-formed resolution. My husband made a sign, and I retired. I had retreated but a few steps, when the conversation began to be very warm. The Second Consul (Cambacérès) told him the condemnation of the Duke d'Enghien would incense all France against him.

"Sir," said Bonaparte, in reply, "when I permitted the Elector of Baden to let the prince reside in his territory, it was with a hope and a motive for the future. I let the descendant of the Condés establish himself in that place that I might keep my eye on him, and have him in my power, whenever I should need him. Why talk of neutrality? Sir, no country which conceals and harbours a great enemy can be regarded as neutral by the nation whose interest is most concerned in his seizure. The danger in such a case justifies the violation of territory." This language seemed to silence Cambacérès, though he still repeated to him, "'Tis an attempt which honour, justice, the laws of nations, and even policy forbid."

While leaving the First Consul's apartment, he gave me a hint (for I waited in a sort of an ambuscade) not to mention the conversation to anyone. He said to me with a serious air, "Madam, you must unite your efforts with mine to save your husband. He is about to commit an act unworthy of himself, and which he will repent of hereafter." He then related to me all the details of the horrible manœuvre which certain wretches had plotted

in order to assure themselves of the person of the Duke d'Enghien, as well as that of Gustavus Adolphus, who was supposed to be with him.

I invoked the God of vengeance to exterminate, with His bolts, the guilty wretches! I addressed to Heaven the most fervent appeals to save the prince. I resolved to make a last effort in his favour, but knew not what other means I could employ. To enter Bonaparte's room by any kind of stealth was impossible; he had ordered that nobody on earth, whoever it might be, should pass into his cabinet. And, notwithstanding this peremptory order, I ventured to undertake it. On hearing the first word I uttered, he rose to shut the door upon me, which I had but just slightly opened. "Ah!" said I, "the design you have formed was suggested by two traitors; I know them well. The certainty which you now have that I am fully apprised of it renders your position more painful perhaps."—"This language, madam," said he, "is too offensive to be calmly listened to; retire, madam, to your apartment."

In the trying situation I was now in, my only remaining recourse was to Bonaparte's family.

Madame Letitia and one of his sisters came to see me as soon as they heard of my deep affliction. A confidential *billet*, which I had sent to them by one of my women (in order to avoid suspicion), had informed them not only of the fact that the prince had arrived at Vincennes, but also of the bloody tragedy that was preparing to be enacted there. We resolved to seize the first favourable moment to present ourselves personally to the consul. Murat himself seemed overwhelmed with alarm, and it would then have been difficult, indeed, to recognise in him the faithless counsellor. "Go in,

general," said Fouché to him, on coming out of Bonaparte's cabinet, "go, dare present yourself before him; you will be well received."—"What is the cause of his rage?" said Madame Letitia, with an air of deep concern. "I do not know," replied Fouché, with a constrained smile, "but he has certainly fallen into a terrible fit of anger;" and the prudent minister of police quickly got into his carriage, and drove off from the château of the Tuileries. Still, I entertained a hope; I hoped that my husband would be disarmed of his purpose on seeing his victim. I wanted to bring them into each other's presence. I knew Bonaparte, and I knew he could never resist such a scene. On the other hand, I was well aware that such a meeting would be formally opposed by the members of the military commission, who were to assemble to try the duke. But I strangely mistook his intentions, and especially those of certain persons who surrounded him.

Officers with despatches were every moment passing by us. To one of them I put a question; he merely answered that he had just come from the principal officers of the place.

The bell had hardly sounded the hour of eleven at night, when Bonaparte, accompanied by Murat and several other generals, came out of his apartment. His mother appeared to disapprove the project of her son. She said to me in a low tone, "I will try to change his mind; try to do the same yourself." The consul's step seemed hesitating, feeble; he reeled as he went, and was heard to say to himself, "*He will be condemned in a moment!*"

O heavens! what images presented themselves to our minds. We all knew the character of the man whose mercy we were about to implore. We threw ourselves at his feet, and bathed his hands with our tears, begging

him, at least, to put off to some future time the death of the prince. My daughter, who was now with us, told him several times that, by giving the Duke d'Enghien his liberty, he would cover himself with glory and acquire a most valuable friend. All was useless; he rejected our prayers, and the evil genius which then governed the great man rendered him immovable in a transaction into which he had been drawn by others, and in some sort against his will. He begged us, in the most expressive tone, to withdraw; and while we, judging from the excess of his emotions, supposed he was about to yield to our entreaties and our tears, he walked hastily from the part of the room where we were standing. We soon redoubled our entreaties, and his mother addressed him in these words: "You will be the first to fall into the pit you are now digging beneath the feet of your relations."

I was no longer afraid to renew my efforts upon him. I depicted to him, in the most glowing colours, the transports of a deeply afflicted heart on being released from impending destruction, and what would be the depth of his own sorrow and repentance should he persist in executing so odious a scheme; and said to him, "Had the prince been made a prisoner in France, perhaps, by your inflexible laws, he would be worthy of death; but he was at Ettenheim, and under the special protection of the Elector of Baden. That Power must disapprove your culpable infraction of treaties binding upon nations. Certainly its Government was bound to extend its hospitality to this unfortunate Frenchman. It did not do so without your consent, and the duke did not, therefore, infringe the convention which you yourself recognised. And, although your word should be inviolable, the grandson of the great Condé has been dragged from a country

which he had a right to regard as his asylum. What, henceforth, will the partisans of the First Consul say? They will say that Bonaparte has, in sacrificing a member of the Bourbon race, shown that he is about to open for himself a way to the throne of Louis XVI. Long ago, O my husband, have I divined your secret intentions on this subject, and would that I could to-day bring you to share the sorrows which afflict me; but 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain!

"The blood of the Duke d'Enghien will be upon your head! What did I say? On the head of those men who are perfidious enough to advise you to tarnish your own glory!" and at the same time I cast a look of contempt upon several of those who were standing by him. I saw their countenances change to the paleness of death; but immediately recovering their accustomed audacity, they showed me the barbarous order which was to deprive France of one of its noblest and most illustrious supporters.[1]

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1 While Bernadotte was minister of war, the Duke d'Enghien came secretly to Paris; it was during the summer of 1799, and while Bonaparte was in Egypt. The republican government had but little strength, and the Bourbon party hoped to effect a prompt rising in their favour.

All eyes were then turned towards Bernadotte, as well on account of his renown as his quick decision in circumstances of danger—which is a characteristic we find in all men destined to act an important part. The Duke d'Enghien, by means of a mutual friend, informed Bernadotte where his residence was in Paris, and at the same time offered him the sword of the High Constable of France if he would consent to re-establish the Bourbons on the throne. "I cannot serve their cause," answered Bernadotte; "my honour binds me to the will of the French nation—but as a man, a descendant of the great Condé, has confided his safety to me, no harm shall befall him. Let the Duke d'Enghien then leave France immediately, for in three days his secret will no longer be mine; I shall owe it

"I am conspired against on all sides," said Bonaparte; "I am watched continually by spies—perhaps I am now on the very eve of being victimised by some of their infamous plots—and you ask me to temporise! No! I will prove, in the face of France, that I will never play the part of Monk; 'tis wrong to impute such an idea to me. 'Tis my duty to give to the men of the Revolution a pledge which will satisfy them that I will never overthrow the edifice whose foundations they have laid, and which it is my pleasure to finish. I owe them this assurance; it is necessary to their security; and I have this day given it to them by offering them the head of the last of the Condés."[1]

A few minutes passed, and two superior officers presented themselves: "I intrust these ladies" (meaning his mother and sister) "to your care. Order the neces-

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to my country." 'Twas thus that a truly magnanimous heart found means to reconcile duties apparently the most opposite.—"*Mém. pour servir à l'histoire de Charles XIV. Jean, Roi de Suède et de Norwège.*"

1 When the head of Pompey the Great was presented to Cæsar, he turned away his face and shed tears. I confess, Bonaparte scarcely restrained his own when he read the letter which the Duke d'Enghien wrote him only an hour before his death (that letter was not delivered to him until six hours after the prince was executed). His first emotion was that of surprise—the next, of grief. "I should," he said to me, "have pardoned him, and his death is the work of —— He has rendered himself criminal in my eyes, and in those of posterity, by concealing from me the last wishes of his old master." After a moment of reflection, he said, "Such and such men" (withholding their names) "are guilty. They might have prevented my signing that illegal order, which must necessarily render me odious to France, and in my opinion tarnish my memory. But the C. D. M. S. have destroyed me. I was greatly mistaken in hoping to find a Sully among the number of those courtiers. Their souls, petrified by hate and ingratitude, can only animate the body of a *Philippe de Commine*, and I have unluckily met with such a character among them."—NOTE BY JOSEPHINE.

sary riders to follow our carriages." I heard no more. The moment the words "council of war," assembled to try an illustrious emigrant, struck my ear, I fell down senseless. But recovering from the shock, I again threw myself at Bonaparte's feet—I embraced his knees, and covered them with my tears. "I will not," cried I, "I will not leave you until you have pronounced the pardon of the Duke d'Enghien." "Pardon! pardon!" was my continued ejaculation. "But what do I say? Of what crime is the prince guilty whose life I ask you to save? Alas! my friend, I conjure you, for the sake of yourself and of your own glory, abstain from consummating so great an outrage; hasten to revoke your orders. There is nothing so much charms Frenchmen as generosity; there is no virtue they admire and cherish so much as clemency, for it is by preserving the lives of men that man most likens himself to the Deity. The greatest event in your life will be the having it in your power to save a Darius; the most lovely trait in your character, the will to do so. Think, Bonaparte; reflect, O my friend, reflect that by pardoning this Frenchman, who was so unfortunate as to be born near a throne, you give him to your family, to your wife, to all who feel an interest in the fate of the descendant of the greatest of heroes." He wanted to get rid of me, to withdraw himself from my earnest entreaties; but in vain. I held him so firmly in my embrace that all his efforts to escape were for a long time fruitless; the more he tried to thrust me off, the more firmly did my arms grasp him. I fastened myself to his person, and in that attitude passed through two of the apartments, walking on my knees and clinging to him; he, meanwhile, struggling to disengage himself from me. But, alas! my strength was soon exhausted. He took

advantage of it to relax my hold; he escaped, shut himself up alone, and left me to the care of my daughter, and to the unspeakable pain of having found him inexorable.

The hours passed on; the one designated for the death of the prince approached. When the fatal sentence of the military court was submitted to him, this man whom his flatterers had surnamed "the Intrepid," was filled with emotion, under the conviction that it was *necessary* for him to sign it. In vain did he attempt to hide from himself the consequences; that illusion had vanished. During that fatal night he dreamed of returning from the castle of Vincennes; I heard him several times cry out involuntarily, "If there is still time, save the Duke d'Enghien. But, then, shall I call that young prince to act a part on the world's stage, or shall I leave him to his own impulses—to end his life as he has begun it, in the modest practice of the private virtues, in the exercise of generous actions, and the study of the sciences?" And he fell into a lethargic sleep. Once I heard him apostrophising the perfidious courtiers who surrounded him, and reproaching them with having led him too far. At daylight he was in such a state of mental agitation that he awoke with agonising cries. I ran to his aid. Oh, how shall I describe the shock of the opposite emotions which rent his soul! He was in the utmost distress; he did not know where he was, nor what had happened to him; he looked wildly around him, and remained plunged in most sombre reflections. Recovering himself, however, by degrees, he made me a sign to leave him to himself. I noticed that by turns he appeared filled with anguish and frozen with affright. He asked repeatedly whether his brother-in-law (Murat) had yet returned from Vincennes. He rang the

bell in order to revoke his sentence; but it was too late—the Duke d'Enghien had passed to immortality.

At four o'clock Murat and Hulin arrived at Malmaison. "Give me immediately," said he, "the minute of the sentence pronounced against the prince. I disavow it; I pardon him. Read the heart of Bonaparte; never had he the thought of becoming a Cromwell."[1]

Those generals gazed at each other in surprise and silence, but informed him that the sentence was already executed.[2] He stood speechless, and fell into a profound reverie.

Bonaparte, however, quickly rose, and passed into his

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1 "Cromwell," says Hume, "had the faculty of shedding tears whenever he wished." Bonaparte could not endure to see a woman weep. He must, then, have done great violence to his own feelings in resisting the entreaties of Josephine, whom he loved; for that amiable woman had used every means in her power to divert him from his purpose.

2 As soon as the sentence of death was pronounced, the Duke d'Enghien was conducted to a dry fosse at the castle of Vincennes, where fifty Mamelukes were drawn up in waiting for him; and he was there shot by torchlight. He refused to permit his eyes to be bandaged, saying, "The Bourbons know how to die." To the last moment he displayed the utmost heroism. He cut off a lock of his hair, and prayed that it might be sent to Mademoiselle Rohan, a young lady then at Ettenheim, whom it was supposed he had wedded.*

* The author of the "Cabinet de St. Cloud," God——, assures us that Bonaparte was present at the execution of the prince, and that neither Josephine nor *madame mère* solicited his pardon. On the contrary, the Empress informed me that her husband felt the most lively curiosity to see the duke; that he spoke to him without being known; that he (her husband) was in the room where the military commission was assembled; that he noticed the surprise of the prince and of the members of the Court, when they heard his name pronounced; that consternation was depicted on all their faces; that he himself was moved by the scene, and was on the point of showing himself to the illustrious unfortunate, but that the fear alone of passing for a man without character had made him adhere to the resolution which his flatterers had persuaded him to adopt. He was not, however, present at the death of the son of the Condés. Assuredly, he was guilty of having ordered it, but he did not sanction it by his presence. He returned immediately to Malmaison, where he had a sharp altercation with Josephine, who had so uselessly pleaded the cause of the prince. When he was informed that this deed of blood had been consummated at the moment fixed upon, he was struck with a sort of terror, and for some minutes remained overwhelmed by his feelings, at which his wife was equally astounded.

cabinet, followed by several general officers who seemed, from the air of consternation they wore, to blame his political conduct, and especially the cowardly assassination[1] which Night had covered with its sable veil. For some days he remained taciturn, carefully watching all who approached him and fearing to find among them some new Ravaillac.

From one end of France to the other, this unheard-of crime was denounced; the enemies of the monarchy, far from seeing in it any security for themselves, complained of

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1 It is due to the memory of Napoleon to say that, though the world's censure has been lavished upon him for the part he acted in the tragedy of the Duke d'Enghien, there were circumstances of extenuation, if not of justification, connected with it. The duke was entitled to no favour on account of his being a Bourbon prince—not the least.

He was an emigrant, and subject to the laws of France against emigrants. He had voluntarily fled from the country to which, as a Frenchman, he owed allegiance, and joined the ranks of her enemies. He had shed, or endeavoured to shed, the blood of his own countrymen, then struggling for their freedom and independence against a world in arms.

This he exultingly admitted on his trial before the military commission. By the laws of the republic—indeed, according to the codes of all civilised nations—this was *treason*, and deserving of death. It is true, the Germanic territory was violated by Napoleon, in sending into it an armed force to arrest him; but that was a question to be settled, not with the duke, but with the sovereign of Baden.

It is also true that his trial by a court-martial was a departure from the mode prescribed by the civil code of France, and on that account unauthorised and dangerous; but it is only one among the innumerable instances of the like usurpation which history furnishes.

It ought also to be remembered that the royalists, instigated and paid by the British ministry, as is abundantly proved by the annals of that period, had set on foot secret plots to murder the First Consul, or to seize him at his capital and transport him to England—a mode of restoring the monarchy as unauthorised as it was detestable. The security of the French Government required that these plotters and their British accessories should be terrified by an eminent example, one that should show to the world that the republic had confidence in itself, and was not

it. Indeed, all parties united to tear away the mask with which the First Consul still sought to conceal himself. But the ambitious men who were attached to his fortunes stifled the generous sentiments of those who expressed themselves in a manner contrary to their views. After having inspired a sort of terror in the minds of others, they no longer met with any obstacle in crowning their work. They now seemed to busy themselves with the idea of raising from the dust the ruins of the monarchy, without deigning to reflect that the throne of France for ever belonged to the family of the Bourbons.

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afraid to treat a Bourbon as it would the "commonest clay." On the ground of abstract justice, untrammelled by forms, and considering the circumstances of the times, the propriety of the punishment of the Duke d'Enghien can hardly be questioned. The account ascribed to Josephine in a preceding note, of the First Consul being present in the chamber occupied by the court-martial, at Vincennes, while the Duke was on trial, needs corroboration. It is said that, when brought to Paris, the duke was taken directly to the gate of the minister of foreign affairs; it is not unlikely the First Consul may have there seen him, *incog.*, and that this circumstance gave rise to the story of his being at Vincennes. Still, such a visit would have been entirely characteristic. —TRANSLATOR.

# NOTES TO VOL. I

(1) *Page* 5.

Examine the philanthropic opinions of Bernardin St. Pierre. He was not a man to calumniate a whole race from among whom he chose the hero of his romance. Listen to what he says—he who, at his leisure, studied the character of that race in the Isle of France. "The negroes," says he, "owing to their heedlessness and unstable imaginations, escape from almost all the ills of life. They dance in the midst of famine, and in the midst of plenty—when at liberty, and when in chains.[1] A chicken's claw will frighten them, and a piece of white paper restore their courage. I have observed them, not in stupid Africa, but in the West Indies. In the qualities of the mind, the negroes are in general much inferior to other races; they have brought no kind of husbandry to perfection; they know nothing of the liberal arts, which had nevertheless made some progress among the inhabitants of the New World, much more modern than they. Utterly ignorant of ship-building, they have permitted other nations to get possession of the coasts."—And yet the moment they made common cause with the other friends of independence in our American colonies, those indigenous people seized the island of St. Domingo, and the good Bernardin St. Pierre would be astonished, should he now return, to find among men of colour, experienced navigators, well instructed husbandmen and profound politicians—so much has the French Revolution done towards renovating the globe, and enlightening the minds of those who dwell upon it.

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1 On the anniversary of Josephine's birth, her father was accustomed to allow his negroes a day of rest, and to give them an entertainment. He would make them dance, and his daughter distributed money among the poor and the sick, telling them, "It is the good Creole (alluding to her mother, who was remarkable for her charity) who gives you this." Those unhappy beings would clasp their hands, and raise them towards heaven, while tears streamed down their cheeks, furrowed by toil and sorrow. But they would soon relapse into their apathetic heedlessness, and the only sentiment with which such an act of kindness inspired them they expressed by saying, "Good mistress, when you get a husband, negroes will get more of these good things."

(2) *Page* 18.

"In the midst of my studies, and a life as innocent as one can lead, and in spite of all that could be said to me, the fear of hell often made me tremble. I asked myself, What is my condition? If I should die this moment, should I be damned? According to the Jansenists, the thing is indubitable; but, according to my notions, it was impossible. Ever apprehensive, floating on in the midst of uncertainty, I resorted, in order to escape from it, to the most laughable expedients; for which I myself would certainly have a man shut up in a mad-house, should I see him do the like.

"While dreaming one day upon this subject, I amused myself by throwing stones at the trunk of a tree, with my usual dexterity, that is to say, without ever hitting it. While engaged in this agreeable exercise, the thought struck me to make of it a sort of prognostic, in order to settle the question; and I said to myself, 'I will throw this stone at this tree; if I miss it, it is a sign of damnation;' and then hurled the stone with a trembling hand and a horrible throbbing at the heart. Luckily it struck plump against the tree, which certainly was not very difficult, as I had taken good care to choose one of enormous size, and well armed with snags. After that I entertained no doubt about my own salvation. You," adds the philosopher of Geneva, "you, also, ye great men, who certainly will laugh at my folly, congratulate yourselves on your exemption from it; but don't insult my misery, for I swear to you I feel it full keenly."—*Confessions*, Book VI., p. 241.

(3) *Page* 19, *Amaryllis gigantea.*

The Empress Josephine was fond of cultivating a beautiful bulb of this kind, which for a long time was the only one in France. Its flower appears in the month of August, and its leaves afterwards; they grow six inches in width, very long, of an oval shape, and white towards the extremity of the stem. Malmaison was thronged with amateurs who came to admire this rare plant, which grew out of a carefully levelled bed. It measured two feet and a half round the top, and its flowers, combining various colours, multiplied themselves without end.

The gardens of Malmaison, during the lifetime of Josephine, resembled an Eden. Nothing could be more magnificent than their appearance; the green-houses united the masterpieces of nature. She was fond of the study of botany, and in the daily habit of visiting the exotic plants, which she pleasantly termed her "great family." She received, as presents from her friends, the most beautiful and choice plants, and the most precious shrubs. Flora and Pomona contended with each other in enriching and embellishing this wild

retreat. For her the Goddess of Flowers emptied her basket, while her sister, the Goddess of Fruits, robbed for her the richest orchards. Etruscan vases and statues wrought by the greatest masters, adorned this new elysium, which, thanks to the divine taste of the lovely fairy whose abode it was, seemed to rival the museum of Italy. Here, the chisels of Phidias and Praxiteles competed for the palm with those of the Lesueurs and Pajous. There, the light and delicate sculpture of Lorrain and Pigalle was seen harmonising with that of Canova and Houdont. Josephine made it a duty to encourage the arts and to patronise artists, and took pleasure in conversing with the most enlightened agriculturists in Europe. Of this number was the Sieur Tamponet,[1] who often had the honour of conversing with her. "I have been conversing with one of the most enlightened agriculturists; that man really knows not his own worth; he is appreciated by me, and will be, hereafter, by the most illustrious personages."

(4) *Page* 22.

William de K—— established himself in his West-Indian possessions, and did not return to Europe till 1802. He had lost his father in the French Revolution. His mother returned to Dublin, where she occupied herself exclusively in the education of young Elinora. William's wife joined him at Batavia, where she became the mother of a son; but her health becoming enfeebled by the warmth of the climate, a lingering fever, at the end of a few years, conducted her to her tomb. The husband was inconsolable. If he thought of Josephine it was only to recall the scenes of their youth. He had yielded to necessity in marrying the niece of Lord Lovell; but had just begun to find happiness in the bosom of his family. His fortune had been considerably augmented; and this happy Nabal was about to enjoy in Europe the fruits of his labours, when he was suddenly and for ever separated from her who was his all. Returned to England, William de K—— entrusted his son to his mother's care. He came to Paris, where he was at Napoleon's coronation. He was not presented to Josephine, who, on her part, was ignorant of his living so near her. But at the time the unfortunate General Buck was arrested by the Emperor's orders, William de K—— was imprisoned in the Temple for having had some intrigues with him. While in prison he managed to send to his ancient friend, through the medium of Madame the Marchioness of Montesson,

1 A rose of a very beautiful kind (unknown in France, a specimen of which had, by the order of Josephine, been given to the Sieur Tamponet at Malmaison) was presented by him to her royal highness the Duchess of Berri. That august princess deigned to accept the present, and to permit her name to be given to the species—(*Rose Caroline*). See the *Moniteur*, and other papers of the 18th, 19th, and 20th of July.

a letter, in which he only asks for a souvenir and a passport. Josephine understood him, and obtained from Fouché what he desired. Returned to Scotland, he resided with his family for six months; but his stay in Edinburgh becoming more and more irksome and insipid, he travelled to Italy, and stopped for a short time at a hospice on Mont Cenis. He cultivated the acquaintance of the respectable abbé who governed those hermits. Their respective conditions were, in some sort, the same; one had become a recluse in consequence of an affair of honour, in which he had killed his antagonist; and the other was forced to flee from a country where a woman whom he had, and whom he still loved, could never be his. They had fled from a world which was regretted by neither. Napoleon then, in July, 1805, was crossing the Alps. He stopped a short time with the monks. They said something to him about an Englishman who had been stopping several days on Mont Cenis, and who seemed to have renounced the world for ever. Josephine manifested a desire to see him. "You will have to climb up that hill," said one of the monks, pointing with his finger to a very high and steep summit. "It is not practicable for carriages. You will find a plain, bordered all round with mountains, and you will have to climb up to the height." Four porters raised Josephine on their shoulders, and Napoleon laughed heartily at the symptoms of fear she exhibited at the sight of the steep and dangerous paths up the mountain's side. Arrived at the centre of the plateau she admired the beautiful lake, in which are taken the delicious trout which are the admiration of all French and foreign *gastronomes*. Having satisfied her love of natural curiosities, she perceived the Englishman, who immediately concealed himself from her eager gaze. Some papers, scattered here and there, showed, however, that he had once been in the Temple prison. This piqued the Emperor a little. He enquired and found his name, and thereupon cast a sly glance at Josephine, who had, long before, related to him the minutest particulars of their childish attachment. He joked her much about this writing. "Dear William," said he, "is quite ungallant—he ought, at least, to have come and saluted the *Empress*." She blushed, but could not succeed in getting another glimpse of the friend of her childhood, whom she had so deeply loved.

She thought no more about William de K—— until 1814, when he presented himself at Malmaison. He had been wounded at the siege of Paris, and carried his arm in a sling. Josephine was extremely surprised to see him, but dissembled her feelings from the by-standers. At that time the foreign sovereigns paid frequent visits to Josephine, and everybody kept watch of her. William took for coldness and contempt that which only resulted from her extreme caution. Such was his mortification at this supposed slight that he fell dangerously ill. Josephine sent to him one of her confidential friends, and assured him that she was doing all in her power to save his life. But all was useless—the

blow was struck. His wound made it necessary to amputate his arm, and the unhappy William de K—— survived the wife of Napoleon only three days.

(5) *Page* 23.

Josephine always recalled this prediction with a feeling of fear. She had little faith in the stability of fortune, and, even when she was most elated, would utter reflections which showed, too plainly, the misgivings of her heart.

In 1804, some days after her coronation, perceiving herself lying upon a magnificent couch, enriched with splendid embroidery and glittering with bees wrought in gold, she said to Madame Mac—— de St. H——: "You see, all things seem to smile around me. I have arrived at the summit of greatness—my husband is all-powerful. Alas! all this must vanish like a dream."—"I endeavoured to reassure her," said Madame de Mac——, "and tried to make her perceive the immense distance between her present position and that into which she seemed afraid of falling." "It is," she replied, "for the very reason that I am elevated so high that my fall will be so terrible. Look at Maria Antoinette. Did that Queen deserve her fate? I cannot think of it without shuddering. The palace of the Tuileries almost fatigues and frightens me. I am all the time afraid of being compelled to leave it by force." Here the conversation ended.

During the course of her reign Josephine consulted her natural inclination, which was to make people happy. "I don't know," she said to those who attended her, "that I have any enemies; if I have they conceal themselves in the shade; and it is for that reason that they are to be feared. I am afraid of flatterers and perfidious counsellors. I know that Napoleon is attached to my person—that he loves me sincerely, and that never, of his own accord, will he think of such a thing as resorting to any rigorous act for separating himself from me." But she was afraid of the faithless ones who surrounded her; and, during nearly seven years, one of her women, Mademoiselle A——, carried about her person a *counter-poison, to be given her in case of need.* But she never used it. She was much subject to bilious attacks, which caused her a great deal of suffering. At every change of the seasons it gave her complexion a sallow hue, and affected her general health.

Having retired to Malmaison, Josephine's mode of life was entirely changed. Her little Court was the rendezvous of the men of intelligence, and was adorned by ladies of wit and beauty. The Empress was allowed a considerable salary, but it was not faithfully paid towards the last. She often found herself in want of means, and could not think of diminishing the number of beneficiaries who looked to her for assistance. I have already remarked that she could fix no limits to her munificence. At the time of Mallet's conspiracy, Josephine

believed, momentarily, that the Emperor was dead. She mourned for him sincerely, without taking any thought of what would become of her. But, in 1814, she became fully convinced that the gloomy prediction of the old negress of Martinique would be, in the end, accomplished. "I shall not survive your misfortunes," said she to Napoleon, on a certain occasion when she was returning to Malmaison from Navarre, whither she had been on a visit. When she saw foreigners surrounding her château, to act as her safeguard, her heart seemed to sink within her. Numerous reports were put in circulation respecting the mode of her death. (*See Note* 94, Vol. II.) At this gloomy epoch, she was the more unhappy because her salary was greatly in arrears. How much must that sensitive heart have suffered on learning what was to be the doom of her husband. She wished to share his exile, to alleviate the pressure of his afflictions; and it was to indulge this noble feeling that she sent him an express to Fontainebleau. But, not receiving any news from him, she became so overwhelmed with grief that her health rapidly declined. Josephine died unhappy, and no one, at this day, doubts that the primary cause of her death was to be attributed to the ills which befell Napoleon—she could not support such terrible reverses.

(6) *Page* 25.

This aunt of Josephine had lived for a long time in Martinique, where her husband, as a friend of the Marquis de Beauharnais, had had the management of his estate. The two families were perfectly united, though that was not the case with their two heads. Madame Renaudin was a very handsome woman, and knew it well. She had a taste for domination and was unable to bear, with patience, the yoke which marriage imposed upon her. She promised herself that when he should go to Paris, she would accompany him, which she did. She wanted, also, to take with her her brother's eldest daughter; but Manette's health would not permit her to reside in France, where Madame Renaudin now took up her residence. She foresaw that the bonds of matrimony would, one day, unite her second niece to the son of the marquis, and used all her efforts to effect the union. Meanwhile she tried to avoid the old marquis, whom she was in the habit of meeting almost every day. He, on one occasion, surprised her whilst writing a letter to her brother, M. de la Pagerie, on the subject of this marriage which she deemed certain. He betrayed great dissatisfaction with the scheme. But she found means to appease him and continued to urge forward her project. The husband remained in Martinique while his wife was thus living at Fontainebleau, where she spent her happiest days, waiting for fortune to furnish her some new part to act. She was married several times, and espoused, for her third husband,

a man of rare but modest merit, whom Josephine highly esteemed,[1] but whom Napoleon never liked. Madame Renaudin died at an advanced age, regretted by many. With some slight faults of character, she was one of the best of women. She was really benevolent, but by no means so much so as her niece. She was fond of hoarding.

(7) *Page* 26.

Madame de la Pagerie was very fond of her eldest daughter, and Josephine occupied the second place in her affections. On the death of Manette, she seemed to sink under her griefs, and entertained fears for her own life. But by degrees she regained her spirits, and all her affections were now, of course, centred upon her younger daughter. She deserved them; and never, perhaps, did daughter love a mother more tenderly. In order to please her mother, who was naturally of a serious turn, but kind-hearted, the pretty Creole girl, no longer engrossed by her sports, became calm and reserved. She contracted the habits of her deceased sister to such a degree that she was almost mistaken for her, which endeared her more to her mother. It was with extreme repugnance that the latter consented to be separated from her. She long wept for her. At the time of the famous divorce suit betwixt Beauharnais and herself, her mother used every means to retain her in Martinique; but Josephine's star called her to shine upon a vast and brilliant theatre.

(8) *Page* 39.

The Marquis de Beauharnais found a valuable friend in this lady. His domestic troubles had, in a manner, isolated him from his friends. After his return to France he saw little society, and kept himself shut up chiefly at Fontainebleau. He had two sons; one emigrated during the Revolution (Senator Beauharnais), the other met his fate on the scaffold. Henceforth the unhappy father was wholly given up to himself. Madame Renaudin, however, never abandoned him, and after a mutual viduity had made them free to unite with each other, the marquis gave her his name. This alliance took place at a time when Bonaparte had begun to astonish everybody.[2] Josephine loved her aunt, and regarded her as the primary cause of her good fortune; her company always afforded the Empress unbounded delight, although, during the last years of her grandeur, she saw her but seldom.

(9) *Page* 45.

Madame de V——, whose maiden name was de J——, had a powerful influence over the Viscount Beauharnais. The latter loved

1 M. Danese, mayor of the city of St. Germain-en-Laye.

2 The Marquis de Beauharnais married Madame Renaudin, Josephine's aunt, the same year that Josephine married Bonaparte, and while the latter was in Italy.

her, a fact which presented a great obstacle to his choosing a wife. He told her of the projects which Madame Renaudin had formed respecting him. She dissuaded him, and under her influence he came to the determination to refuse his hand to Mademoiselle de la Pagerie. Madame de V—— was anxious to assure herself, personally, how much she had to hope or fear from the contemplated union. For this purpose she visited a female friend of hers at Panthemont, and asked, as a special favour, to be presented to the young American girl. On becoming acquainted with Josephine, that artful woman perceived, at once and clearly, that the *little Creole* (she designated her by that epithet) could never be a very dangerous rival to her. She did not pretend to dissemble; the smile of irony played upon her lips; Josephine saw it, and from that moment became convinced that Madame de V—— would not (as she said to her friends) *leave her the shadow of hope*. And, indeed, she was not slow in arriving at the proof that the bonds of her unhappy marriage would be woven by the hand of Misfortune.

(10) *Page* 47.

The Viscount de Beauharnais loved and cultivated the arts, but without neglecting the care of his estate. His judgment was sound, his conversation neat and witty. On subjects calculated to excite feeling, his voice was slow and solemn, and contrasted admirably with the usual vivacity of his manner. No person was less tenacious of his opinions; he would, indeed, defend them, but if the opponent persisted in combating them, even though in the wrong, he would smile, and adroitly change the conversation. He was feeling and frank, active and constant in his friendships. Eulogiums, unless tempered with delicacy, were to him insipid and disgusting. His silent manner of approving merit and acknowledging a favour was above that vulgar prodigality of officious and sterile words with which it is so common to salute great men, and even little men when in power.—NOTE BY JOSEPHINE.

(11) *Page* 51.

M. de Beauharnais (Alexander Viscount de), born in 1760. At the epoch of the Revolution, he was second major of a regiment of infantry. He had several years before married Mademoiselle de Tascher de la Pagerie, and at that time was in the enjoyment of a considerable fortune in Martinique. His agreeable talents, and his habit of mixing in the best company, had placed him among the most favourite courtiers, long before circumstances gave him another kind of celebrity. Appointed, in 1789, a deputy of the nobility from the bailiwick of Blois to the States General, he was soon ranked among those who exclaimed most ardently against the Government. The ideas of philosophy and liberty replaced in him the frivolity of the courtier. He was one of the first

of his order to transfer himself to the chamber of the commons (*tiers état*), and on the 4th of August, 1789, he introduced a proposition to equalise penalties, and make any citizen eligible to office. Elected a member of the military committee, he presented several reports in its name, and demanded of the Assembly the approbation of the conduct of Bouillé at Nancy, by which he incurred the hatred of the Jacobins, who henceforth swore vengeance against him. In 1790, he strenuously opposed the proposition to apply the laws of *peace and war* to the case of the King; in 1791 he procured a decree allowing the soldiers, when not on service, to frequent the clubs. At the time of the King's flight to Varennes, he was president of the Assembly (20th June, 1791), and on that occasion displayed a firmness and a calmness which challenged the admiration even of his enemies. On the 31st of July he again occupied the chair, and after the session left Paris for the army of the North, with the rank of Adjutant-general. A few days after the 10th of August, 1792, he was chosen with Custine to command the camp at Soissons; and after that fatal day, the commissioners of the Legislative Assembly having announced that Beauharnais was of the number of generals who were true to their country, he was mentioned in an honourable manner by the Convention. At the time Frankfort was retaken by the Prussians, his military conduct was praised by Pache, the minister, and by General Custine. These distinguished marks of attention contributed to elevate him, in 1793, to the grade of General-in-chief of the army of the Rhine, and shortly afterwards to the post of minister of war, which he declined. 'Twas at this time that all our best men were driven from the army. Alexander Beauharnais, in consequence, sent in his resignation, which was at first refused, but afterwards accepted, by the representatives on mission from the Assembly, who ordered him to retire twenty leagues from the frontiers. He now fixed his residence at Ferté Imbault, a department of Loire-et-Cher, and published some observations against the proscription of nobles, in answer to a denunciation of Varlet directed against himself. He was finally arrested as a suspected person, conducted to Paris, thrown into the Carmelite prison, and taken thence before the Revolutionary tribunal. For want of a criminal charge, he was accused of fifteen days' inaction at the head of the army, which, it was alleged, had contributed to the loss of Mayence, though everything demonstrated the contrary. He was, however, condemned to death, 23rd July, 1794. On the evening before his condemnation he wrote a letter to his wife, who afterwards gave her hand to Bonaparte, commending to her care his children, and enjoining it upon her to vindicate his memory.

Mercier, in his "Nouveau Paris" (Biography), tells us, in his peculiar, enthusiastic style, that at the time of the federation, 14th July, 1790, M. de Beauharnais worked in the *champ de mai*, harnessed to the same cart with the Abbé Siéyes.

(12) *Page* 54.

The Marchioness[1] de Montesson always showed a marked liking for Josephine. At the time of the famous suit with Beauharnais, she openly took up her defence. She recommended her most warmly to Madame de Virieux, the abbess of Panthemont, where Josephine was shut up during the pendency of the suit. After she had left the convent, the marchioness did not cease to visit her, and the two friends never for a moment forgot each other, either during the season of adversity of the one or the astonishing prosperity of the other. A simple wish on the part of Madame Montesson became an order with Josephine, though the latter would sometimes promise what it did not depend on her to fulfil; and it was a double affliction to her to be obliged to say that what was desired was not in her power to bestow. The Emperor sometimes found it difficult to grant what his wife thought might be easily granted.

(13) *Page* 55.

Scarcely had Mademoiselle de Tascher changed her name to that of the Viscountess of Beauharnais, when she saw that her destinies were no longer the same. She was sincerely attached to the viscount. Her heart felt the need of loving, and all her thoughts were centred upon her husband; he was all for her. It was natural that, in moments of ill-humour, she should address to him some indiscreet reproaches. She was young, and without experience. Beauharnais was, indeed, an amiable man, and attached to her by a real friendship; but he could not bear her petty jealousies. "You act like a child," said he; "look around you, and see whether you have a right to complain." His home, however, as to all external appearances, seemed happy. A coloured man, who was a body servant of the viscount, was in the habit of bringing him reports, which were so utterly false and faithless that her husband was led incessantly to put a bad construction upon her smallest actions. A secret spy of Madame de V—— was in reality the primary cause of Josephine's griefs; the latter was so kind and confiding that she was ever unwilling to believe in the reality of such an act of treason. She was blamed by many of her friends for taking back into her service that same mulatto man when she returned the second time from Martinique. "You will," she was told, "always be the dupe of your own too confiding heart—you will be again deceived."—"What would you have me do?" said she, with good-humour; "I would rather be a victim than suspect an innocent man. To me he denies everything, and that is enough;

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1 She had secretly married the Duke of Orleans, son of the regent. On the death of the prince, she received an order to retire into a convent. The reason of this was that, as she could not appear publicly in mourning, she might, at least, adopt the *petit gris*, which she continued for a year.

if I am wrong in believing in his fidelity, I do not want to fathom the secrets of his conduct." Such was Josephine in all the circumstances of her life. She did not like gossip, though at times she listened to it. Her uniform response was, "Certainly you are deceived; you ought to be sure before you condemn anyone."

(14) *Page* 56.

Madame de V—— had a misunderstanding with Beauharnais, and almost ceased to speak to him. She then employed all her arts to acquire the confidence of his wife. She taught the too credulous Josephine to believe that she did this to please her, and in order to strengthen the fears which she entertained respecting his assiduities. "But," she would say after a moment of hesitation, "the perfidious wretch, though he feigns to be faithful to you, he does not the less throw himself every day at the feet of Madame de B——, that coquettish woman, who aims to seduce by her charms all the gentlemen of the Court." This dart, shot by the blackest perfidy, greatly affected the spirits of its victim. But as often as she commenced to review his conduct, her husband would, by his skilful manner and kind looks, scatter her fears. Eugene was the pride of his father; that lovely infant was an angel of peace to his parents. Josephine believed, gave credence to, what was told her by Madame de V——, and no longer dissembled her jealousy; she uttered her complaints to a man who merited nothing but her praises. Ill-feeling sprang up between them, and bitter reproaches were uttered on both sides. The cruel word "separation" was pronounced, and from this time forth a vague inquietude reigned between them. The more sympathy is felt, the more confidence have we in those who manifest it. At length they ceased entirely to see each other. Such was the fruit which Madame de Beauharnais reaped from lending a too willing ear to the insidious and false suggestions of a woman who, unable to pardon her for having married the viscount, with whom she wished to carry on her love intrigues, had sworn to destroy her.

(15) *Page* 66.

There was a particular observance when a priest died. He was interred with his face uncovered; the people supposed they could read in the lineaments of his pallid countenance after death the pleasure of the Sovereign Judge, and discover, through the dim shadow of death, the joy which awaited him, as we behold through the veil of a clear night the magnificence of the firmament. The same custom prevails in the convents. I have seen a young nun thus lying upon her bier; the whiteness of her brow scarcely dis-

tinguishable from that of the linen band with which it was half covered; a crown of white roses on her head, and a mysterious torch burning in her hand. After being exposed to view for several hours, the coffin was closed upon her and deposited in the funeral vault. Thus it is that grace and peace of mind seem not to know death, and that the lily withers away notwithstanding its snowy whiteness and the tranquillity of its native valley.

(16) *Page* 69.

Mademoiselle de St. C—— was brought up with the son of her mother's best friend. The two mothers had been at the convent of St. Cyr, and had received only 3,000 francs by way of dowry and wedding jewels. But adorned with natural graces and an excellent education, they both contracted advantageous marriages. They promised each other that in case they should become mothers, and their children should be of opposite sexes, their early friendship should be cemented by the marriage of their offspring. They were true to that promise; Irene was constantly with Charles. But the Countess of St. C—— having fallen a victim to a pulmonary disease, her husband soon after contracted a new marriage. This worked an entire change in the fortunes of her daughter. She was destined to the cloister, and the young Count de —— felt the shock so severely that he went to Africa and engaged in commercial enterprises among the Algerines. His father never loved him, but placed all his affections on the son he had by a former wife. He was an austere man, and strenuously opposed his son's marriage with Irene; and the Order of Malta, into which his father caused him to be received at his majority, put an end to all his claims to her hand, and doomed him to perpetual celibacy.

(17) *Page* 74.

At the instigation of Madame de V——, Beauharnais made a voyage to Martinique in order to make enquiry into his wife's conduct. He questioned the negroes and mulattoes, expecting to draw from them something tending to implicate the irreproachable conduct of his wife before she came to France. All his discoveries tended in favour of the interesting Creole. On his return to France, he instituted a suit against her. Madame de L——, the daughter-in-law of the Maréchal de N——, and a relative of several of the magistrates, ever friendly to Josephine, managed to have the case removed before the Parliament of Paris, and placed in a light so favourable to her that Beauharnais lost it. It was decreed that he should take back his wife, provided she should consent to live with him again, or to pay her an annual support of 10,000 francs. The ground

of this just and equitable decision was that it appeared from the evidence that the accusation brought against her was purely calumnious; the Parliament of Paris so declared it, and permitted her to live away from her husband.

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A wise and just liberty is indispensable to an enlightened and warlike nation. Despotism is utterly uncongenial to the manners and the character of the French. A Government, to be obeyed, must possess nerve and vigour; the first germs of rebellion should be extirpated. Had the unfortunate Louis XVI. been persuaded of the truth that, in politics, it is seldom safe to take a retrograde step, he would have been scrupulously careful not to make the least concession to that crazy multitude who, with arms in their hands, came and desecrated his palace, and offered to cover his august brows with the infamous cap which was but the emblem of licence. After the affair of the 5th and 6th of October, the king exhibited but a *course of practical patience.* The mischief was commenced on the 20th of June, when the monarch saw himself compelled to take the oath of the *sans-culottes.* The king should, for the honour of his crown, for the safety of his people, have surrounded himself with a superior force. This would have struck awe into the factionists who first presumed to pass the threshold of his palace. Such an exertion of positive power would have kept them at bay and disabled them from renewing their sacrilegious horrors. But, unhappily, this dreadful epoch only exhibited, on the part of the king, a hesitation that degenerated into actual weakness, and, on the part of the rebels, audacious crime raising its fiery crest and preaching open revolt. From the very dawn of that liberty which, for a moment, shone with so pure a light, certain vile and obscure demagogues conceived the plan of the too famous 10th of August. That plan they executed by hurling their lawful sovereign from his throne; and showed to astonished Europe that the ancient monarchies could henceforth subsist only by their permission.

The French nation was doomed to pass as swiftly as the arrow of William Tell through all the horrors of the Decemvirs, Cinna, Marius, Sylla, Rufus, Catiline, and the Triumvirs. It saw itself the sport of the passions, and in the end became the prey of him who was the most skilful in seizing her power, and prescribing to her the law of circumstances And yet we cannot but approve the consulate as a necessary measure to guard against the return to power of those infernal spirits who had preceded it, and to revive the arts and sciences in the bosom of France.

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The *Petit Trianon* is the *chef-d'œuvre* of the lighter style of archi-

tecture. The unhappy Maria Antoinette was extremely pleased with it; she took great pains to embellish it, and laid out large sums in so doing. Nothing could be more pleasant or picturesque than those gardens planned by the hand of the celebrated Lenôtre.

The Queen often resorted to this retreat to withdraw herself, as she good-humouredly said, from the inseparable enemies of greatness. A kind of easy freedom, a simplicity of manners, reigned in this delicious retreat, which contrasted strikingly with the luxury and the stiff airs of the Court. The Queen of France was no longer the Queen of France at Trianon. The costumes of the country befitted her wondrously; she would traverse her domains habited like a shepherdess; her sceptre remained in her apartments at Versailles, and the shepherd's crook replaced it in her august hand. Here she received, with perfect courtesy and without distinction, the homage of nobles and plebeians, drawn thither by curiosity to see and admire the daughter of the Cæsars. Without in any degree losing her dignity, she received visits from all classes of society, and never, perhaps, did woman possess in a more eminent degree all those lovely characteristics which distinguish greatness and goodness, or better understand how to bestow her acts of kindness. She understood most perfectly that marvellous secret, so rare amongst the great—the skill to give, without, at the same time, wounding the delicacy of the persons obliged. The whole Court would manifest a wish to accompany her whenever, with her peculiar smile, she said, "To-morrow I shall go to my farm." The courtiers who were designated to enjoy the favour of accompanying her, acted more like villagers about to enjoy some rustic sport, than like the attendants upon royalty. Each had his little house at the charming retreat. Such a member of the royal family was the owner of a mill; another had the parsonage house; such a duke was happy to exchange his *cordons* for a labourer's dress; such a *grande dame*, with her eighteen *quartiers*, became at once a *farmer's wife* and busied herself with the household affairs. The *belle fermière* (as the Queen was called) did the honours of the table admirably; all etiquette disappeared and was replaced by an agreeable liberty and perfect freedom. Trianon was in a manner the birth-place of that *goddess* who, since 1789, had turned so many heads and occasioned so many evils. The Queen there showed herself an example of simplicity to all. The miller's wife sent her cakes, and the farmer's wife sent her fresh eggs, butter and cheese; and even the village curate was not forgotten in the distribution of favours. Everybody around received her invitations and visited her in their turn. One pleasure after another sported around the guests of this happy place at all hours of the day; like the walls of Thebes, it seemed built by some magic hand. In the evening the company amused themselves with acting comedies. The Queen assigned to

each his part, and often acted one herself; everyone exerted his skill and memory to surpass the rest in endeavouring to catch a look from the new Arminda, the enchantress of the gardens. Concerts were given in which the Queen also joined. Louis XVI. was not very fond of Trianon. "'Tis," said the good King, "a whirlpool of expense, without any certain revenue"—a neat and adroit allusion to the costly entertainments given at that place.

Since the Revolution this place has been much neglected. The Frenchman contemplates in silence that spot which was once the admiration of the stranger and the charm of a Court in whose bosom luxury and magnificence have been hereditary since the pompous age of Louis XIV. What should be our reflections when we recall the memory of a past period so rich in historic recollections, and compare it with the miseries of the present times!

Bonaparte undertook to repair the two Trianons. The *Petit Trianon* received some very tasteful improvements, and was entirely re-furnished. But the Empress Josephine frequented it but little, and always returned from it with visible sadness.

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The disputes between Beauharnais and his wife having made some noise in the community, it is not surprising that the Queen should have testified to Madame de Beauharnais such an earnest interest in her case; especially after the Parliament of Paris had been pleased to award a decree in her favour as signal as it was merited.

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The inhabitants of Martinique in 1661 performed a memorable act, whereof it would be difficult to find an example in the most famous revolutions of the ancient republics. But however just it may have been, it could not have prospered but for the absence of the sovereign from among them, and the weakness of the military force stationed there. Never did the proud Romans or the Greeks, who were more enlightened, better understand their rights or observe a wiser or more rational conduct in maintaining them.

The vexatious administration of Varenne, the governor, and Ricouart, the intendant, gave just cause of complaint to the colonists. Those two chiefs had been invited to dinner by Lamentin. The principal inhabitants of the island repaired thither, attended by the cortège which was required by the august ceremony of an election, and in order to protect it from violence. Varenne and Ricouart did not discover the symptoms of the revolution until it was ready to break out; it was clothed with all the necessary forms, and with a solemnity which gave new weight to the choice which was made. Their swords

were taken from them and broken, while they themselves were stripped of all their authority; the conspirators constituted themselves their judges; they recalled to their minds their oppressions, and the abuse of their powers; they proved to them the justice of the motives by which they were actuated in taking this step; and, arranged in order of battle, they chose as their commander, M. de Bucq, who was confirmed by acclamation of "Vive M. de Bucq! long live our general!" This new intendant, clothed with the most legitimate and sacred authority, took the reins of government, and the confederated inhabitants, in regular order of march, escorted home the two deposed chiefs. The escort passed along under the guns of Fort Royal; but all had been provided for; the operation was a profound mystery, and was conducted with so much precision and secrecy that the troops in the town had not the least knowledge of what was going on. Varenne and Ricouart taxed all their ingenuity to find out the hidden springs of this event, but in vain; celerity alone brought it about; the least delay would have been fatal to the enterprise; and even as it was, the most rigid precautions did not entirely prevent the secret from leaking out. The people did not allow the offenders time even to arrange their domestic concerns,[1] but hurried them off to an unfrequented port on the island, and put them instantly on board a ship that was in waiting for them with sails all set, and sent them home to France.

Meanwhile, a deputation from the colony embarked on board another vessel, and repaired to the French Court; the ministry were wise and politic enough to observe moderation; the old chiefs were censured, the new ones confirmed, and the rebels pardoned. All was hushed, and the inhabitants of Martinique, who only revolted against an abuse of power, received with submission the new masters afterwards sent them by the Court.

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Josephine was the only one who was not alarmed at the fire; she regarded the accident as a token of good luck to her. When Bonaparte was travelling, if perchance a courier was too tardy, he would, in order to alarm her, exclaim, "Madam, *the house is on fire!*"—to which she would reply, "The firemen will do their duty." Her countenance would assume a cheerful and radiant expression. This little weakness, if it were such, was the more pardonable in her, since it often turned out that within forty-eight hours she received good news.

Madame de Maintenon came one morning in tears, and announced to Madame de Montespan that, during the night, the house in which she and her children lodged, took fire. "So much the better for them and

1 But their negroes revolted, and during the several days that this effervescence lasted, they burnt many houses, and cut the throats of the owners. Some of them were hanged, as an example, and others sold to planters in a neighbouring colony.

for you, who are their second mother," replied the latter; "it is a sign that the King will grant them a rich endowment, and they themselves arrive at a high degree of prosperity. You, madam," added she, gazing at her who was one day to sway the heart of Louis XIV., "you, perhaps, will yet enjoy good fortune; the Duke of Maine will never forget that he is indebted for his life to your affectionate care; for, notwithstanding the miracles of a self-styled St. Barège, he returned from the holy waters more a cripple than ever; but he knows what you have done for him, and that is enough for such a feeling heart as his."

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On her return from Martinique, Madame Beauharnais came again to reside in Paris, and stopped at the Hôtel des Asturies, Rue de Sepulcre, and occupied apartments belonging to the keeper of a bathing-house. Here she was visited by the best society of the capital. Madame Montmorin, the lady of the governor of Fontainebleau, undertook the task of bringing about a reconciliation between her husband and her, in which she was powerfully aided by the old Marquis de Beauharnais, the viscount's father, who loved Josephine. An animated explanation took place between the parties. Eugene[1] and Hortense threw themselves into their father's arms; his heart was touched; he clasped to his heart his wife and children; tears streamed from their eyes, and a treaty of oblivion to the past, and of friendship and union for the future, was made and sworn to in the most formal and solemn manner.

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This excellent and intelligent lady, long the delight of the Court of Versailles, was imprisoned in 1794, in the Petite Force. She occupied the same room, in the third storey, in which the Princess Lamballe passed the last moments of her life. One day she imagined she saw the venerable Cazotte enter her apartment in company with the woman who was her jailer. "Ah!" said she, in a tone loud enough to be heard, "what does that good man want? Has he come to repeat in this place his gloomy and sinister prophecy?" All the by-standers were astonished, seeing that nobody but Madame Ancre was near her, who by no means resembled a prophet. Immediately after, she said again, "Excuse me, Cazotte; leave me in ignorance of the time of my death. Alas! what boots it to me to be so well informed!" The

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1 Beauharnais kept his son with him during the pendency of his lawsuit with his wife. He resided, at this time, at the little Hôtel de la Rochefoucault, Rue des Petits-Augustins; and after his mother's departure for Martinique, the young Eugene was put to school at the college of Louis le Grand, where he commenced his studies. He remained here until he went to join his father in the army commanded by General Custine.

surprise became general; they believed she had lost her reason. Recovering her self-possession by degrees, she said, "How did you find your way in here? Who directed you to come? Was it madame?"—looking at the female jailer. All were silent, out of respect to the duchess. Madame Ancre ran off as fast as her feet would carry her, imagining herself pursued by the ghost of Cazotte, who she knew was *dead*. The jailer woman was frozen with terror. In the evening, the Duchess of Grammont, who did me the honour to receive my visits, prayed me to inform her at what hour the act of accusation (*indictment*) against her, which had been sent to her, had reached the office of the clerk of the Court (*greffe*). M. Vadleu, then clerk, answered me, "*At four o'clock*," which was the precise time of the vision. "Then," exclaimed that truly courageous and philosophic lady, "then we cannot deny that Providence makes use of the most secret and incredible means to prepare men for the trying hour. We have no time to lose," she remarked to the Duchess of Châtelet, who was in the same predicament as herself; "one kind memento, and our present sufferings may spare us eternal pains." This lady, without losing anything of her accustomed gaiety, made her last will; and on the morrow, April 17th, 1798, ceased to live.

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The claim of M. de K—— was submitted to the council of state. The matter was communicated to the King, who recognised the debt and made an order for its payment; but the delays were such that, in 1790, the treasury had not paid it off. The Revolution now supervened. M. Necker was strongly opposed to the reimbursement of the money, under the pretence that the extravagant expenditures of Louis XIV. had ruined the nation; and such was the general cry, the order of the day. M. de Beauharnais proposed, as a mode of conciliation, that the debt should be entered in the great book; but the famous Cambon refused for several months to inscribe it in the *Registre Universelle*. The fortune of M. de K—— thus increasing in a progressive manner, he employed, a little later, the product of this inscription in favour of certain of his countrymen, to whom he gave it, and whose estates had been impaired in consequence of their long imprisonment in France.

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Beauharnais was president of the National Assembly at the time of the King's famous flight to Varennes. In this crisis he displayed the courage and firmness necessary to preserve respect for the monarch, who returned only to be put in irons in his own palace. The president, without compromising the dignity of the place he filled, thought it his duty to visit his unfortunate prince. He was often permitted secretly

to go in and see the King. Louis one day said to him in bitterness, "This Revolution will overturn the whole world; no government will be safe from this explosion; 'tis an Ætna whose volcanic rocks will smite the hearts of sovereigns. I shall be the first amongst them to be struck; others will then feel the blow, and in less than half-a-century the people of Europe will show themselves anthropophagi, and fall to devouring one another; the famous Lavater has told us so, and everything now goes to confirm it." Beauharnais admitted to several of his friends (Déprémenil and Clavierre, Generals Dillon, Luckner, Biron, &c.) that he was forcibly struck by these extraordinary reflections of the King, and that, in his opinion, France was about to experience the most terrible commotions. Henceforward he endeavoured to withdraw himself from the democratic whirlwind, though he could not openly rail at the party which he appeared to serve. He, however, abjured all the errors of the new school of politicians, being perfectly sensible of the truth of the maxim, that the throne which begins to crumble will, in the end, crush not only its most zealous sectators, but its fiercest antagonists.

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The Duke of Orleans[1] was in every respect the least fitted to play the part of William III., and setting aside the respect which is due to Louis XVI., it may be said of this prince of the blood, in the language of Madame de Staël, that "he could neither sustain himself nor serve as a prop to anybody else. Yet he possessed grave, noble manners, and wit; but his progress in the world developed nothing but the greatest levity in the change of his principles, and when the Revolutionary tempest began to blow, he found himself equally destitute of curb and spur. Mirabeau, in one of his conversations with him, came to the conclusion that no political enterprise whatever could be based upon such a character."—"*Madame de Staël's Considerations.*"

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Thus speaks Madame de Staël respecting Louis XVI., on the anniversary of the 14th of July, 1792:—"When the Federates had assembled in the Champ de Mars, they had more the air of having met for an insurrection than a festival. The King needed the character of a martyr to support himself in such a situation. His manner of walking, his countenance, had something peculiar about them. On other occasions he was wanting in personal dignity, and one could have wished him to possess more of that imposing quality; but here his native humility rendered him truly sublime.

"I followed with my eyes his powdered head, moving in the midst

1 The father of Louis Philippe, King of the French.—TRANSLATOR.

of the riders upon black horses. His dress, embroidered as formerly, was easily distinguished from the costume of the people who pressed around him. When he mounted on the steps of the altar, I imagined I saw the holy victim offering himself a voluntary sacrifice. He descended, and passing again through the disordered ranks, went and seated himself beside the Queen and his children.

"The people saw him no more until he ascended the scaffold."

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Charles I. had a handsome face, and a mild, but melancholy look. His complexion was fair, his person of a healthy look, well-proportioned, and of the middle size. He was capable of enduring fatigue, and excelled in horsemanship and other manly exercises. All admit that he was a tender husband, an indulgent father, and a kind master; in a word, worthy of love and respect.[1] Unhappily, Fate seated him on a throne at a time when the examples of former reigns favoured arbitrary power, and when the popular mind turned strongly towards liberty. In any other age that sovereign would have been sure of a tranquil reign; but the exalted ideas of the powers and prerogatives in which he had been brought up rendered him incapable of a prudent submission to that spirit of freedom which prevailed so powerfully among his subjects. His political system was not sustained with that rigour and foresight which were necessary in order to support his prerogatives up to the point to which he had pushed them. Exposed continually to the assaults of furious factions, incapables and fanatics, his faults and his mistakes drew after them the most fatal consequences. A situation too rigorous even for the highest degree of human capability!

The parties which divided the kingdom were the general convulsions of all understandings and hearts; a violent and thoughtless ardour to change the constitution of the state; an ill-conceived design among the royalists to establish despotic power; a fury for liberty in the House of Commons; a desire among the bishops to get rid of the Calvinistic portion of the Puritans; the project formed among the Puritans to humble the bishops; and, in fine, the secret but successful scheme of the Independents to avail themselves of the faults of the rest, and thus become their masters.

In the midst of this state of anarchy, the Catholics of Ireland massacred the 40,000 Protestants who were among them; and King Charles I. adopted the fatal advice to sustain power by main force. He quitted London, went to York, assembled his forces, and stopping near Nottingham, raised the royal standard, an open sign of civil war throughout the whole realm. One battle after another was fought, at

1 Cromwell and his republicans respected their liberties more than they did the manly beauty and private virtues of a tyrant.—TRANSLATOR.

first favourable to the prince, but afterwards unfortunate and disastrous. After having received into his army the odious Irish, stained with the blood of their own countrymen, and cut to pieces by Lord Fairfax, at the Battle of Naseby, which followed the victory of Marston, nothing remained to the unlucky monarch but the painful reflection of having furnished his subjects a pretext for accusing him of being an accomplice in the horrible massacre committed by these same Irish Catholics on the 22nd of October, 1641.

Charles went on from misfortune to misfortune. He thought to find safety in the Scottish army, and threw himself into its hands. But the Scots sold him, and delivered him over to the English commissioners. He escaped from their vigilance, and sought refuge in the Isle of Wight, whence he was taken and carried off to the castle of Hulst. His death was now determined on. Cromwell, Ireton and Harrison established a Court of Justice, in which they were the chief actors, assisted by several members of the Lower House, and some of the citizens of London. Three times was the monarch brought before this illegal Court, and three times did he refuse to admit its jurisdiction over him, but finally, on the 30th of January, 1649, his head was severed at a blow, at Whitehall. A man in a mask performed the office of executioner, and the body was deposited in Windsor Chapel.—*M. Jaucourt.*

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After the 21st of January, 1793, ambitious and turbulent men, under the name of liberty, busied themselves in producing all the disorders of anarchy. In losing her King, France experienced all the evils of oligarchy and licence in their turn. Cowardly intriguers, the opprobrium and contempt of all nations, stood up as the apostles of a false doctrine, subversive of society. They boldly preached the equalisation of property. The most of them were bound together by a solemn oath, by which they swore the destruction of the sovereigns who occupied the thrones of Europe. Ever-vigilant sentinels, where the object was to protect the genius of evil, they kept constantly watching at the gates of palaces, in order to introduce themselves, on the slightest signal, and strike the blow. The pass-word, LIBERTY, was on their lips, and the rallying cry, PRÆDARIS, was engraved upon their hearts with a pen of iron. "'Tis necessary," said these sons of Abiram, "to labour ardently for the re-edification of the worship of the *good Goddess*, and to surround ourselves with companions who will, when the signal is given, which is well known among us, appoint, in concert, an *architect* to direct the work, and employ themselves assiduously in bringing it to a close, under the eyes of the grand master."

*Good sense is a prophet whose sight is sharpened by past experience. Men's optics seem better fitted to that kind of retrograde light than to the direct rays which the present sheds upon them.*

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These feasts were devoted to pleasure and amusements of every description. The Romans threw aside the *toga*, and appeared in their eating habits; they sent presents to the slaves, as we send New Year's gifts. Games of chance, forbidden at other times, were then permitted; the senate had a vacation; public business ceased at the different offices or bureaux, and the schools were closed. It was regarded as an unlucky omen to commence a war, or to punish a criminal, during a season thus consecrated to pleasure. In the evening, the children would announce the festival by running through the streets, and crying "*Io Saturnalia!*" There are medals still extant on which is engraved the customary exclamation announcing the feast of the Saturnalia.

M. Spanheim refers to one of these medals, which owed its origin to the piquant jest provoked by Narcissus, a freedman of Claudius, when that Emperor sent him into Gaul to quell a sedition which had broken out among the troops. Narcissus took it into his head to mount the tribune and harangue the army, in place of the general; but the soldiers set up the cry of "*Io Saturnalia!*" signifying that it was the feast of the Saturnalia when the slaves became the masters.

The statue of Saturn, which was bound with woollen fillets during the whole year, in commemoration, apparently, of his captivity by the Titans and Jupiter, was unbound during this feast, either to mark his deliverance, or to represent the liberty which prevailed during the Golden Age, and that which was enjoyed during the Saturnalia. On this occasion, every appearance of servitude was banished; the slaves wore the cap of liberty, dressed themselves like citizens, and chose for themselves a *king* of the feast.—*Encyclopédie.*

The follies of the Romans were renewed in France in 1793, with this difference, that ours were stained with guilt. In those days of painful memory, when the slaves revolted against their masters, when the son armed himself against the father, and the father against the son, the most holy things were horribly profaned; scandalous processions perambulated the streets of the capital; the pontifical robes became the clothing of laymen. The sacred vessels of the Church were put to the vilest uses, and, instead of Saturn, women of disreputable character and habits were drawn through the streets in open carriages, accompanied by shameless Jacobins. But a great portion of them were young, timid girls, who, in order to save their fathers from death or exile, were obliged to enrol themselves under the banner of the factitious Goddess of Liberty, and accompany her to the Champ de Mars, where their brothers and friends were grouped round an altar adorned with green grass and fruits, awaiting the arrival of that divinity in whose honour they were to pour out numerous libations. Their dances, sports and frequent *toasts* reminded one strongly of the time when the soldiers

of Hannibal forgot themselves in the plains of Capua. But the resemblance of the people, so different in their manners and the times they lived in, was not at all to the advantage of the moderns. The Carthaginians forgot that they were the men who had now nearly achieved the conquest of the conquerors of the world; while the leaders of the movement in France, after devoting a few hours to a shameful spectacle, returned to their dens to sign new accusations and proscriptions against those who had been the objects of their adulation. It was reserved for our age to witness what was regarded among the ancients as the last punishment of wicked men, the scattering abroad of the ashes of the dead—to see, I say, such a disposition applauded as the master-work of philosophy! And what was the crime of our ancestors that we should thus treat their remains, unless it was to have been the fathers of such children! But hear the end of all this and observe the enormity of the human species. In some towns in France, dungeons were built in the midst of graveyards; prisons were erected for men in places where God has decreed that all slavery shall cease; places devoted to suffering usurped the peaceful abodes where all pain had ceased. Indeed, but one resemblance remained between those prisons and those cemeteries—here were pronounced the unjust judgments of men, and here, also, had been pronounced the decree of God's inviolable justice.

The ancients would have thought that nation undone where the asylum of the dead should have been violated. The excellent laws of the Egyptians respecting sepulture are well known. By the laws of Solon, he who should violate the tomb was cut off from all worship in the temple of the gods, and devoted to the Furies. The Institutes of Justinian lay down particular rules respecting the sale and redemption of a sepulchre.—*M. de Châteaubriand.*

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Madame Beauharnais bestowed the most affectionate care on her husband. He was arrested before her, and she took advantage of the last moments of her liberty to interest some of the leading men of the Revolution in his behalf.[1] But the modern Mariuses now saw fit to forget the distinguished attentions they had received at her hands, and refused her all sympathy. Nay, they hastened to sign the order for her imprisonment, and in a short space of time the same prison-house contained them both.—*Note communicated.*

1 Madame Beauharnais was then residing in the Rue St. Dominique, in a house belonging to Madame Holstein. She was here arrested, and conducted to the house of the Carmelite priests, which was then used as a prison. During her imprisonment, her generous friend, Madame Holstein, took care of Hortense and provided for all her wants.

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*Letter from Alexander Beauharnais to his wife, dated the 4th Thermidor, year 2nd of the French Republic.*

"All that has appeared from the sort of examination which their numerous witnesses have undergone to-day, is, that I am the victim of a set of villains calling themselves patriots. The probability that these infernal machinations will follow me even to the Revolutionary tribunal leaves me no hope, my dear friend, of ever seeing you or embracing my children again. I will not speak to you of my regrets; my tender affection for them, the fraternal attachment that binds me to you, can leave you no room for doubt upon that subject, or as to the feelings with which I shall leave the world. And I equally regret being separated from a party which I love, and for which I would have given up my life a thousand times—a party which I can no longer serve; which beholds my fall while it imputes to me culpable designs. This painful thought does not permit me to hesitate in recommending to you to guard my memory. Labour to vindicate it, and to prove that a life wholly consecrated to the service of my country ought, in the eyes of the sane portion of the nation, to be sufficient to disprove and repel such odious calumnies. This task you will probably think it best to postpone for the present, for, during the storms of a revolution, a great people must observe a salutary caution. I shall die with calmness, though not without the influences of those tender affections belonging to a sensitive heart; but I shall die with the courage of a Frenchman. Adieu, my dear friend; let my children be your consolation. Console them by teaching them the truth respecting their father, and impressing upon their minds the important lesson that virtue alone will enable them to efface the recollection of my punishment and endear to my fellow-citizens the memory of my public services and my titles. Adieu! You know whom I love. Be their consoling angel, and let your kind care prolong my life in their memories.

"Alexander de Beauharnais."

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Josephine was in the habit of reading the public journals to the numerous prisoners. They would collect in a group around her, and listen in mournful and almost breathless silence; but full often the shriek of grief would break forth from some one of the listeners. Let one paint to himself, if possible, the agony, the despair of that unhappy wife when she saw the name of her husband inserted on those tablets of death! She fell down senseless, and did not recover from the terrible shock for several days.

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A mulatto man, a relative of Lucette (sister *de lait* of Josephine), who had been brought up by the la Pagerie family, came to France in 1781, and remained for some years in an American family. He was attached to the service of M. de Beauharnais,[1] but afterwards quitted Europe, and returned to Martinique at the time the negroes on the island were in a state of revolt and driving the whites from their homes. The mulatto was among the more moderate of the revolters, and was sent to France to the Committee of Public Safety, in order to ask for some concessions in favour of the colony. He connected himself with the principal members of that modern Inquisition, and finally became one of the firmest supporters of that oligarchy. He associated with Chaumette, Marat, Ronsin, Henriot and others; and on the same day that it was proposed to transfer Josephine from the prison where she was to that of the Conciergerie, whence she was to be taken to the scaffold,[2] chance brought the mulatto to the office of the clerk, where the proposition was under discussion. Hearing the name of his former mistress mentioned, he was touched with pity for one towards whom he had been guilty of so many wrongs. It was the same mulatto whom she had once pardoned, but who had again been guilty of the blackest ingratitude towards her.

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It is true that Descartes, before Buffon, maintained that animals have no souls. That question was discussed in the schools during the age of Louis XIV. It is surprising that La Fontaine, than whom no wiser man could have been found, was not consulted upon it; I am persuaded he would have decided it in the affirmative.

Marie Thérèse Charlotte (the Duchess of Angoulême) had received from her brother a dog, which she took with her on leaving the Temple prison. This faithful companion followed her until 1801, when, falling from the top of a balcony at the Palace de Paniatowski, at Warsaw, he expired under his mistress's eyes.

It will not, perhaps, be out of place here to relate some other incidents illustrative of canine fidelity during the Revolution. A butcher had been condemned to death by the Revolutionary Tribunal. His dog followed the cart in which he was carried to the Place de la

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1 At the time of her marriage with Beauharnais, Josephine had come with her aunt, and taken up her residence in the house of a Madame de Laa——, Rue de l'Université: this woman was the daughter of Maréchal de N——. The mulatto remained seven or eight months in the viscount's service, and, it is said, often accompanied him to his regiment.

2 Madame Beauharnais, with her own hand, cut off locks of her hair to send to her children, so fully was she persuaded that she should not survive the general proscription which was decimating all parties in France.

Revolution, to be executed. He followed his master with his faithful eyes until the victim disappeared under the executioner's axe. After searching a long time in vain to find his master, the animal followed the same cart back to the Conciergerie; he remained waiting at the prison door, and the next morning again followed the cart, and thus continued to follow it for more than a month. This fact was attested by numerous witnesses, and is contained among the memoirs of the time.

M. de —— had been thrown into prison; his two children, of a tender age, came to visit him every day, with no other conductor than the house-dog, which served them as a Mentor. He watched over them, kept them out of the way of carriages, kept off the passers-by, and led them always along the same way, so that they met not with the slightest accident.

The unhappy Countess de P——, a prisoner at La Petite Force, received an order transferring her the next morning to the Conciergerie, and thence to the scaffold. She was sitting upon a bench in the court of the police, and weeping piteously; her companions in misfortune used every possible argument to pacify her. "No, no," she said, with perfect *sang-froid*, "I cling no longer to existence; my husband perished at Quiberon; my sons have emigrated; my only daughter has married one of her father's assassins; and I have only Azor (her dog) left to divert and console me in my afflictions. I have lost my friends; the most of them have repaid my acts of kindness with the blackest ingratitude. My domestics are in the service of my enemies, and have given them the most false accounts respecting me. Every one has laboured to calumniate me. But, in the midst of all my calamities, my faithful Azor makes me forget that there are ingrates in existence. This poor dog is old and infirm, and when he loses me he will be at the mercy of fate." Madame Ancre, the keeper of the prison, promised her to take charge of the dog. "I shall, then," said the countess, affectionately grasping her hand, "die more contented." This, in a great degree, restored her serenity, and she spent the following night quietly. At six in the morning the officers came to conduct her to the Revolutionary Tribunal; she caressed Azor, bade him a final farewell, and committed him to his new mistress. The latter again promised to take care of him. It was noticed that, at the moment the fatal axe put an end to her life, the poor dog set up a frightful howling, which he continued for three days, and died on the fourth.

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Many persons, amusing themselves with pointing out the analogies which exist betwixt men's physical and moral qualities, and betwixt the physical structures of men and those of animals, have remarked that Danton had the head of a bull-dog, Marat that of an eagle, Mirabeau that of a lion, and Robespierre that of a cat. The physiognomy of

Robespierre would change according to the occasion; sometimes he had the shy, unquiet mien of the cat; now the ferocious visage of the wild cat; and now the fierce aspect of the tiger. The temperament of Robespierre was at first melancholy, but became at last atrabilious. In the Constitutional Assembly his complexion was calm and sombre; in the National Convention it was yellow and livid. In the Constitutional Assembly he seldom spoke without sighing; in the National Convention he never spoke without frothing at the mouth. The history of his temperament may be regarded as the history of his life.

At first people called him the "patriot Robespierre," then the "virtuous," then the "incorruptible," and finally the "great." The time, however, came when he was called a "tyrant;" for a *sans-culotte*, seeing him stretched out on a board in the hall of the Committee of General Safety, exclaimed, "This, then, is a tyrant, and nothing else!"

Every man of sense must feel disgusted at popular folly when he hears the appellatives which the rabble bestowed on Robespierre—every one of which was gratuitous and undeserved. He was neither a Sylla, a Catiline, an Octavius, nor a Cromwell. All these usurpers were warriors, and some of them men of talent. Robespierre was not a Nero; for, though Nero died like a coward, he was, at least, a bold and hardy gladiator. Should Robespierre be called a Catiline because he had his Cetheguses about him to conduct his intrigues?—An Octavius, because he had an Antony ready to commit murder for him?—A Sylla because he had a Marius to aid him in corrupting the army?—A Cromwell because he had his Harry Vane to utter orations?—A Nero because he had his Anicetuses to do the work of assassination?—Ah! suffer his devotees to call him a God, since he, too, had his palsied man at his side!

The difference of opinion will be the same as to the political title which properly belongs to him. He was neither a dictator, a triumvir, nor a tribune; he was the Appius of the decemvirs. He found Claudiuses who, to gratify his lusts, placed another Virginia, not in his arms, but on the scaffold.—*Courtois*.

Robespierre for a while cherished the idea that he would mount the throne of France. His intended marriage with the heiress of the old King was not a mere fabricated idea; he really, for a time, cherished that chimera. He once had a dream; he saw himself in the act of being crowned in the church of Notre Dame, and when the archbishop was solemnly chanting the *Te Deum*, the lightnings of heaven struck the nave of the church, and split it in twain; at the same moment a young child appeared, wearing on its head a crown, which it went and laid in the lap of a female prisoner in the Temple; then, with a red-hot iron, it branded Robespierre on the forehead, at the same time presenting to his lips a cup filled with a liquid resembling blood, and compelled him to drink of it. The fable of the conception of a new Messiah is in

some sort derived from this famous vision. After the example of Cromwell, towards the close of his career, he affected a double hypocrisy, pretending to lean towards clemency, showing great zeal for the cause of God, advocating His Worship and the immortality of the soul.

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Let us forget, for a moment, that Tallien was a member of the famous Convention, and only call to mind the zeal he displayed in attacking, with the arms of reason, the ferocious Titans, and wresting from them the iron sceptre with which they had oppressed an unhappy people. This noble conduct won him many and zealous friends, and it may be truly said that the good results which followed this important reaction were owing, in part, to his humanity, and his sincere desire to restore a calm after so violent a tempest. To the weak he became an advocate, to the orphan a protector. His good deeds far surpassed men's expectation, for they could hardly imagine that the same man who was registered to the commune of Paris during the days of the 2nd and 3rd of September could be susceptible of humanity. But the reason of it was quite simple; he did not either instigate or co-operate in the crimes of the maddened rabble. After the fall of Robespierre he became the hope of all honest men; they were all attached to his cause; it was the cause of honour. The good which he did, the services which he rendered, ought to be inscribed upon monuments of marble, to awaken the admiration of our posterity. In the winding course of revolution, a man may easily be led astray; he may commit faults; but how great, how sublime is he when he repairs them!

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During the imprisonment of M. and Madame Beauharnais (which lasted several months), their son was adopted by a modest but intelligent artisan. Young Eugene, like Peter the Great, was instructed at an early age in the mechanic arts. The chisel became familiar to him. His father's fortune became the prey of the spoilers. This offspring of noble victims of proscription would (so far as it regarded his profession) have become a second Rozelli but for the maternal kindness which never ceased to watch over him and his sister. The young Emile had not to regret his days spent in effeminate pleasures; he knew too well already that a great captain must take lessons in the school of adversity, and could never learn too much. He daily studied Rousseau and Montesquieu; but was most pleased with laying plans, erecting little redoubts, and putting his imaginary armies in order of battle. He would perform his simulated combats, and then be heard to say, "To-day I have beaten the Prussians; to-morrow the Germans will have their turn. As to the Bavarians, I will protect them." Thus

his time passed on, until his mother, having again obtained her liberty, was able to devote all her attention to the care of her children, and the perfecting of their education.

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At the time of the terrible explosion on the 3rd Nivose, Madame Bonaparte obtained a pardon for one of those villains who were sentenced to be transported beyond the territory of France, as a measure of extraordinary precaution. Her only reason for it was that the guilty wretch (for he was indeed guilty) had been one of those who, at a former period, had denounced her to the Committees of General Security and Public Safety. This man, being the father and only support of a numerous family, had had the hardihood to ask for the kind offices of a woman whom he had once sought to destroy. This act of boldness saved him. The evening after, Josephine said to Bonaparte, "I have, but with great difficulty, obtained from Fouché the erasure of this famous revolutionist's name from the list of the proscribed, although he once attempted to bring me to the guillotine. I may, perchance, through this act of clemency, restore to society a man valuable for his talents."—"I doubt that," said Bonaparte. "You never meet with a Cinna among such persons; they care for nothing but their own personal interest; to them, the 'love of country' is, and ever will be, but a vain expression." Josephine ultimately had occasion to repent of her kindness; after the Restoration, he circulated the most horrible calumnies about her.

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At this sad epoch, Madame Beauharnais' condition approached very near to indigence. Her only diversion was to go every day to Chaillot, where Madame Fontenay, her friend, then resided. At this place the best company was usually assembled. But the most of the persons who were found there were, like Madame Beauharnais, the victims of political events; honourable but painful recollections were all that were left them.

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Madame de Fontenay had been transferred from the prison of Bordeaux to that of the capital. Robespierre employed every seductive means in his power to persuade her to denounce Tallien and Irabeau, then on a mission into the Gironde. Thirty thousand francs and a passport to Spain were offered to this interesting woman, if she would make herself agreeable to Maximilien, and become subservient to his views. She asked eight days to reflect upon the proposal. As her imprisonment was rigorously kept secret, and as she was deprived of

all the means of corresponding with anyone, she concluded to ask her jailer for a brush and paints, assuring him that she could paint his portrait to the life. François believed it all, but refused to give her pencils or paper. She, however, wrote upon a piece of linen cambric a letter to Tallien, and contrived to send it to Mademoiselle Montensier, the old directress of the theatres of the Court, then detained in the same prison. It was shown to the most determined opponents of Robespierre in the Convention. For some days Madame Fontenay expected to be put to death, having refused to sign any declaration which was against her principles and sense of justice. Fortunately, her secret communication was made known to Tallien, who saw at once the depths of the abyss on whose brink he stood. He then exerted himself to the utmost to hasten forward the events of the 9th Thermidor, which were to save the *élite* of the French generals and the most talented promoters of the arts.

On the 11th Thermidor, the gendarmes came to the prison to conduct Madame Fontenay to the bar of the Convention. She was unwilling, owing to her painful situation, to appear there alone, and requested Madame Beauharnais to accompany her. The gendarmes then searched out the disconsolate widow, who, of course, supposed herself about to be led to the scaffold. But both of them appeared at the bar. The more rational portion of the Assembly became indignant when they heard of their unmerited sufferings. They lavished their consolations upon them, promised them much, and, as is usual in revolutions, ended by forgetting all. But Tallien acknowledged the debt of gratitude due to them both. He married the one who had shown such a deep interest in his welfare, and protected the other by all the means in his power.

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Just before being called to the command of the army of Italy, Bonaparte slyly insinuated to Madame Tallien that, if she would consent to be divorced from her husband, he would be highly pleased to offer her his hand, and would insure her a life of happiness. That famous woman, who was then the charm of the capital, was much surprised at the proposition, and refused it. The young Corsican became highly incensed, and swore vengeance against her. He kept his word. After he had become Emperor, he frequently forbade Josephine to receive visits from that old friend of hers. He had been in love with her, and, as he could never pardon her for the dislike she had manifested towards his person, he was induced, by a sense of wounded pride, to refuse her for a time the honours of the palace. "Had she wished it," said he to Josephine, smiling, "she might have reigned in your stead; we should have had fine children.

But, after all, she did rightly in keeping her vows to Tallien; that's all well enough; but not to have perceived what I was worth, *either for the present or the future*, that is what wounds me. Happily, I am indemnified for her disdain by the consciousness that the woman who has replaced her in my affections, equals and even surpasses her in many respects."

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When Maria Antoinette of Austria was transferred to the Conciergerie, she was confined in a room called the *Chambre du Conseil*, which was regarded as the most unhealthy room in that horrible prison, always humid and infectious. Under the pretext of giving her someone to whom she could make known her wants, they sent her a man to act as a spy over the unhappy Queen. His voice and face were frightful, and he was charged with the most filthy and disgusting offices about the prison. His name was Barassin, a thief and a murderer by profession, who had been convicted by the criminal tribunal, and sentenced to four years' confinement in irons. The keeper of the prison, being in want of an additional *watch-dog*, had procured this wretch, Barassin, a cunning knave, and placed him in the Conciergerie, where he still had his galley-slave's bench. Such was the honest personage who acted as *valet de chambre* to the Queen of France!

Some days before her death, this highway-robber functionary was removed from her, and a gendarme stationed in her room as a sentinel, who watched night and day by her side, and from whom she was not separated, even while asleep upon her bed of rags, except by a miserable screen which was in tatters. In this dismal abode, the daughter of the Roman Emperor had no other clothing than a black gown half worn out, which she was obliged to mend every day in order to hide her nakedness from those who visited her. She was even without shoes to her feet. Such was the end of Maria Antoinette, before whom all Europe had bent the knee, on whom every honour which can be rendered to a mortal had been lavished, and for whom the world's treasures had been open.

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Madame Beauharnais was still in prison when she learned from a report brought her by some unfortunates who were compelled to share her imprisonment, that a certain young woman had foretold to Maximilien Robespierre, St. Just, and another whose name was La Fosse, and who was the administrator of the central bureau, that they would all be tried and condemned within the year, but upon different charges. While waiting for the fulfilment of this astonishing prediction, those virtuous citizens thought it prudent to shut up

a familiar *dæmon*, who had promised them that, as a recompense for their revolutionary labours, the *lex talionis* should be applied to them. This report greatly excited the curiosity of the female prisoners. Each one of them, for herself, wished to consult the prophetess, but the Parisian oracle was doing penance for her veracity in the Petite Force prison. They contrived, however, to send her all the documents necessary to enable her to take a perfect horoscope.[1] Mademoiselle Montensier, who was in the same prison with her, charged herself with taking it down. After many scientific calculations, a response was given to each one of them according to what her fortune indicated. That of Madame de Beauharnais was the more strange—that she was apparently on the eve of sharing the awful fate of her husband. But, happily, point 99 settled in her favour the question of her future lot. It was then predicted that she was about to experience a most terrible catastrophe, but that she would survive it, and marry another man who should astonish the world. Such was the substance of the fortune as then told her. Some months after her liberation from the Carmelite prison, she chanced to be at Madame D——'s, where the conversation was upon bad fortunes. "Mine is not so," said she, "and yet I have never known anything but grief. Will you believe it, I have had the curiosity to attempt to lift a little corner of the veil which conceals the future. A female prisoner has repeated to me, word for word, in a writing which I have here, what was told me in my childhood. I should like to know whether that woman is still alive." One of the ladies present replied, "I'll wager 'tis Mademoiselle Lenormand. Yes, I am well acquainted with her handwriting—this is hers!"

"Let's go, then," said the charming widow. "Do you know her address?"

"Yes, Rue de Journon," was the reply; and off they went, through the Faubourg St. Germain, in search of her, and stopped at No. 1153 (at present No. 5).[2]

On seeing these strangers, I could not help feeling surprised, because I had taken good care not to admit into my presence any

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1 The month and day of the applicant's birth, the age, the first letters of the prænomen, and the birth-place; the favourite colour, the animal preferred, the animal most disliked, and the favourite flower.

2 The Empress used to relate, seriously, the fact that Bonaparte once took the notion into his head to consult the Parisian Oracle. It was at the time when he thought of playing, at the Court of the Grand Sultan, the part of another Count de Bonneval, being then unable to obtain employment from the French Government. The response given him by the fortune-teller was this: "You will not obtain a passport; your destiny calls you to act a distinguished part in France. A widow woman shall there be your happiness; through her influence you shall attain an elevated rank, but beware you do not become ungrateful towards her. It will go well with you, then, if you remain constantly united; but"———(*she did not finish*).

except such as came recommended. The reason was that I was anxious to avoid new persecutions, and I therefore, at first, refused to receive them. They, however, satisfied me of the purity of their intentions, assuring me, in the politest manner, that I need not suspect them of a design to denounce me. Alas! during those unhappy times I felt suspicious of everybody, and could trust no one.

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People flocked to the Directory to admire the elegant style of dress adopted by our five new monarchs. Unhappy France, since 1793, had had for masters none but men dressed in *carmagnoles* of sheep's grey, with a cap to match. But now gaudy plumes were seen floating on the heads of our five governors, and the richest embroideries sparkled upon their mantles. The directors spoke a pure and correct dialect, and listened with grace and good-nature to the claims of the numerous victims who had escaped from the prisons. Paris might have yielded itself up to a feeling of security after the fall of our Sylla; but the population, as during the days of the League, were in want of all the necessaries of life. Everything was at the maximum, and with the maximum people were in want of everything. In every household there was stuck up a certificate showing the number of persons composing it. Fortified by the certificate, which was signed and delivered by the police commissioner of the ward, people flocked to the doors of the bakers' shops to take their turn according to their number. The baker distributed a kind of black, miserably-baked bread, at the price fixed, and at the rate of two ounces and a-half for each mouth per day. It was sometimes necessary to fight for one's place at the door or in the shops, for it often happened that the last half of those who had hold of the rope were compelled to go away without bread. Although these are painful recollections, it is impossible not to laugh at the characteristic gaiety of the French, a quality which never belies itself, even in the most distressing circumstances. Women would often put bundles, or even earthen pans, under their petticoats, giving themselves the appearance of being *enceinte*, in order to secure a passage through the crowd. And the same people who during the forenoon had gone hungry, while waiting two or three hours for a couple of ounces of badly-cooked bread, would, in the evening, hasten to the theatres, to see played *La Parfaite Egalité*, or the *Thee and Thou;* the *Jugement dernier des Rois; Tarquin*, or the *Abolition of Royalty;* the *Apotheosis of Marat*, and other revolutionary pieces; so that it might then have been truly said of the French that "the proud Romans wanted only shows and bread, but the French content themselves with shows without bread."

The most unfortunate class of persons manifested little respect for the five directors. "This palace of the Luxembourg," said they, in

mockery, "is but a waxen building; a single ray of the summer's sun will melt it down with its new inmates—they will remain there no longer than their predecessors."

At the bottom of a picture, on which were painted the five directors in a group, some wag had painted a caricature, full of point, representing a *lancet*, a *stalk of lettuce*, and a *rat*, perfectly executed; the meaning of which was that the year VII. should kill them off.

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That enthusiasm which is so prevalent among us for gymnastic exercises is inherent in our national customs. The horrors of the French Revolution, the recent loss of so many heads of families, should, perhaps, have lent to the national character an air of gravity which it did not before exhibit. "At all times," as Brantôme says, "the sons of Gaul have carried everything, even *their griefs*, to extremes; and yet pleasure must ever predominate among so fickle and frivolous a race." After the 9th Thermidor nothing was more common than for the accuser and the accused, the executioner and his victim, the assassin and the daughter of the murdered father to meet together in the same company. The balls *à la victime* were much in vogue, and the most piquant anecdotes were related of what took place at them. Families vied with each other in attending them, and it often happened that the son of a member of the Convention of 1793 took the *pas du schal* with the daughter of some emigrant marquis. The most ferocious men of the time became tame and tractable while waltzing with the niece of of their old seigneur; their hands, still stained with the blood of her relations, would press hers most affectionately. What they had been was all forgotten in what they now were—the past was thrust aside in order to fly upon the wings of the present. In a word, the then Paris did not resemble the Paris of former days; everything was metamorphosed—even sorrow itself underwent a transformation. The social circles were brilliant, the reunions were numerous; everybody strove to appear *à la Grecque*, and to forget the misfortunes of the Trojans.

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This was a very laborious man, and a sincere friend to the fundamental principles of liberty. Incorruptible, and worthy in every respect of the confidence and esteem of the public, though he had not the talents of our great orators, he left them far behind in probity. Napoleon esteemed him for his honesty, although he did little for him. "He is a good man," was his language; "*I have nothing to fear from him.*" Letourneur's last years were passed in sorrow and bitterness, but, happily, religion came to his aid, and surrounded him with all her consolations. He died the death of the righteous; for God, more merciful than man, can pardon offences and forgive the repentant.

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At the time of the rupture among the Jacobins, Rewbel passed over to the Society of the Feuillans, and, in spite of the example of all his colleagues, refused to return. "'Tis," said he, "best to be consistent." Yes, as to principles, but not errors.

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This founder of a new sect had but few followers. The Theophilanthropists permitted no external pomp; they simply offered to the God of the universe the first flowers and fruits of the season. They sang in honour of the Supreme Being hymns expressive of their peculiar sentiments. Ceremonies so novel attracted throngs of the curious as spectators, who, when they discovered among the worshippers a leader who had been a high-priest at St. Sulpice, could not but remember that they had seen him figuring among the iconoclasts of his age. He inspired them with no respect. The greater portion of his acolytes had been members of the old revolutionary committees. They were dressed in white robes with their waists girded with tricoloured ribbons. To use a Scripture phrase, they were *whited sepulchres;* they raised to Heaven hands still stained with their brothers' blood. They invoked the King of kings, and asked Him to protect so impious a sect. At the other end of the temple of the Lord, the sounding vaults no longer rang with those sacred hymns, the only consolation of the portion of Christians who remained faithful to the worship of their fathers; they contented themselves with uttering their prayers in whispers.

Those Saturnalia were of short duration; people were left to visit *Baal;* the sectaries, reduced to themselves merely, were forced to abandon their temple. As no miracle was wrought by the new worshippers at the Church of St. Sulpice, it was not thought necessary longer to continue upon its principal door the distich that had been inscribed upon it (as also upon that of St. Medard):—

"De part le peuple, défense à Dieu,
D'opérer miracle en ce lieu."

St. Sulpice was re-opened to the fervent Catholics, and it was soon forgotten that for some months the Theophilanthropists had scandalised all Paris.

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This director affected an extreme simplicity. Far from imitating the luxurious habits of his colleagues, he saw but little company, and kept himself shut up the most of the time in the bosom of his family, towards whom he was affectionate. He gave audiences, made few promises, but was obliging. When he was about to give you a

favourable answer, his face became more smiling, his manners more agreeable; everything about him showed the good man. I will not now seek to condemn him, nor to absolve him from past errors—I will only say with Virgil:

> "Grandia sæpè quibus mandavimus hordea sulcis
> Infelix lolium et steriles dominantur avenæ."—Ec. V.

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Barras was the only one of the directors who was convinced that he was in reality only a monarch *à terme*, as he laughingly told Bonaparte. It would appear that this director leaned in favour of the Bourbons; he desired their recall, and hoped, under them, to be the first person in the kingdom; but the general of the army of Italy, who had foreseen this at the time of the famous elimination of Fructidor, had carefully kept his eye upon him. The rumour went abroad that he had signed a treaty in favour of the Pretender, and that he had been provided for in this important negotiation; that the sum of 600,000 francs received by him, was but a prelude to what he was to receive on the same account. As to title and rank, it was understood that the bâton of a marshal of France was offered him. So many stories could not help awakening suspicion. Bonaparte was among the first to credit them. He stood little in fear of his patron; he was stimulated by ambition, and was unwilling to give up to others what he could keep for himself. The third place in the government did not suit him; he wanted the first; but Barras was not willing to make him such a concession. "The right of placing the crown of France on the head of the brother of Louis XVI. should," said he, "belong to me alone, and not to others. Bonaparte is capable of guiding the reaction in favour of the Bourbons; but that task is above the strength of the director. May an honourable and deep repentance urge the general to do so of his own accord—but as to political interests, I understand them too well not to keep him at a distance from me, or not to catch him in my snare whenever I wish." In a few days afterwards the two friends met; they had seen each other but seldom since Bonaparte's return from Egypt. Barras was the first to break silence. "For ten years," said he to Bonaparte, "France has been weighed down by great evils; great faults have been committed, and men of the most consistent principles have, without being aware of it, inscribed their names on the list of the guilty. You know, general, that in revolutions, sage and rare, indeed, are those who stumble not—for in politics, two and two do not always make four. The fall of the different Governments which have succeeded the monarchy has fully convinced me that there is but one kind of government capable of restoring to our country peace

and prosperity; and that government is a constitutional charter, confided to the enlightened wisdom of the legitimate heir to the throne."

Bonaparte could not dissemble his surprise; for a moment he thought the director was labouring to entrap him; consequently he dissembled, and pretended to fall in with Barras' views. Indeed, he promised a great deal and declared that "in less than one month France should see a new order of things, in which he, the general, would co-operate with all his power."

Bonaparte was far from being sincere in this; but it had the effect so to deceive poor Barras that he promised the general anew to associate his glory with his. 'Tis well known how he kept his word.—*Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire.*

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Bonaparte was presented to him by Salicetti, a deputy from Corsica. He was then a sub-lieutenant of artillery. The generals on the ground had made some bad dispositions, which Bonaparte openly and boldly condemned. In spite of the opposition of some of the old officers, he presented a new plan, which was adopted. His particular attention was directed to Fort Malgue, &c.

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The majority of the directors disliked Bonaparte. "*The little leather-breeches*," said one of them, in a tone of contempt and buffoonery, "will give us a second edition of Cromwell unless he's constantly watched. 'Tis enough for him to have done up the 13th Vendémiaire; to give him a superior command will take him off too far; we must prevent his acquiring celebrity."

"I will charge myself to guide him," said Barras. "Bonaparte will never disobey my instructions. He is a man for active employment, and, unless you consent to his elevation, he will rise in spite of you."

Nor did the patron forget his protégé; but the first opportunity that presented itself, he secured his appointment as General-in-chief of the army of Italy.

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General Danican commanded the sections who had risen against the Convention. Unfortunately, he became an object of suspicion to both parties. In conversation with him, several of the deputies professed to desire an accommodation. Words of peace were used in toasts that were drunk, and at the moment when a favourable treaty was confidently looked for, the cry of "Treason!" was raised on every side. Danican was anxious to avert the calamities which menaced the capital; he temporised as long as possible, and perhaps too long. During the

interval, the party attached to the Convention became by degrees reinforced, and adopted proper measures to put down the sections. The general was abandoned by everybody. He then transferred his powers to General Menou, and retired with a sigh, well knowing that the approaching struggle would be a bloody one. The only fruit which he reaped from the moderation he had shown towards his fellow-citizens was a sentence of death. He remained for several months concealed in the cellar of a church. He dared, however, to utter his voice from his sepulchral hiding-place, and caused to be published a curious memoir respecting the actors engaged in the affairs of that day, in which he unmasked several of the guilty; a step, however, which did not restore his tranquillity until some thirteen months had passed. The decree condemning him to death was reviewed, and finally rescinded, and Danican was restored to his friends; but he received only a small indemnity for the ills he suffered and the losses he sustained.

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General Charette, at the breaking out of the insurrection of the Vendéans in March, 1793, was tumultuously proclaimed chief of the Canton of Machecoult, in place of St. André, who had shamefully fled before the republicans. Drawn into the movement almost in spite of himself, he placed himself at the head of the insurgents, immediately took possession of Pornic, a small port two leagues from Nantes, and a few days afterwards took the city of Machecoult, where the patriots left twelve pieces of cannon, 12,000 pounds of powder, 1,500 men killed, and 500 prisoners. He then laid siege to Nantes, which he was prevented from taking in consequence of the defection of the troops from the right bank of the Loire, who, after sustaining several attacks, and witnessing the death of their general, Cathelineau, ran off. Charette next directed his movements against Luçon, in concert with d'Elbée, led the third attack, and was repulsed, when the latter was elected General-in-chief of the Vendéans. Charette, chagrined by this choice, as well as by the popularity enjoyed by Beauchamp and Bernard de Marigni, left them both, and raised a separate army in Lower Poitou, and by his temporary inaction became the cause of the check which the main army experienced. But he was for a long time successful in the country lying between Nantes and Les Sables, almost the whole of which he occupied. But he was at length beaten near the latter of those two cities, and also near Luçon. He nevertheless took possession of the Isles of Bonin and Noirmoutiers, which the republicans soon after rescued from him; and while Tureau took possession of the latter island, Charette found himself compelled to fight at Machecoult. The Convention having proposed an armistice to the royalists, a suspension of arms was agreed on, and Charette, accompanied by other chiefs,

went to Nantes to conclude a treaty, which was broken almost as soon as made. He then assembled the wrecks of his army and endeavoured, but without success, to persuade the Count d'Artois, then on the Isle Dieu with 4,000 English troops and 1,500 emigrants, to land upon the part of the coast which he then occupied. From this period his reverses commenced. In the latter part of February, 1796, he made up his mind to risk another battle; he was beaten, and only went on from one defeat to another until the 23rd of March, on which day he was made a prisoner at La Chabotière by General Travot. Overcome by fatigue, wounded in the head and in the hand, he attempted to make his way by flight through a wood, assisted by two of his men, who resolved to share his fate. The two soldiers were brought to the ground by two musket shots from the pursuers, and Travot, throwing himself upon Charette, called himself by name, and compelled Charette to surrender his arms. He was conducted to Pont de Vic, and thence to Angers, where he was tried; he was thence transferred to Nantes to undergo his sentence. While stepping out of the boat in which he had been brought, he exclaimed, "See, then, where the English have brought me!" A priest who had taken the civic oath attended him to the place of execution. He would neither get upon his knees nor suffer his eyes to be bandaged. Without the slightest change of countenance, and without any manifestation of fear, he looked upon the soldiers who stood ready to fire upon him, and gave them the signal. He was of the middle height and of a slender form, but of a proud bearing and stern look. He may fairly be regarded as one of the workers of the ruin of his party.—*Biographie.*

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The agitations by which empires are shaken always produce great men, who astonish their age by the brilliancy of their achievements. The French Revolution is fruitful in examples of this kind, and it may with truth be said of it that it created men.

Lazare Hoche was born at Montreuil, a faubourg of Versailles. His mother died in giving him birth. Young Hoche at an early age conceived a taste for the profession of arms, and at the age of sixteen became one of the French guards. Some days after the taking of the Bastille, the minister of war, Servan, remarking, at a review, the fine martial air of Hoche, sent him a lieutenant's brevet in the regiment de Rouergue. He appeared at the head of our battalions with all that zeal and bravery which afterwards won him so much distinction.

At the battle of Hondschoote he became an adjutant-general, and about the same time General-in-chief of the army of the Moselle. In consequence of the glorious combat in the plains of Weissenbourg, and of an act of boldness which facilitated the retreat of the army of

the Rhine through the Black Forest and its junction with the army of the Moselle, he was appointed to the command of both those armies.

Soon, however, he became suspected by the Committee of Public Safety, and, like many others of our illustrious generals, shared honourable chains. The *acte* of his accusation was already drawn up, and he was about to appear before that murderous revolutionary tribunal, when the events of the 9th Thermidor restored him to liberty and to victory.

The Reign of Terror was over, but discord still agitated France. The war in La Vendée, which had scarcely been lulled to sleep, now broke out anew and spread its ravages far and wide, menacing the whole of the West of France. Hoche was at the head of the army, on the coast of Brest, stationed there to repel the English and the emigrants who, beaten at Carnac, and forced to evacuate Aury, found themselves blockaded at Quiberon, and forced to lay down their arms.

Hoche returned to Paris with the title of Pacificator of La Vendée. His name, everywhere admired, was blessed by the inhabitants of those unhappy districts. There will his memory be for ever cherished by a people who regard him as a kind parent from whose hands they have received pardons and favours. In the midst of those desolated fields, where, for five years, crime had succeeded crime, and disaster had followed disaster, he caused peace and plenty, industry and hope, to return to the husbandman.

The Executive Directory, well aware of his courage and energy, unanimously chose him to carry the war into Ireland. The enemy were then cruising off Brest; but the French squadron managed to elude its vigilance and put to sea. Having reached the open sea, however, the wind became contrary; it blew a hurricane, stopped the progress of the squadron, and after the first night the frigate which had Hoche on board was carried to a distance from the rest of the fleet. The swiftness of her movements saved her from the pursuit of the English. She at length reached the coast of Ireland, but found no French squadron there. Hoche retired from the hostile strand with regret, and gained the open sea, where he encountered new tempests. He found himself in the midst of the English fleet, but so violent was the storm that the *Fraternité*, the frigate that bore him, was mistaken by the enemy for one of their own vessels.

Just one month from his departure from Brest, Hoche landed at Rochelle, without having executed his bold enterprise.

The command of the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse was confided to Hoche. He had led his warriors to the bridge of Neuwied, and General Lefebvre's division was already at the gates of Frankfort,

when the news of the signing of the preliminaries of peace in Italy arrested this new current of his triumph.

But while hostilities were suspended in Germany and Italy, discord was rending asunder the republic at home. Hatred and disgust presided over the Legislature and the Directory; that harmony which was so necessary to the constituted authorities, was totally destroyed, and a majority of the Directory being of opinion that victory would crown the party that should strike the first blow, determined upon a *coup d'état*, and made way for the 18th Fructidor. To accomplish that unconstitutional measure, the Directory cast their eyes upon Hoche, thinking him a fit person to put down a party whom he had, while in the legislative body, accused of royalism.

Already had the troops he commanded passed the boundaries fixed by the Constitution on their way towards Paris, when the legislative body complained of this violation of law to the Directory, who pretended it was a mistake committed by one of the commissioners of war, and that the troops were destined for Brest, where they were fitting out a new expedition to Ireland.

The Directory, finding that their schemes were understood, determined to press forward their execution. But General Hoche was no longer their theme; the five governors, fearing he might, in his turn, use to their disadvantage the dictatorship they had made up their minds to confer upon him, broke the instrument before making use of it.

The sad predictions of General Charette on this subject now recurred to his mind. He saw too late that he had been serving an ungrateful party, and that they would not only refuse to thank him for the good he had done, but would render it henceforth impossible for him to attempt anything for his own glory or the national honour. Meanwhile he joined the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse, whose headquarters were at Wetzlar. But he could not endure the ingratitude of men. In vain his friends urged him to return to the bosom of his family and recruit his shattered health. "No," he calmly replied; "I will die in the midst of my soldiers, and want no other consolation in my last moments than what these brave men will bestow upon me—men who, I dare hope, will drop a tear on the tomb of a general who has lost everything but *honour*."

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General Hoche, after the 18th Fructidor, fell into a kind of apathy, which appeared truly extraordinary. His health was visibly declining; he adopted and rejected, by turns, all the remedies that were suggested to him. His life was soon despaired of, and the

handsomest of men presented nothing in his looks but symptoms of dissolution. He gazed upon death with calmness. His mind was struck with a prediction which Bonaparte once made him at Tallien's, and, in recalling it, he would often say, "Yes, he was certainly correct. I shall not outlive my thirtieth year! I am a victim — I shall die a victim; and I know not whence comes the blow."

The premature death of the general gave rise to numerous conjectures at the time. Some accused the Directory; others, the husband of a woman whom Hoche had tenderly loved. The truth is, his death did not seem to be natural, and hence the thousand versions which filled all the saloons of Paris. Some hours before he breathed his last, he wrote the last letter to Madame Bonaparte, *revealing to her a famous secret*, and inviting her to make use of it whenever circumstances should permit. The memory of Hoche was dear to Josephine; she never alluded to him but with a feeling of deep sadness. She was convinced that that old friend of hers had drunk of the cup of Nero[1]; but never in anyone's presence did she hint at the name or station of his persecutor.[2]

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After the death of Robespierre, the principal part of those who had been most excessive in their revolutionary fury, affected to give themselves up blindly to the empire of fashion. The thick, bushy locks, dressed *à la Jacobine*, were replaced by the elegant styles of head-dress, *à la Grecque*, *à la victime*, *au repentir*. Our French dames were dressed *à la Romaine*. The *petits-maîtres*, who had sat in the different committees and assemblies of the sections, outdid themselves in this line. One would wear a powdered cue; another a collar of green velvet; another exchanged his rounded waistcoat for a square one. Apartments were decked out in the latest style, and the prices of articles of luxury rose enormously. Gold and precious stones glittered on all sides; the most sumptuous and delicate feasts took the place of those frugal repasts at which the hosts prided themselves on recalling into use the dishes of the preceding age; patron-feasts were disused, and those were multiplied which tended to recall pleasing recollections. Men did not, like the Romans, write the names of their mistresses with wine spilled upon the table, but drank oblivion to those unhappy times, or prolonged happiness to the present. Women became more coquettish, but more tender, and, perhaps, more faithful. The capital

1 The medical faculty at Paris discovered no positive traces of poison, and hesitated in giving an opinion.

2 This monstrous imputation is destitute of all truth or probability. See "Thiers' Hist. Fr. Rev." Vol. IV., p. 209.—TRANSLATOR.

was metamorphosed into a new Capua; and the enormous caps with fox-tails behind, and the great-coats with huge red capes hanging upon the shoulders, disappeared from the antechambers; and in their stead were seen elegant hats and surtouts with numerous folds. The fine cashmere vest took the place of the huge, coarse carmagnole jacket. The morning love-letter succeeded the revolutionary protocol of "Liberty or Death." The most gallant rendezvous, the most enchanting promenades, taught the good Parisians to forget that, only a few months before, there existed among them such things as clubs, meetings at Clichy, at Meot's, &c. Every one reclaimed his old character; men were the wiser for the past; wives more happy; and the health and education of children more carefully guarded.

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"There were, at this epoch, those who had lost, with their ancient *éclat* in society, that accursed fortune which is so much sighed after. Deprived of the necessaries of life, they were forced to resort to means for which they felt a repugnance; and to cap the climax of misery, they had neither understanding nor firmness enough to endure their fall with moderation.

"Tallien and you, Madame Cabarres, outdid yourselves in those calamitous times. You protected the widow and orphan; you snatched from the hand of the executioner the sword of Damocles, which threatened to decimate the people of France; and your acts of kindness, bestowed with judgment and kindness upon many honourable victims of proscription, will form the basis of that brilliant eulogy which posterity will pronounce upon you."

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Sundry projects were presented to Bonaparte, which had once been submitted to the Directory, and to the different committees. It was proposed to raise La Vendée from the ruins under which she lay buried. Plans of several new cities were submitted to the First Consul. It was proposed not only to furnish building materials, but to guarantee the payment of the work; and the labourers employed were to be taken from the privileged class. Instead of retaining them as prisoners, it was proposed to distribute among them the necessary implements for their new occupation. A duke was to become a mason, a painter or a sculptor; madame the marchioness was to keep the liquor shop for the labourers, or to work at the spindle. All parties would have been represented there—all sects, patriots, aristocrats, moderates, revolutionists, priests, sworn and unsworn, nuns turned out of one cloister, and again shut up as in another. All these unfortunates, in exile although in the bosom of their country, would have been confined

and subjected to the most rigorous surveillance. That unhappy country would have presented, in full size, the miniature of the Cevennes under Louis XIV. Each prisoner was to receive his daily rations, and premiums were to be awarded to such as should excel in labour or ingenuity. All were to be employed in the various establishments, and at the end of ten years, the limit fixed for the completion of all the works and for putting the manufactories into full operation, those of the colonists who should remain (marriages were to be prohibited among them) were to receive the quality of *regenerated Frenchmen*, and being henceforth treated as such, they were to become free in the eyes of the law, and to receive from the Government a homestead worth 1500 francs annually. They were, however, to remain during the two *lustrums* under the immediate surveillance of managers selected by the Jacobins of the old stamp, who would be able, in time of need, to convert them into soldiers for the numerous garrisons in those parts. Thus, said the authors of this singular scheme, we shall see new towns of an improved construction spring up on all sides; workshops will lend new activity to business; uncultivated lands will be reclaimed and planted; swamps will be drained—and all this will be the work of those suspicious persons who once hoped to work amidst the ruins of the land that gave them birth. Bonaparte did not approve of this rigorous policy. "I want no hostages," said he. "My actual strength shall be my power. If the nobles and the priests conduct themselves well, I shall protect them, and seek to repair the ills they have suffered; if they conspire against me, I will cut their heads off—or some strong citadel shall be responsible for them. When I want to build towns, I shall find workmen enough; and when I need their services, I shall make my generals so many Epaminondases." Bonaparte deceived himself.

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General Bonaparte was passionately fond of the military profession; but the love of glory did not harden his heart against the irreparable evils which result from the greatest victories. Often, after describing a battle he would trace the plan of a farm; from the map of the theatre of war he would pass to the topographical plan of the capital, and consult me as to the improvements which ought to be undertaken. The habits of the camp by no means destroyed his love of the fine arts and of agriculture. Napoleon was extreme in everything.—NOTE BY JOSEPHINE.

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As has been seen, Bonaparte was quite anxious that a divorce might take place between Madame Tallien and her husband. There was a moment when, the parties having had a slight falling out, such a proposition might have been made. Tallien adored his wife, and could not

endure the thought of being separated from her. He fell sick, and the very day when Bonaparte supposed he had overcome all obstacles, and was about to receive a favourable answer, he found the pretty Spanish woman at the bedside of her convalescent husband. She was holding in her arms her beautiful boy, whom she presented to her husband, and then showed with pride to the general, saying, "Do you think, citizen, it would be easy for a mother to forsake the father of such a babe as this?" Bonaparte took it for granted, from the reception given him by his fortunate rival, that his secret was out. "She is an indiscreet woman," said he, speaking of Madame Tallien; "I only wanted to test her fidelity. She takes me for a Renaud—she is egregiously mistaken—never shall she be my Armide. Let her attend to her household affairs; 'twere better, perhaps, for both that the matter had remained within doors." But he could scarcely conceal the mortification the incident occasioned him. He was long sour towards her.

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Madame Beauharnais was intimately connected with Madame de Chat—— Ren——, the daughter of Madame de L——, her early friend. This charming and witty woman then attracted to her house the best society of the capital. It was the resort of the most conspicuous persons. Barras presented Bonaparte to her, and begged her to admit him into the circle of her friends. The director was then trying to recover a plan of the campaign which Bonaparte had prepared for the conquest of Italy, and which the famous Carnôt got possession of. The first time Madame Beauharnais saw Bonaparte, the impression she received was not at all to his advantage. She uttered some shrewd jokes at his expense. Nor was Madame Fontenay prepossessed in his favour, though the intelligent Madame Chat—— Ren—— discovered something in the looks of the young Corsican, indicating an extraordinary man. "What think you," said Barras, "of my protégé? What think you of him?" "Well," said she, "I think he will make a figure in the world." The Marquis de Mailli frequented the house of Madame Chat—— Ren——. One day when Madame Fontenay (who had married Tallien), Madame Beauharnais, Bonaparte, a Mademoiselle Vanem, and others, were together, the conversation turned upon somnambulism, and the young damsel was produced by way of trying experiments. She said some singular things, and, among others, told Bonaparte that he would become the conqueror of Italy. From this time he took a great liking to somnambulism. He so gave himself up to this interesting illusion, that, whenever he visited at Madame Chat—— Ren——'s, he took pleasure in putting questions to Mademoiselle Vanem. He often saw Madame Beauharnais at this place; he fell in love with her, and avowed the fact to her; and his exile from the house was the

consequence. Barras, who wanted to benefit the young man, begged Madame Chat—— Ren—— to assume the office of mediatrix in this grand affair; but Josephine really loved General Hoche, and preferred him to the hero of Vendémiaire. "If," said he to the interesting Madame Chat—— Ren——, "if you were free, I should certainly cast my eyes upon you; I would, if it were necessary, overturn the whole world for the honour of having you for a wife. You may, however, fulfil my wish in part; just enable me to obtain the hand of your friend Josephine, and I shall be the happiest of men." Madame Beauharnais long rejected the proposal. The friends, however, contrived to intercept the correspondence of the lovers for a month, and Josephine, piqued at seeing herself neglected, finally consented to accept the hand of Bonaparte. The latter immediately returned to Barras the plan of the Italian campaign, and added these remarkable words: "Behold the presage of numerous victories; as for myself, I need but one of them, and that is the heart of Madame Beauharnais, and I have gained it." The marriage remained secret for several days. Bonaparte immediately set out for Italy, leaving his wife in Paris. She for some time, in the presence of her friends, dissembled the fact of her marriage, unwilling to confess that she had contracted indissoluble ties with the "little Bonaparte," as she used to call him.

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The *hôtel* owned by Bonaparte, Rue Chantereine, had belonged to Julie, the former wife of Tallien. That lady, wretched at finding the man she loved an ingrate, seeing her inability to entice back the most inconstant of men (who, nevertheless, paid her frequent visits), resolved to make a last effort upon his affections. Before giving herself up entirely to despair, she sent him an invitation to breakfast with her the next morning. He refused, under some vain pretext, but really intended to go and take her by surprise. Learning that he had thus, as she thought, shunned her again, she was so distracted with grief that she took poison, which she had long since been keeping for that purpose. Tallien arrived punctually at the hour, and, at the moment when he expected to press poor Julie to his heart, he saw her cold and lifeless remains deposited in a coffin which stood in his way. The unhappy husband uttered a cry of agony and fell down senseless. He was with difficulty restored to his senses, but his reason was for a moment shaken. He wept for poor Julie; perhaps he still mourns for her. A most inconstant husband was melted to pity, and he who was supposed to be insensible showed then that he knew how to love. He rendered the last sad honours to his wife, and henceforth, whenever he spoke of that woman, so interesting for the heroism of her attachment, it was with sentiments of affection and respect.

When, on Bonaparte's return from Italy, Tallien came to visit at his house, Josephine would often say to him, with a mournful accent, "This chamber once belonged to an unhappy woman." Tallien affected to be a stranger to the remark; but more than once did the tears start to his eyes. "I was," said Josephine, "anxious to satisfy myself whether this man was capable of cherishing a tender reollection. I had supposed his heart was estranged from all such feelings, and that the society of ladies was for him an agreeable recreation. But the visible emotion which he manifested whenever the name of Julie was pronounced in his presence, proved to me conclusively that, far from being cold and insensible, he was, beyond many other men, capable of a rare devotion and of a gratitude above temptation."—*Note communicated.*

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The first battle which Bonaparte personally directed, was that at the Bridge of Lodi. He showed great personal courage, and was promptly seconded by Lannes, who passed the bridge before him. At the battle of Arcole, the courage of Augereau was decisive. Catching a standard from the hands of the ensign who carried it, he shouted out, "Let every brave man follow me!" In these two battles more than 20,000 Poles, who were in the Austrian ranks, laid down their arms. They were immediately enrolled in the French army and formed into a legion, the command of which was given to the Polish general, Dombrowsky, attached to Bonaparte's staff. The latter now marched against Modena. The Prince of Modena, though not at war with France, was obliged to pay a contribution in order to save his estates from pillage.

The French head-quarters were established in the ducal palace, the duke himself having fled.

Next, the victorious general attacked the Austrians, and won the battle of Reveredo. The Treaty of Scoben followed, and Bonaparte sent General Clarke to Vienna, to continue negotiations. Under the treaty, Venice was handed over to Austria, and the general received a *douceur* of 8,000,000 francs. He returned to Paris with 25,000,000 francs.

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While Madame Bonaparte was in Italy, fêtes and pleasures of every kind followed each other in rapid succession. She visited, successively, Leghorn and Florence, though her customary residence was at Milan. One day, while she was standing by one of the windows of the château of Placenza, she noticed several men and women of a singular and grotesque appearance passing along. They were quite small, with large heads, great eyes, short and ill-formed statures, and crooked legs. She remarked that this must be a choleric, evil-minded race, and that

it was surprising that such persons should be permitted to marry. A certain Milanese lord, who happened to be standing by, called her particular attention to one of those hideous-looking creatures, who pretended to be accompanied by a familiar spirit, subject to her orders. His lordship then remarked, in reply to Josephine, "That is a keen-sighted sprite, but of a character utterly unquiet and bizarre; the woman makes use of her knowledge, or of chance itself, as the case may be, to disseminate the most extravagant ideas. The Government tolerates her, because she exercises a great influence over the class of persons who are the most ready to get up a rebellion. Hold!" said he to Madame de Camb——, "she seems to fix her attention particularly upon you." The "Sorceress of the Alps" (for thus she was called), on seeing the company standing on the balcony, and Madame Bonaparte among them, cried out, "Retire instantly—a great evil threatens you!" And, indeed, at about the same moment, an arch, which sustained a kind of exterior terrace, gave way, and several persons were precipitated and dangerously wounded. Fortunately, Madame Bonaparte rushed to the opposite side, which still stood, but was tottering to its fall. Assistance, however, arrived in time to rescue her, and the ladies of her suite, from the danger. The next morning that extraordinary woman was brought to her. Madame Bonaparte told Madame Camb—— to pretend, in the presence of this stranger, that they were both from Lucca, and had been compelled to fly their country for reasons of a serious nature. All the women who remained with Josephine at the time the strange woman arrived were frightened at her. She had a wen which hung down to her middle, and led along by the hand a little Crétin, who resembled herself. All wanted to consult her: she was deaf—spoke with great difficulty—and her whole appearance indicated extreme imbecility. Nevertheless, she understood her part. She prepared sundry herbs, asked for some fresh eggs, and drew three pails of water. After mumbling over some barbarous words, unknown to the company, she said to one of the officers, "You will be killed in a battle;" to another, "You will perish with cold and hunger." When she came to Madame Bonaparte, whom she intentionally omitted till the last, she told her that she should one day be crowned; she then showed her, in the water-pail, that the eggs had formed themselves into *fleurons*, which, when they thus touched each other, were a sign of royalty. "I behold two of these crowns," said she, "but you will obtain but one."—"One is quite enough," said Josephine, "and too much to afford me security in a republic. I am quite obliged for the bauble; offer it to the Germans." All were eager to see this fragile crown; and, on examining it attentively, it was found to be set with seven clusters of diamonds. The little Crétin (a name given in the Valais to a sort of dwarf, who is held to be the guardian angel of a family) made a sign of approbation. The "Sorceress of the Alps" was

dismissed with a handsome present. On her second visit to Italy, Madame Bonaparte enquired whether she was still living at Milan. But she was not there. Josephine adopted a Crétin, in this way paying for that most singular prediction. There are many witnesses who can attest this fact. The Empress related it many times to her intimate friends. Without placing the least confidence in it, she often said, "Three persons have predicted that I should reign; but they did not tell me that I should transmit my crown to my descendants. Probably my royal qualities will not be of this world; for the humblest Frenchman leaves his inheritance to his children. As to my own, it appears that their virtues must, in the end, be their most brilliant appendage—that the dignities which I am to enjoy are to cease during my lifetime. Yet there is something to console me, nevertheless; it is that, after I am gone, my actions may revive my memory in the hearts of my friends; and I love to persuade myself that I shall leave some friends behind me."

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The enormous contributions levied in Italy, as the price of armistices, or of treaties broken as soon as signed, seemed to the victorious general preferable to continued war. At the commencement of the Italian campaign, the soldiers of the new Hannibal were absolutely in want of everything; but after some millions had been put into Bonaparte's treasury, his chief care was to provide for the wants of those valiant men. Italy afforded so many resources, that the French soldiers readily forgot all their fatigues and privations in thinking of their triumphs. This country seemed to them a Promised Land,[1] but their chief gave them no repose, and each day brought with it its combat and its victory. Rome would have been conquered, had Bonaparte really willed it. But he left to others those sad laurels, contenting himself with executing his own mission, which, as he often said, was to reap the fruit of his own labours, and to gain partisans in the countries he was conquering in the name of the French Republic. He was willing to profit by the spoils of nations, but his real object was to enrich his own country with the master-works and monuments of art which he found among the vanquished, and thus to win a reputation for moderatism which might afterwards open the way for the accomplishment of his vast designs.

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We will explain the organisation of the Cispadane and the Cisalpine Republics. To the first, the General-in-chief of the army of Italy

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1 It was so in reality.—TRANSLATOR.

united Romagna and Modena; Reggio, Messa and Carrara to the second. He also laid down the plan of the new government which he had resolved to establish over the Genoese. This was done at Montebello, in presence of the Genoese deputies. Certain of his emissaries then slipped into the Valtelline, which declared itself a republic, and asked for his protection. Thus, in the space of less than one year, two crowns disappeared from Italy. That of Tuscany, it was plain, would not be long in tumbling; and the principality of Lucca, in its turn, was compelled to submit to a second contribution, much larger than the first.

Politicians should have foreseen that a war would soon break out all over Italy—the more bloody on account of the civil and religious discord which should feed it. They might have anticipated that Europe would present a spectacle more terrible than any since the commencement of the Revolution, for the French Directory set no bounds to its pretensions, its pride and its menaces.

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General Paoli used all his efforts to free his country from republican tyranny. If he could have maintained single-handed the struggle against the French troops, it is probable he would have proclaimed the independence of Corsica, and, in the end, have established over it a free and moderate government. But pressed on the one side by the patriots, and on the other by the republican army, he saw his own and his country's salvation only in the succour and protection of England. Master of the port of Ajaccio, and of several strong places, he delivered them to the English, and received them as liberators. This revolution was hailed with enthusiasm. The Corsicans flattered themselves that they should now enjoy all the benefits of the English Constitution; and, perhaps, Paoli himself entertained the idea that he should obtain the title of viceroy. His own hopes and those of his fellow-citizens were not realised. Only a small portion of the liberties of England was granted to her new subjects in Corsica; they were only allowed a House of Commons, and the viceroyalty was conferred on a British subject. In order to subdue the island, bloody and frequent battles had to be fought. Bastia defended itself with great obstinacy; Calvi was reduced to ashes; and the English rendered themselves so hateful to the people by their exactions, their avarice, and their pride of dominion, that the most determined enemies of the French Republic, in the end, regretted their old masters.—*Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire.*

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The name of this adventurer was Theodore New-Hoffen. He was the son of a Westphalian baron who settled in France. In his youth he had been page to the Duchess of Orleans; he afterwards retired into

Sweden, then into Spain, and then into Italy. He was a man of an ardent imagination, almost bordering on insanity, and his head was every day filled with some new project. He made a voyage to Tunis, and persuaded the bey that if he would give him a vessel with ten guns, 4,000 muskets, a little money and ammunition, he could make him master of the island of Corsica. The bey, in the simplicity of his heart, listened to the proposal. Theodore embarked for Leghorn, where he met with a few Corsicans, and told them that if they would recognise him as their King, he would deliver the island, and ensure them the assistance of the European Powers.

The wildest ideas are almost always sure to succeed in revolutions. The proposal of the Westphalian baron was accepted. In the month of March, 1735, he landed at the port of Aleri, clad in a long scarlet robe, lined with fur, wearing on his head an extensive perruque and a cocked hat with a broad brim, a long Spanish sword by his side, and a cane in his hand with a crow's-beak handle, which served him as a sceptre. He also brought with him 200 *fusils*, the same number of pistols, certain sabres, a modicum of shoes, very little cash, but an abundance of promises.

The Corsicans hailed him as their LIBERATOR, and, in an assembly held on the 15th of April, 1736, he was elected and proclaimed King. A new Constitution was drawn up, which the new monarch swore to support. The ceremony of his coronation took place in one of the churches of the Franciscans, and, as there was no crown of gold to give him, his subjects contented themselves with giving him one of laurels.

Theodore's first care was to form a Court, raise a regiment of guards, and create counts, barons and marquises. Giafféri and Paoli (the father of the one above mentioned by that name) received the title of "Your Excellency." Coin of silver and copper was struck, bearing the likeness of the new sovereign, who, to make a trial of his power, had a couple of Corsicans hanged for fighting a duel. In the first moments of enthusiasm, he assembled together a considerable number of troops, and obtained some advantages over the Genoese. He never approached the shore of his dominions without being armed with a huge spy-glass, which he would bring to his face as if expecting to discover at sea the succour which he was to receive from the leading Powers of Europe, to whose Cabinets he pretended he was daily despatching the most important diplomatic papers. He received couriers without number, and obtained from them the most satisfactory accounts of the state of his negotiations. This comedy lasted for eight months. The Genoese, getting alarmed, set a price upon his head; but their fright was of short duration. The monarch began to be pinched for money, and the public enthusiasm diminished with his finances. To avoid more serious consequences, he concluded to quit his estates and go in person to accelerate the supplies which he expected. Arrived at Amsterdam, one of his

creditors threw him into jail. But sustaining this trifling reverse with the dignity of a King, he opened, and conducted with great ability, a negotiation with a Jew, and obtained from a mercantile house the sum of five millions, with which he paid his debts, and laded a vessel with arms, powder, and all sorts of military stores. The Jews now flattered themselves that they should monopolise the commerce of the island, and Theodore did not doubt but that, on his arrival home, all the Corsicans would range themselves under his banner. Both the Jews and himself were deceived. He was not able to land in his estates. He was arrested at Naples, and fled to London, where, having contracted new debts, he was again thrown into prison. Here he must have died in jail, had not the singularity of his adventures awakened an interest in his behalf. Sir Horace Walpole could not bear to see a King dying in chains, and proposed to get up a subscription on his account. The amount was soon raised; his Corsican Majesty was liberated; but soon after, in December, 1746, died in misery and chagrin. He was interred in the church of St. Anne in Westminster, with the following inscription upon his tombstone:—

"Fate poured its lesson on his living head,
Bestowed a kingdom, and denied him bread."

—*Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire.*

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Josephine always wanted to follow Bonaparte in his campaigns. Refuse her as he might, he could not convince her that the only effect was to expose herself to danger without glory. It was rare that she did not share some of his danger. In order, however, to disgust her with it, he once placed her in front of the enemy's battery, where she heard the cannon roaring in her ears and the balls falling at her feet. When the general passed along the lines, or climbed up the breast-work to reconnoitre the enemy's position, Madame Bonaparte, unaccustomed to walk a pavement slippery with human gore, stopped short and fell. He laughed at her. "This is war, madam," said he, standing at a considerable distance; "courage, madam, courage! laurels are not won on beds of down. To be worthy of me, you must attend to the sick and dress their wounds with your own hands; you must set your women to scraping lint."

On another occasion, he had led her on further than usual (for he commonly left her in the last frontier town); a shell burst near where she was standing, and struck a number of persons. She uttered a piercing cry, and, disengaging herself from Bonaparte, who held her by the arm, was about to fly, but he held her by main strength. "You will never," said he, seriously, "be a Jeanne Hachette. A ball frightens you."—"If," said she, with gravity, "it should be necessary to defend my fireside, I should immediately imitate the example of Clisson's

sister, who fought against the English; but, my dear, you are now tormenting peaceable persons for the sport of winning a great reputation. For my part, I have neither a relish nor courage for that." Josephine was so overcome at the sight of the blood, which flowed from those who were injured by the shot, that she fainted; she looked imploringly to Bonaparte, and saw he was deeply moved. He did not leave her until every aid in his power had been rendered her. He then committed her to the care of those who were about her, ordered the wounded to be taken care of, and swore that henceforth all women, and particularly Josephine, should be kept at least twenty leagues from head-quarters.

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In the midst of the alarms created throughout Europe by the French Revolution, the cardinals at Rome reflected upon the events that were passing in Italy. They looked upon our soldiers as well-meaning men, constrained by necessity to change their characters. The revenge which the priests might have wished to inflict upon them arose more from fear than from a determination to resist. Their conduct betrayed weakness. The most of them fled to Naples and other places; they trembled at the approach of the French, while the leaders of the party attached to French principles were formidable to none except those whose avarice rendered them imprudent.

Bonaparte thought that, by using other means, he could inspire other sentiments. He resolved to hazard an experiment, and began by obtaining from the Pope a declaration that all the nobility of the Ecclesiastical States should give up their plate. All vagabonds were driven from the Roman territory, and it was enjoined upon all convents, all churches, all *monts-de-piété*, to furnish, within five days, an inventory of the wealth they possessed. He then demanded several legations, and manifested a desire that the wealth of the state should be placed at his disposal; further still, he wanted indulgences to be issued, and that the *Te Deum* should be sung in honour of this happy event. On these conditions he promised the most perfect security to Rome, and was to take the French emigrants under his protection.

The general displayed as much of suppleness and complaisance in his negotiations with the cardinals as he had of haughtiness in his negotiations with the representatives of Kings. He spoke to them with an air of kindness, mourned with them over the calamities which menaced the estates of the Church, and admired the unshrinking fortitude of the head of the Church, under circumstances so trying. Seeking to render himself useful by tendering his kind offices, and amiable by demonstrations of attachment to the Holy See, he was listened to with respect, and finally regarded as a godly man. He foresaw that Pope Pius VI. would not be long in sinking under the outrages inflicted upon him, and took it for granted that he should be able to control the new conclave.

"If," said he to his most intimate friends, "I can put the tiara on the brows of Chiaramonti, I shall necessarily make him my friend. I shall give him such a direction as I please. I want help in order to arrive at the point I aim at, and I have told Immola, who must succeed in the apostolic line. He will have it in his power, if he pleases, to avert the storm which has long threatened the capital of the Christian world. 'Tis to Paris—in my palace—that he will one day come in order to obtain from me positive instructions respecting the means of preserving himself there. The pontifical throne will resist the shock only so far as I will it, and it will be in the power of the new Pope to confirm, by his good conduct towards me, my friendship for him. But my vengeance, should he adopt a line of conduct opposed to my own, will be terrible to him, and place him by force among the number of holy confessors."

At this period Bonaparte seemed to foresee that the humiliation and the good of the Church would prescribe to the new pontiff duties of which he might, perhaps, see occasion to repent. Napoleon long caressed the idea that the Holy Apostolic See would one day be established in France, and that the Roman states would form a part of the latter country.—NOTE BY JOSEPHINE.

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When Notre-Dame de Loretto was broken into, Bonaparte carried off its wealth, contenting himself to send the Madonna to the executive Directory. On the day of its arrival in Paris, Barras gave a great dinner. The black virgin was set upon the table, and the director said, laughing, "Bonaparte has done well to send us the miraculous statue, but he has taken good care to retain her clothing." Messena replied, "You would be astonished, indeed, gentlemen, if the Madonna should, on the instant, escape from your hands and return to Loretto."

The directors indulged themselves in various pleasantries over the account given of the general; but it was easy to perceive that they already stood in fear of him. "I understand the character of Bonaparte," said Barras; "I have studied it. What he wills he wills, and he will, perhaps, one day will to subject us to his authority, and, following the example of Cromwell, say to us: 'Ye are no longer directors! do ye hear? I tell you, ye are no longer directors; fie, fie, for shame!—retire; give place to others. The Lord hath chosen other instruments.' Then will he, with his soldiers, drive us pell-mell before him, shut the doors of the Luxembourg, and deposit the keys in the Tuileries, and give them afterwards to a Conservative senate, who will not have the talents to conserve themselves."

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Cardinal Mattei understood the character of Bonaparte better than any other man. He had, on an occasion of great peril to himself,

skilfully checked the torrent of his anger. The cardinal was at Ferrara at the time the French, without a previous declaration of war, entered that city. Bonaparte arrived at that prelate's palace, attacked him with a shower of reproaches, and threatened to shoot him on the spot. The cardinal, without showing any symptoms of intimidation, and opposing to the general's wrath nothing but kindness and resignation, asked, in a calm tone, only a quarter of an hour to prepare for death. The self-possession, the dignity of the prelate, the virtues that gleamed in his looks, disconcerted the unpitying general.

The life of Cardinal Mattei was spared, and, in a few minutes afterwards, a friendly conversation ensued between them. "Why," said the cardinal, "wage this war on the Holy See, who is at war with nobody? What crime can be charged against it?"

"What would you?" replied the general. "I am exercising the right of the strongest, and cannot conceal from you that I am not without my anxieties for Rome herself."

Cardinal Mattei, in communicating the news of the treaty of peace to Cardinal Bosca, secretary of state, wrote as follows:—

"The treaty is signed; I send a courier to carry the news to your Eminence. The conditions are hard, indeed; and, in every respect, very like the capitulation of a besieged city—so the conqueror often expressed himself. My heart palpitated; I trembled, and tremble still, for his Holiness, for Rome, and for the whole of the papal possessions. Rome, however, is saved, as well as the Catholic religion, notwithstanding the great sacrifices which have been made." —*Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire.*

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"Peace between the French Republic and your Holiness has been signed. I congratulate myself in having been able to restore your Holiness's tranquillity. I venture to ask your Holiness to distrust certain persons now at Rome, who are sold to Courts hostile to France; or who give themselves up to the guidance of the passion of hatred, which always draws down ruin upon a state. All Europe is aware of the pacific intentions of your Holiness; the French Republic will, I hope, be one of the most sincere friends of Rome. I send my aide-de-camp, chief of brigade, to express to your Holiness my perfect esteem and veneration for your person; and I pray you to believe me animated with a desire to give you, on all occasions, proofs of respect and veneration.

"BONAPARTE,
"General-in-Chief of the Army of Italy."

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When Bonaparte was preparing for his triumphant entry into the capital of the Roman Empire, he felt secretly touched with remorse for having persecuted with so much vehemence an old man who, by his virtues, deserved a better fate. Whether his native penetration enabled him to foresee that the sovereign pontiff would one day elevate him to the high rank of the "eldest son of the Church," or that the counsels given him by his wife recurred to his mind, he appeared struck, as with a ray of light, at the moment he transmitted to his government the treaty of peace which he had concluded with the Pope's envoys. The General-in-chief of the army of Italy from this time grew cold towards the "*one and indivisible republic*," and began to think more favourably of monarchy.

However the case may have been, he confined himself, for the present, to the establishment of peace with the Holy See. The unhappy Pius VI. was, at first, thunderstruck at the hardihood of the French general. It seemed to him impossible that a youthful warrior, thirsting for glory and devoured by ambition, should possess enough generosity and greatness of soul to respect an aged sovereign, now falling from power, and his soldiers, who were ready faithfully to execute his orders. And, in his council, the Holy Father could not forbear to repeat: "Since untoward circumstances have subjected us to the French yoke, we must make a virtue of necessity; let us support it with courage, and not lose time in uttering useless regrets. As long as I enjoyed my liberty, I defended it with all the means which God had placed in my power; now that He afflicts me, I must endure with patience the heavenly rod. Let us, therefore, be resigned."

Thus did this new martyr of the faith bow his august head under the weight of adversity. It was thus that, in the last moments of his exile, he exclaimed, in sadness and sorrow, and when about to enter upon a happier life, "*There is no people who have not their period of disgrace as well as of glory.*"

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The General-in-chief of the army of Italy, in collecting together for the republic the objects of curiosity which Colli, the Pope's general, had not time to carry away from Loretto, found certain portable articles which were used for the purpose of imposing upon the public credulity, and which consisted of:—

1. A pretended miraculous wooden image of the Madonna.
2. A piece of an old camel's-hair robe, which was said to have been worn by the Virgin Mary.

3. Three cracked earthen porringers, of poor material, said to have formed a part of her household stuff.

This carrying off was effected by Citizen Villetard, in presence of Citizen Monge, and Citizen Moscati, a physician of Milan. For fear people might call in question the authenticity of these articles, the seal of the General-in-chief was placed upon each one of them, in red wax, in a style similar to that of a writ. Bonaparte afterwards restored the statue to Pope Pius VII.; but he sent it to him naked, and never dreamed of restoring the plate and treasures he found in the chapel.—*Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire.*

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Bonaparte was naturally jealous. One of his aides-de-camp, Marshal L——, who was wounded at the Bridge of Lodi, gave him a faithful account of the smallest actions of his wife. Sundry letters which she had received were exposed to the general; he pronounced them criminal, although they were really but mere trifles, or utterly unimportant. Then commenced a misunderstanding between them which gave rise to serious apprehensions on the part of Josephine. But the general merely sought to frighten her. In a moment of wrath, he kicked to death a pug-dog to which she was much attached. The poor animal had been given her by General Hoche, of whom Bonaparte was the fortunate rival. After a few days, he appeared to be ashamed of his sudden impulse of rage, and, in order to repair the injury he had done, caused a monument to be erected to the little victim. This friendship-gift from General Hoche reposes in the gardens of Mondoza, near the city of Milan.

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Bologna is a large town, but so regularly built that it seems monotonous. Almost all the streets are bordered on each side with pilasters and columns, which render it very commodious for foot passengers, who, by that means, are protected from bad weather. Hence few carriages are seen in the streets; and, for the same reason, the shops and *rez-de-chaussée* are quite dark. It is not pleasant for strangers, who look in vain for houses and see nothing but arcades. The cathedral is a magnificent building, in the Gothic style. Its handsomest ornament is the meridian, traced by the celebrated Cassini in 1680, and reaching 178 feet. The skull of St. Petronius was exhibited to Bonaparte and to his wife. It is kept locked up under three locks, the keys of which are entrusted to the most aged senator, to the dean of the chapter and to the eldest of the family of the Aldrovandi. Bonaparte took in his hands this death's head. At first he was for placing it among the rich curiosities which the French were daily carrying off by his orders. But there was a general fright among

the clergy of Bologna. They had scattered off on a pilgrimage to the Chapel of the Madonna, built upon a mountain about two miles from the city, in the construction of which it was necessary to excavate a steep rock. But Bonaparte only wished to frighten the devotees, and preferred riches which were more substantial than the upper jaw of a great saint. The principal part of the best pictures in the churches of Bologna were sent off to Paris, but the relics remained, save the jewels which adorned the inside and outside of the shrine, which were all confiscated for the benefit of the victors.

Bonaparte was struck with the singular appearance of two towers, which were so leaning that they seemed ready to fall upon the beholders. But when he was told that, according to tradition, they had been built seven hundred years, he remembered that Dante had done them the honour to make mention of them in his poem, and designated them under the names of Asinelli and Gariscadi. They then told him the story respecting them. It seems that two young architects had fallen in love with a young lady, whom her father promised to the one who was most skilful. One of them then built an oblique tower, and the other, in order to outdo his rival, built one still more inclined by its side. Bonaparte laughed heartily at the strange vanity of that wealthy lord, who knew no better way to display his magnificence than to build these monuments, utterly useless and ridiculous; and who, in order to attain his end, excited the emulation of the two architects, resolved, however, to take back his promise the moment the gigantic structures were completed.

Bologna has but few inhabitants, though you find here several grand theatres. You see no such social meetings as you find in France; you receive pious invitations (*invito sacro*) to go and worship the image of a Madonna who has cured some fever. They post up in public the first Mass said by a young priest. Josephine was distressed at the importunities of the prisoners, who, so to speak, were groaning all around her. These unhappy wretches were seen through the iron grates of the windows. They would pass through the bars little baskets or hats, which they hung down by means of packthread, imploring the charity of the passers-by, especially of strangers, whom they know perfectly how to distinguish from others. Those who refuse to give anything they cover with insults. These gloomy asylums were surrounded by women who watch for a favourable moment to catch a glance at their husbands or lovers, or to utter a word of consolation. After the establishment of the viceroy's government, these abuses began to disappear; the discipline of the prisoners became more salutary, and the fare more palatable. K——.

(81) *Page* 164.—FLORENCE.

Florence, that ancient, spacious and admirable city, owes its origin

to the legions of the bloody Sylla, who, having resided a while on the banks of the Arno, left there this monument of their leisure, and gave it the name of Fluentia. The famous triumvirs themselves sent hither a colony. Its first laws, its first institutions proceeded from those three cruel men, one of whom outdid his rivals and became the master of the world he had desolated.

This flourishing town was levelled to its foundations by the barbarian Totila, but was rebuilt, repeopled and fortified 250 years afterwards by Charlemagne and his descendants, and became the chief town of a powerful republic, which bore in her bosom the seeds of dangerous civil strifes. The rich and the poor, the nobles and the plebeians, ever irreconcilable enemies, formed themselves into parties under the names of "Guelphs" and "Ghibellines," Whites and Blacks, a designation of mournful celebrity.

Meanwhile Florence was not to perish; she had one firm support. The family of the Medicis, who had been settled there since 1250, were all-powerful. One of the Medicis, the famous Anselmo, had defended Alexandria against all the assaults of the Emperor Frederick I. But John, the son of Malatesta de Medicis, surnamed the "Standard Bearer," was the man who contributed most to the elevation of his family. This man, though spending his life in the midst of civil feuds, thought only of the public welfare. He sought to inculcate, both by precept and example, sentiments of moderation. Cosmo de Medicis, who afterwards won the glorious surname of "Father of his Country," was the worthy son of this extraordinary man.

John crowned his illustrious life by the sage counsels which he gave to his two sons Cosmo and Lorenzo. He died, carrying into the tomb the heartfelt regrets of all the true friends of his country. He esteemed men as his brethren; he succoured those who were in need, took pity on the evil-minded, and never sought to obtain riches and honours. He left behind him a spotless reputation.

Cosmo knew the value of such an inheritance; he showed himself as humane, as generous, as condescending as his father, whom he surpassed in activity, in solidity of judgment and force of character. His immense wealth, however, created enemies, who, by casting suspicion upon his popularity, caused him to be arraigned and banished for one year. But to drive a strong man into exile is always to prepare for him a triumph. It resulted that, after having been everywhere received with the highest marks of distinction; after having been treated, not as an exile, but as an illustrious man, by the Venetians, Cosmo re-entered Florence in the midst of cries of joy and acclamation hailing him as the father and benefactor of the people.

Cosmo waged no contest with intrigue, when it sought to dispute his power; and this mere indifference rendered him far more powerful and more beloved. For thirty years did this wise citizen enjoy the

reputation of a man of universal talents, receiving letters from every prince of Europe, Asia and Africa, sustaining upon his shoulders, and without effort, the burden of a turbulent republic, building churches, and founding monasteries and hospitals. It was he who had the glory of being the first to invite artists and men of learning to Florence. In 1439, having often listened to the lectures of a Greek called Gemistus, on the philosophy of Plato, he conceived the idea of founding a Platonic school, and, for the purpose of establishing it, fixed upon one Marsile Fici, to whom he gave a delicious retreat, with that view, at Carreggio; but this praiseworthy enterprise was not fully accomplished until the time of Lorenzo the Magnificent, who completed it.

It was certainly a curious spectacle to see a simple wool-dealer surrounded by a whole people, who all looked up to him for their safety, their nationality and their welfare. Alas! What cannot genius and virtue achieve? They elevate the man in the most insignificant state; they render him capable of the greatest and the sublimest efforts. Cosmo died, and Florence was in mourning. His death disclosed the true value of his actions. Peter, the son of Cosmo, must have felt the truth of these words when, on examining his deceased father's papers, he found almost every citizen in debt to him.

This son afforded little promise, being of a weak bodily disposition; though, by the aid of true friends, he made himself respectable. He had to struggle against envy, and triumphed over it. Had he possessed a firmer physical constitution, perhaps his fine mind would have come up to the standard of his ancestors; for he was at heart a true Medicis. He died at fifty-five, leaving two sons, Lorenzo and Juliano. The latter was assassinated in the horrible conspiracy of the Pazzi; Lorenzo, who had the good luck to escape, became the chief of the republic. He protected the arts, encouraged talent of every description, and founded an academy for painters and sculptors, which was the cradle of the famous Florence school. It was Cosmo I. who, in the 16th century, employed Vasar to construct that superb gallery which is now the admiration of all travellers. The Grand Duke Leopold did, perhaps, still more, in separating the interest of his family from that of the state, and declaring the gallery national property.

Lorenzo de Medicis proved himself worthy of the title of Prince of the Republic by his great qualities, and especially by the noble use he made of his wealth. He was, also, surnamed the Prince of the Muses, in reference to the patronage he extended to men of learning. He afforded protection to such persons as were compelled to fly before the fury of the Turks. He collected a vast number of manuscripts, established an academy, and prepared the way for that resuscitation of the arts and sciences which, a few years after, shone out with so much lustre at Florence. He died in 1492, leaving two sons, Peter, who was exiled in 1494, and died in 1504, and John, who became Pope

under the title of Leo X., and who, by his genius and the influence he exerted on the affairs of Europe, reflected so much glory upon his family and his pontificate.

Pope Clement VII. contributed still more to the glory of the House of Medicis, by marrying his niece, Catharine de Medicis, to the second son of Francis I., who, unable to resist the repeated applications of the Pontiff Alexander, a natural son of Lorenzo II. de Medicis, Duke of Urbino, was declared Duke of Florence in 1531. He was assassinated in 1537. Cosmo I., belonging to a branch of the family of the Medicis, succeeded him.

This prince was one of the greatest men of his age. Never had philosophers or artists a more ardent patron; he was attached to them, attracted them to his Court, and contributed liberally to their support. He died in 1574.

John Gaston, the seventh Grand Duke, was the last of the House of Medicis. Several years before his death his estates were sold. He left no successor. He died July 9th, 1718. The infant, Don Carlos, son of Philip V., King of Spain, was designed to be Grand Duke of Tuscany, as being the nearest of kin on the side of his mother Farnese. In 1732, he succeeded in persuading the Florentines to swear fealty to him; but on becoming master of the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, the possession whereof was guaranteed to him by the treaty of peace of 1736, he renounced all right to Tuscany, in favour of Francis, Duke of Lorraine, afterwards Emperor, to whom Tuscany was ceded as an equivalent for the duchy of Lorraine, which he gave up to France.

The Medicis reigned for 200 years; and although the Florentines could not but remember the loss of their liberties, they could not but love and be attached to them. Rent by continual factions, the republic stood in need of zealous defenders who could shield her from the attempts of faction. And had that illustrious house, who ever seemed to understand the public wants better than anybody else, and were fully able to defend the state, been content to be its protectors, and to leave to their country the title of a republic, with the liberties which pertain to that title—a thing they might have done without lessening in any degree their power over it—they would have been still more illustrious.

In parting with their liberties, the Florentines received for their masters princes who aimed at nothing but the public good. Their rulers had the address to govern them as much by their acts of kindness as by the splendour of their fortune, and the energy of their authority. The Medicis had the art to cover with flowers the chains they imposed upon their country. They patronised the fine arts, and, in so doing, elevated the artist to a level with themselves, and made him instrumental in extending their own popularity and fame. It is to their taste for the arts and sciences that we owe that splendid

collection of curiosities which is now contained in the gallery of Florence.

"The situation of the city is magnificent; it is surrounded on all sides by mountains and hills, covered with villages, country seats, groves of olives, and fruit trees of every description. It was the birth-place of Michael Angelo, where he spent a part of his days, and where his patriotic hand gave the finishing touch to one-half of the palaces, temples, and monuments which adorn it. That hand has everywhere left its impress—an impress which even the hand of Time itself has not as yet been able to efface."—*Origin of Florence.*

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The sight of this famous hospice, consecrated to the relief of the lost or distressed traveller, made a deep impression upon the sensitive heart of Josephine. She was impatient to pay a visit to the retreat of the men who had thus devoted themselves to the offices of humanity.

The General-in-chief was received by them with marks of distinction, and his officers were treated with simple but true hospitality.

The abbé soon made his appearance, with countenance expressive of a noble Christian resignation. His features were after the Grecian model, with black eyes full of fire, and rendered the more expressive by the paleness of his cheeks, which lent him an air of austerity.

Josephine attentively surveyed the head of the cenobite, worthy of the pencil of Raphael; and, seeing him clad in a black gown, similar to those worn by the city priests, which exhibited his person at a disadvantage, she asked him why he did not wear the long white robe which was in use among the followers of Rancius, and so much admired for its elegant simplicity. He replied:

"Madam, we have dispensed with that as inconvenient in the discharge of our present duties. Obliged at all seasons, and all hours, to afford aid to travellers wandering upon these mountains, among chasms and avalanches, this simple black robe is much more adapted to our present functions than the one you mention, both as to form and colour."

Bonaparte then addressed him some questions respecting the internal and external government of the hospital, which were answered by the monk in a clear and precise manner. "Your words," said he, "proclaim your love of humanity. As to us, general, we have doomed ourselves to live in solitude, but our prayers for our fellow-creatures are not confined to its gloomy limits; they know no bounds; they will accompany you wherever you may go."

Josephine noticed, upon the chimney-piece in the stranger's apartment, a beautifully-wrought image of the Virgin, which she much admired. Bonaparte asked the price of it. "Alas!" said the abbé, with some hesitation, "it is all we were able to save from an ancient

asylum in France; I am attached to that article, sir, as to the last particle of the wreck which remains to us." The conqueror was moved; be bowed to the monk, and gave him three times the value of the image. He then enquired respecting the wants of the establishment, and said to the pious man, "Father, never, during my life, shall this image be removed from your house." The abbé replied by a gesture expressive of admiration and gratitude, and accepted the gift—an evidence of French honour. "I have," continued the hermit, "uttered a prayer that the chief of this valiant army may yet repose in the shade of Vallombrosa, in that part of the desert where neither tree nor bird can subsist, but where the traveller sometimes, for his comfort or relief, finds the productions of the two worlds."

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Bonaparte laid heavy taxes upon the principal Italian families; not that he entertained direct designs upon their property, but because he wished to compel them to apply to him. He gave them to understand that they must address themselves to his wife. Josephine would make them fair promises, but afterwards tell them, with affected sadness, that the *general would not consent to it.* The consequence was that they would entreat her to redouble her efforts with him, and the confidence they thus bestowed upon her enabled her to penetrate all their secrets. She, finally, in this way, succeeded in obtaining from them all the archives of the state, which, on the entrance of the French army into their territory, they had made away with and put out of sight. Bonaparte thus found himself possessed of all the documents necessary to carry on his administration. In public, however, he disapproved of the favour which Josephine showed to the Italian nobility. "They will," said he to his generals, "obtain nothing from me. I have no favours to show to the great; their fortunes shall answer for their submission." But to Josephine he held a very different language. Their policy was known only to themselves. Thus did Josephine manage for him the conquest of Italy; and it is not improbable that, without her aid, he would never have adorned his brow with a triple diadem. For a moment he debated with himself whether he should seat her upon the new throne; but she was universally adored in the newly-acquired provinces, and Bonaparte, naturally suspicious, was a little afraid of her popularity. He wanted to put an end to the Cisalpine Republic, and reign alone. Wishing to pay a compliment to the best of mothers, he summoned Eugene, her son, to come and share with him his immense power. The latter obeyed, and became Viceroy of Italy.

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Hortense Eugenie de Beauharnais was endowed with rare qualities. She was humane, charitable, and ever ready to oblige. Her temper

was quiet and noiseless, and her character such as necessarily to be easily governed. Yet she loved to be independent, and her soul was restless under oppression. She clung with tenacity to the habits she had once formed, and easily returned to her early impressions. Her early education was entrusted to Madame Campan, who had charge of the famous boarding-school at St. Germain-en-Laye. She was here noted for her aptness and promptness in the discharge of all her duties, and her amiability towards the friends around her. She was, however, slow to become attached to her mother's second husband, and when she was told of his frequent victories in Italy, she would coldly reply, "There is one of them for which I cannot pardon him, and that is, his carrying off my mamma." However, she at length gave up her early repugnance to her step-father, on account of the man who was to exercise so decisive an influence upon their common destiny. She imitated him in the study of whatever was noble or sublime, and endeavoured to perfect herself in the fine arts, and especially painting, in which she attained a high degree of skill and perfection.

Whenever Madame Bonaparte happened to be absent for the day, Hortense did the honours of the saloon, and at her step-father's table. She passed her vacations with her aunt, the Marchioness de Beauharnais,[1] but remained at the boarding-school of Madame Campan until her marriage with Louis Bonaparte, at which time she was at her cousin's, Madame la Valette (formerly Beauharnais).

Bonaparte's two brothers, Louis and Jerome, were also put to school by Josephine, under the care of M. Mestro, a celebrated teacher at St. Germain. Indeed, she had the whole care of her husband's family, and acquitted herself of that duty with zeal and fidelity. She would sometimes tell her friends: "Well, to-day I am going to visit my 'monastery.'" She would then fill her carriage with all sorts of presents and eatables. To have seen her preparations, one would have thought her about to undertake a long journey; and when she arrived at either of the schools there was universal joy. In bestowing her presents, she would ask of some of the children thanks, and of some

1 Madame Renaudin, whose last husband was the Marquis de Beauharnais, Alexander Beauharnais' father. She seems to have been an intelligent and wealthy lady, a cunning match-maker, and full of resources in making family arrangements. Madame Renaudin was attached to her little niece, and extended to her all the affection she felt for her mother. This aunt of Josephine was one of the best of women. By nature high-minded and generous, her pleasure consisted in making others happy, and the happiness she conferred upon others was a source of the highest enjoyment to herself. Note (6), page 288, is incorrect as to certain particulars respecting Madame Renaudin, and especially the character of that lady. M. Renaudin, her husband, was closely related to the Marquis de Beauharnais, but was not his business agent. The property of that family was situated, not at Martinique, but on the island of St. Domingo. M. Renaudin, the husband of Josephine's aunt, was in the receipt of an annual income of about 150,000 francs, and his wife did not go to France till long after Beauharnais had left the colony.—*Note communicated by the family.*

bows; and, in their distribution, was careful not to overlook the children of poor parents, who were unable to afford them expensive entertainments. The teachers also shared her generosity, and the name of Madame Bonaparte was dear to every heart. She was, in fact, adored, and deserved so to be adored.

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Some days before the famous 18th Fructidor, Bonaparte thus wrote to Barras:—

"You may go on fearlessly; I shall be there to sustain you. I shall send off some troops towards Lyons, under the pretence that they are hurtful to the movements of the army; but they will soon be at Paris, ready to back you."

(86) *Page* 170.—VENICE.

This immense city seems to rise out of the water. 'Tis a strand, covered with houses, palaces, gardens, vases, and statues, which seem to rise up out of the sea. What renders it more delightful is the immense number of boats and gondolas which pass and repass continually. Its population is numerous, and, while you are on your way through the city, you meet them everywhere offering you flowers, fruits, pastry and refreshments of all kind.

The streets are canals; the carriages, boats; the calèches, gondolas. You see neither horses, asses, oxen, nor mules. There are few direct streets; the town is a vast labyrinth, with an infinite number of bridges, the most of which are of marble with but one arch, and no railing, and which form the communication with any part of the city. Everything is done on the canals. Provisions and merchandise are carried from place to place in the gondolas, which stop at every house. The inhabitants alone have any use for legs, being compelled to travel immense circuits in order to find their way to the place they start for. The gondolas are all alike, all hung with black, in order to banish every appearance of extravagance and inequality. For five francs, or for six at most, per day, you can have yourself carried by two rowers, and find yourself on a level with the first characters of the republic.

This pleasant and commodious kind of conveyance is a boat five feet wide and twenty feet long. You are seated in a small, square apartment, with rounded angles at the top. The seat, made to accommodate two persons, is a cushion covered with black morocco leather. The door, the sides and the back of this little apartment are all furnished with windows, which the occupant may, if he wishes, remove, and substitute for them curtains of black crape, which completely shut out the light.

But since the French were at Venice luxury has made rapid strides, and you now see gondolas of all colours, loaded with ornaments, and covered with the richest drapery, floating majestically upon the water.

Elegantly dressed gondoliers have taken the place of those who once were seen with the short sailor's jacket and round cloth cap. Formerly, none but the Doge's family had the right to clothe their gondoliers in livery, but now the people are at liberty to adopt any kind of livery their fancies may suggest.

This class of men are remarkable for their fidelity. They shoot by each other on the canals with a swiftness which frightens those who have never witnessed their movements. They run into the narrowest channels, and handle the oar with so much dexterity that, whether by night or by day, they never run foul of each other. They execute justice among themselves, and it is said that, whenever a gondolier is guilty of any cheat or trick, his comrades will drown him on the spot. Their gaiety is likewise a remarkable trait, which they exhibit even in the midst of fatigue; and their discretion is inviolable. Passing the most of their lives in the presence of the best company, they are able by their wit to enliven the conversation of their passengers.

As it is impossible to reach Venice except by water, they are still required to render to an overseer an account of the persons they have carried, the places where they left them, and the suspicious conversations they have heard.

The great canal which passes through the whole extent of the city, and cuts it into two equal parts, is one of its most beautiful ornaments. Its water, which is always perfectly clear, is of a sufficient depth to float the largest boats. Across this canal a single bridge, built of marble (the famous RIALTO), the wonder of Venice, having a span of 70 feet, forms the communication between the two parts of the town. It is in the centre of the city. The other bridges, numbering more than 400, are, as I have said, simple arcades, without rails.

Of the six grand sections into which the city is divided, the principal one is that of St. Mark, whose public square, the only one in Venice that deserves the name, is a long parallelogram, twice as large as the Place Royale at Paris. It is equally remarkable for four things: its construction, its edifices, its throngs of persons, and its excessive dirtiness. People of all nations, all languages, and of every description of dress, form a perpetual show, and unceasingly furnish new excitements to curiosity. There is no other promenade; and you see it occupied by the *gentilles dames* (*i.e.*, women of the nobility), the nobles themselves, the common people, sailors, Turks and Americans, generally with pipes in their mouths, promenading from the beginning of January to the end of December.

Among the churches which adorn this public square, the patriarchal church of St. Mark holds the first rank. Marble, porphyry, alabaster, Oriental granite, mosaics adorn its floor, its walls, its cupolas, its vaults, and the innumerable columns which sustain the edifice.

The front of St. Mark's, which looks towards the square, has five

brazen doors, ornamented with historical inscriptions in bas-relief. Over the middle one are the four bronze horses, the work of the celebrated Lysippus. (They adorned, for a time, the triumphal arch of the Carrousel at Paris, but, like many other objects of art, were finally restored to their owners.) Tiridates, King of Armenia, once gave them as a present to the Emperor Nero, who made use of them in erecting a triumphal arch. Constantine transported them to Byzantium, whence the Venetians brought them at the time they pillaged Constantinople.

Another ornament in the square of St. Mark's is the Doge's palace. It is a vast and majestic edifice, and, though constructed in the Gothic style, is a building of great magnificence. It is surrounded by open porticoes, sustained by marble columns. The court is beautiful and spacious, and is ornamented with antique statues.

From the court you enter those vast galleries where you find the lions' heads with open jaws, with this inscription : "*Denunzie Segrete,*" the object of which is to receive the petitions and memorials of such persons who wish to remain unknown as accusers. There is a lion's mouth for each sort of crime, as the inscription written over it shows. Every citizen, whenever he is so disposed, throws in a memorial containing his views of the public good. Members of the council, magistrates, and even the Doge himself, may be thus secretly accused, and it is made the duty of the state inquisitor to examine into the importance of those "denunciations," which sometimes alarm strangers, even in the midst of their pleasures.

There is no country in the world where you are more free than at Venice, provided you do not intermeddle with the affairs of the Government, and as to it you will find it necessary to observe a rigorous silence.

The famous Chamber of Justice was composed of ten members, chosen by the Grand Council. Its judicial power was supreme ; no one, not even the Doge himself, was exempt from it, and it pronounced its sovereign sentence upon all crimes against the state. This tribunal was an enemy to great reputations and great services.

From the Council were taken three inquisitors, who had absolute authority in all cases involving state policy. They decided, in the last resort, questions involving the rights of property, the liberties, and even the lives of the citizens. If their opinion was unanimous, their resolution was carried into effect without any other formality; if divided, the question was laid before the Council of Ten. They had their spies everywhere, and so absolute was their authority that they might enter the Doge's palace night or day without being announced, rouse him from his sleep, rummage his apartments and even his pockets, examine him, condemn him to death, and execute him on the spot.

The other structures which contribute to the embellishment of the

square of St. Mark's are the library, the two law inns, the portal of St. Giminiaro, all magnificent edifices, lending an air of gaiety as well as solemnity to the whole scene. From these details the reader may judge of the external splendour of this celebrated square, which, for beauty and extent, is placed by the Venetians far above all other objects of the kind. Hence the ladies find no pleasure so attractive as the promenade which it furnishes. 'Tis not, however, in this so much vaunted city that we find the monuments of the best taste; other Italian cities furnish, perhaps, a greater number of churches and palaces, though there are very few which exhibit such a noble and regular style of architecture, and fewer still which are richer in paintings, &c., &c.

The Venetians calculate so much upon the richness and fertility of their country that they neglect the cultivation of the soil. They never prune their fruit trees, and would not be at the trouble to pluck off two hundred peaches from a branch in order to cull out and save a hundred which, though the best, happened to be the highest. Though possessing the best kind of grain and the best grapes, they are justly reproached with making the most detestable bread and wine on earth. Everything which can contribute to the comforts of life and the luxuries of the table is produced in abundance among them; and it is an amusing spectacle to witness the immense number of boats that arrive every morning and from every direction laden with provisions, which are distributed through the several sections of the city. The strictest order and system prevail in respect to provisions, in so much that in times of the greatest indebtedness they are neither dearer nor less abundant. The common people live upon *polentie*, a species of pastry made from Turkish flour, which is sold in the streets ready cooked, and resembles a huge loaf of yellow wax, from which the seller cuts you off a slice for two cents. In the evening you find what the countrymen call *frittoli*, a kind of cake made of wheat flour, mixed with Corinth grapes, and fried in the street in a kind of nut-oil. Nowhere will the traveller meet with a more delicious variety of meats and fruits than in Venice—pears, medlars, chestnuts, water-melons (green outside and red within, and which are sold by the slice), calabashes, cooked in the oven, and a thousand other things.

That which Venice stands most in need of is pure water, and chiefly during the heat of summer, when, for want of rain, the cisterns become dry, and the inhabitants are compelled to draw water from the Brenta, which often becomes spoiled during the transportation. The watermen carry it in butts to the city and sell it to rich persons, who distribute it sparingly among the lower classes, during a season of dearth.

The Venetian ladies adopt foreign fashions, and prefer those of

France to all others. Since the residence of Josephine among them, they have purchased cashmeres and added to their jewellery. It may be said that they dress with taste, but not when they go to the theatre, for then they dress in the greatest *négligé*, under the idea that they are incognito. When dressed in the *sindale* (a species of black veil), a common article of dress, they all appear handsome, but when in full dress, with all their trinkets, the illusion vanishes at once.

Assemblies are less frequent in Venice than in any other capital. The Venetians do everything contrary to other nations. They enter their gondolas backwards; the place of honour is on the left hand; men wear their hats in the best company; few of the houses are open to visitors; they see each other only at the places of refreshment, for a bench costs less than a supper. Before the French gave the tone to Venetian society, giving a dinner furnished gossip for the whole town. You would hardly find a pair of chimneys in the larger palaces, and in the private dwellings never more than one—for the kitchen, in which there was seldom a fire. But at the present time the Venetians are beginning to adopt our habits, and to employ cooks, who prepare the most delicate viands, and keep them in constant readiness. Ladies of quality very seldom come near the fire, under the idea that the heat injures the complexion; but in return they are fond of enjoying a fine moonlight upon the square of St. Mark's, whose streams of light, falling from its glittering domes, are reflected by the waves of the sea, bounding the square on one side. The murmurs of the waves, mingling with sweet strains of music, form a constant and delightful recreation to the fair Venetians. After enjoying this delicious scene for a while, the crowd gradually disperse, and the signoras are conducted home in the most elegant gondolas, to the sound of enchanting vocal and instrumental music. Little attention is paid to the songsters, though the latter are quick in detecting who, among the listening throng, are persons of consequence, from the colour and magnificence of the numerous pavilions upon the lake.

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The carnival is of all amusements the least gay. It is a sort of masquerade, and commences the first days of October. The reputation it bears throughout Europe must, without doubt, have drawn thither a great many strangers expressly to witness it. It consists in wearing a black robe or *tabaro*, a *bahute* or domino of the same colour, which covers only the head and shoulders; a plain or a plumed hat, with a white masque on the face, or one side of the hat. Thus tricked out, they pay visits to their friends during the day, and attend the theatres in the evening. This uniform, which certainly presents nothing attrac-

tive to the sight, is well adapted to freedom of movement. It confounds the sexes, and all conditions of society; for the women are dressed in the same manner, a circumstance which gives rise to much scandal. Heretofore, the monks and nuns were in the habit of putting on this disguise, and joining in the public merriment, the police shutting their eyes to their desertion from the convents—an indulgence which made them attached to the Government, and prevented them from engaging in the intrigues at the Court of Rome.

The same authority which licenses these masquerades, protects the participants in their amusements, one of the greatest of which is gaming. Large assemblages are gathered in the public rooms. Formerly, two senators held the stakes; the gold is counted out in heaps, and both players and spectators observe the strictest silence—a silence unbroken save by occasional imprecations in an undertone from the losers in the game. Up to within the last eight days of the ceremony, one would not doubt but that he was attending the carnival; but, from that time forth, the whole population engage in it. Everybody is in disguise, and gaming at the *ridotto* was formerly much practised. To enter there it was sufficient for one to have a false nose upon his face. But now, as these public games are forbidden, people go to the casinos, where even the best society do not disdain to resort for certain amusements. The Venetian belles constitute the charm of these soirées. Rendezvous, full of the ardour of lovers, often work the despair of husbands, and prove eminently favourable to secret intrigues. Shrove Thursday is regarded as the finest day; then spectacles take place in the open air, the most attractive of which is the exhibition of two bullocks, whose heads are cut off by a single blow with a sword four feet long, and four fingers broad through its whole length. It requires a most vigorous arm to raise it.

All these festivities close by a display of fireworks, played off before sunset, it being required that all should be finished by daylight. The whole town assembles in the square of St. Mark's. One of the most cherished franchises among the Venetians is the right to wear this disguise six months in the year; and at all these singular ceremonies everyone has a right to appear masked.

Among what are called the pleasures of the carnival, the nocturnal walks along the great canal occupy the first rank. The thousand gondolas which pass and cross each other's tracks, present a most captivating spectacle. You hear the gondoliers singing the beautiful verses of Ariosto and Tasso, in alternate couplets. Some of them even cultivate poetry. Venice, built upon piles which leave only space enough to penetrate the town by means of boats, is really a wonder. And the poet Sannarar but uttered the truth in that well-known song of his which ends with the following beautiful thought—

"Men built Rome, the gods Venice."

(88) *Page* 170.—GENOA THE PROUD.

This city is built on the side of a mountain, and rises from the bay in the form of an amphitheatre. It is more than 1,800 *toises* in length, and completely surrounds the harbour, which is in a semi-circular form, and more than 1,000 *toises* in diameter. The town presents one of the most magnificent spectacles the eye ever beheld, except, perhaps, Naples. When you are a mile distant at sea, the prospect appears the most charming. The walls are four leagues in circuit, embracing a large area that is uninhabited. Commencing on the west at the Faubourg St. Peter d'Arna, they run north-easterly, and terminate in a point or spur. The fortifications are strong, and well supplied with cannon. The port is formed by two moles, and at its entrance is a light-house 360 feet high. The streets of the town are uneven, rough, and narrow, except two of them, which are called Rue Neuve and Rue Balbi, which are broad and straight, and lined on each side with superb palaces. Perhaps nothing in Europe equals these two streets in beauty and magnificence. These palaces, as well as the others in Genoa, are spacious, highly decorated, and many of them rich in paintings and furniture. Columns, cornices, balustrades, walls, pavements—everything is of marble, and in a profusion which at first excites admiration and astonishment, but of which you are soon tired.

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On his return from Italy, Bonaparte's domestic situation gave him uneasiness. He listened to the lying reports made him by Ant——, his coachman and secret spy. Josephine noticed that a fellow called Charles B—— accompanied Ant—— whenever the latter called on the general. Charles was in the employ of Barras. The fact of their having a mutual understanding was true, but Josephine cunningly used the influence which she possessed over Charles, and drew from him, so far as was possible, the secrets of the director; and it was by this means that she became acquainted with the purpose of the Directory to get rid of the general. She even persuaded Bonaparte to make some slight concessions to the Directory, in order that she might afterwards reach her great object. In this way her slightest movements were often misinterpreted, and viewed in a false light. Madame Bonaparte might have been exceedingly unsteady, but she was never culpable.

Bonaparte was told that Josephine, under the pretext of going to the *manège*, went to visit a certain person whose society he had forbidden her to frequent. After this, he came to an open rupture with her, and a violent quarrel ensued. In a moment of passion he drove her from his house in Chantereine Street. At eleven o'clock in the evening, he gave the most positive and formal orders to his servants

not to permit her to re-enter her apartment. Josephine, in despair at finding herself turned into the street at midnight, knew not whither to direct her steps. Luckily, however, she bethought herself of that same kind friend of hers, Madame de Chat—— Ren——, and went immediately to her house, and related to her what she properly called her misadventure. And in this she was certainly correct, for 'twas to save the life of a man who was the father of a family, and who had been condemned to be shot, that she had thus left her house against her husband's orders, "Stay here," said her obliging friend; "I will set myself at work. All I want of you is that you should say nothing in the presence of my family; for I would not, for anything in the world, have it get abroad that General Bonaparte has turned his wife out of doors. Such an act of jealousy would tarnish his glory and injure your reputation." At the break of day, she hastened to conduct Josephine home again. On arriving there, however, the guard refused to admit her, and a few louis d'or were necessary to soften the heart of this Cerberus at the entrance. At length, however, Josephine succeeded in reaching her apartment. Madame Chat—— Ren—— would have felt deeply mortified at the idea that Bonaparte was aware that she knew what had taken place betwixt himself and his wife. A few hours afterwards, Madame Chat—— Ren—— returned to Bonaparte's residence, as if there had been no such family rupture. As she was going up the short stairway leading into the house on Chantereine Street, she met Bonaparte. "Where are you going, madam?" said he.—"To see your wife," was the answer.—"She is not to be seen, madam."—"Yes, she is—I may see her." Bonaparte gazed at her, and replied, "You, madam, are the too officious friend who has kept her during the night. You rendered her a great service, indeed, madam." Madame Chat—— Ren—— stammered out a few words, pretending to be absolutely ignorant of what had taken place. "You know it, madam," said Bonaparte, again fixing his piercing eyes upon her; "but remember these words, '*for life or death*.'"—"What do I care for your threats?" said she. "Josephine is my friend, and that is enough for me. As to what you say about my serving her, I neither can nor ought I to understand you. Come along with me; I will explain myself to her." The intrepid woman stepped rapidly in, hurried into Josephine's apartment, and found her still in bed. "Good morning, my dear friend," said she; and to render the illusion complete, she added, "Are you indisposed this morning?" Bonaparte followed close behind her, listening; but, on hearing these last words pronounced, as they were, with imperturbable coolness, he lost countenance, and perceived that he had been deceived by those two women. "*À propos*, general," said the shrewd Madame Chat—— Ren——, "the weather is superb to-day; you had better show yourself in the Bois de Boulogne

with your wife; that would be *laughable*, indeed, and I propose to accompany you myself." Bonaparte saw what she was aiming at. It was necessary for him to repair the errors of the evening before, and to overawe those who had been secret witnesses of the nocturnal scene. He gave the requisite orders on the spot, and Josephine remained mute with astonishment at the dexterity of Madame Chat—— Ren—— in relieving her from her embarrassing situation. The husband rode out with his wife; the scandal ceased; the gossips were nonplussed, and Madame Bonaparte came off victorious. At the very moment when everybody was spreading the news that the Conqueror of Italy had made up his mind to repudiate his wife, both of them were seen together in public. "Certainly, ladies," said he, with an air of mortified pride which he found it impossible to dissemble, "certainly, you must admit that you are making me play a very singular part;" and, addressing Madame Chat—— Ren——, added, "You are a most seductive woman, a most mischievous woman—in a word, a most amiable, bewitching and detestable woman; a woman I shall always stand in fear of; a most dangerous woman." But Madame Bonaparte did not feel entirely reassured; she was afraid; she knew not what to say; but a single look from her obliging friend imposed a rigorous silence upon her, and thus prevented her from making any indiscreet disclosure of the matter.

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In February, 1798, Bonaparte left Paris in order to visit the coast of Normandy. He was received, wherever he went, with acclamations and brilliant festivities. But the joy of this triumphal passage was marred by a disastrous event. A detachment of the guides had galloped out of Rouen, on their way to Louviers, when the powder in one of the caissons loaded with shells, took fire in consequence of the rubbing together of the cartridges. The explosion took place in the midst of a village, where the houses were crowded closely together, and the consequence was that the whole village was burnt to ashes.

The Directory made a show of assembling numerous military corps on the coast of France. Numerous staffs were appointed, and nothing was omitted to demonstrate to Europe that France was about to wield the scourge of war, which had so long desolated the Continent, upon the soil of her old enemy. England began to regard as no idle menace the preparations for an expedition directed by a man whom nothing seemed to intimidate, and who had under his command the boldest and the most efficient troops in the world.

Madame Bonaparte hastened to join her husband. He had an opportunity to be present and witness the immense preparations for a maritime conflict. In company with him she visited the coasts of

Normandy, Brittany and Picardy. While passing through a small village she perceived a number of peasants of both sexes on their knees, in a neighbouring field, in devout meditation. On enquiring the cause of such an assemblage, an aged man said to her, "Our church is destroyed, our curate has fled, and for want of pastors we officiate ourselves." She promised to rebuild their communal chapel at her own expense, and told them, "I shall use my interest in behalf of your curate." The good people wanted to unloose her horses from the carriage and draw it in triumph with their own hands, but she refused. She sent them a sum of money in advance towards repairing their presbytery, and obtained from her husband a promise that he would discharge the debt which she had contracted. Bonaparte assured her that he would do so, and they both returned to Paris without any parade or ostentation. — *Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire.*

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As soon as Joseph Bonaparte commenced his embassy at Rome he sent a diplomatic note to the pontiff, in which he demanded the liberation of all the patriots who had been charged with sedition. To this the Holy Father consented, on condition that the punishment of imprisonment should be commuted to perpetual banishment. But this was not agreed to by the French ambassador, who finally compelled the pontiff to release them without any condition. Immediately the famous Vivaldi, author of all those movements, the leader of all the conspiracies against the Government, reappeared at Rome. The fortresses and prisons of the Roman state vomited forth a multitude of enthusiastic and fanatical demagogues, who were received with open arms by their accomplices. From this time the fall of the pontifical throne became inevitable. Encouraged and protected by Joseph, and sustained by the French and Cisalpine emissaries, whose numbers were increasing with frightful rapidity, the conspirators began again to weave their web and brood over their plots, covering them, as they supposed, with impenetrable secrecy.

On the 26th of December they assembled, during the night, at Villa-Medicis, to the number of eighty or a hundred, armed with pistols, sabres and dirks. They mounted the French cockade and spread themselves through the town in the midst of cries of "Vive la liberté!" attacked the patrols, and put to death several dragoons of the pontifical guard. Joseph had been advised of this movement beforehand, but kept silence. The Roman Government, however, being seasonably warned, had assembled troops, passed a decree against the rebels, arrested the ringleaders and marked the rest. Its agents also seized an immense quantity of tricolour cockades, which it was the purpose of the insurgents to distribute through the city. Afraid of being compro-

mised in the insurrection, Joseph went immediately to the cardinal, secretary of state, protested his devotion, and promised to do all in his power to restore tranquillity. He pledged himself also, that, so far from countenancing the distribution of the national cockade, he would furnish the Roman Government with a list of the members of the French Legation who were entitled to wear it.

He then retired to his office, where he found Generals Duphot and Sherlock. It was now four o'clock p.m., and no such list had been furnished. The insurgents, who had been dispersed in the morning, had reassembled. At their head was an Italian artist, who had been warmly patronised by the French ambassador. They paraded through the streets with cries of "Vive la liberté!" and distributed the tricolour cockade. They then proceeded to Joseph's palace, openly claimed his protection, and were admitted into his presence. He, evading any official declaration in regard to them, let them do what they would, without appearing to take part in the insurrection. The disorder, however, was fast increasing—the throng of insurgents was augmenting continually; the papal troops were assembled, and an obstinate fight had commenced between the two parties. The insurgents, pressed by the regulars, were forced to recoil and take refuge in the French ambassador's palace, continuing, meanwhile, to fight with the utmost intrepidity. The Roman soldiers pursued them even there. Joseph was now obliged to show himself. He made a sign to the papal troops to retire. They obeyed; but, the insurgents keeping up their fire upon them, they returned it, and killed several of the rebels within the court of the ambassador's palace. General Duphot and several other French officers, sword in hand, now fell upon the papal troops, and compelled them to retire. The act of aggression was in the highest degree imprudent, for it was to make it a combat between France and Rome; it was a breach of treaty, and an open declaration of war. But wrath and courage seldom reason. The general pursued the regulars as far as the Septimiane Gate, where the soldiers, indignant at being driven back by so small a force, rallied, enveloped the general, and stretched him dead at their feet, covered with wounds.

Joseph, who was a witness of this event, now fled. Duphot was his friend, and was, in a few days after, to give his hand to Mademoiselle Clary, the sister of the ambassador's wife; and the unhappy young lady was then at Rome. The palace resounded with groans. The patriots fled; the conspiracy recoiled upon the heads of its authors, and the French ambassador was too deeply implicated to remain longer at Rome. Meanwhile, the Roman Government was terrified at the probable consequences of this unlucky day's work. They presumed they should be called upon to give an account of the blood of Duphot, and that henceforth all means of reconciliation was out of the question. They hastened, however, to send an armed force to protect the Corsini

palace, which was the residence of the French ambassador. The Pope's secretary of state omitted nothing that could justify him to the French Republic; he conjured Joseph to remain, and despatched a courier to the Roman ambassador at Paris to inform the Directory and avert its wrath. But Joseph and the Directory were inexorable. The former quitted Rome, retired to Tuscany, and informed the Directory of what had taken place. Thus was consummated the ruin of the Roman Government, a terrible catastrophe, which was soon to draw after it the entire overthrow of Italy.—*Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire.*

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The Pope was ill, but he bore his calamities with a resignation worthy of the head of the Church, when General Cervoni came and announced to him that the people had proclaimed a republic; he uttered no complaint, but contented himself with enquiring what was determined respecting himself. On being answered by the general that his person was safe, and that he might remain at the Vatican under the protection of the eldest sons of the Church (a title given to the Kings of France), or freely retire from Rome and choose an asylum elsewhere, he made preparations for his departure. Some advised him to wear the tricolour cockade, and promised to obtain him a pension, but the venerable old man replied, "I know no other uniform than that with which the Church has decorated me. My body is in the power of men, but my spirit belongs to God; I acknowledge the Hand that smites both the shepherd and the flock; Him do I adore, and to His will am I resigned. I am in need of no pension. With a sackcloth for my covering, and a stone on which to rest my head, I am fully supplied; they are enough for an old man who seeks only to end his days in penitence and sorrow." A few days after this he left the place which he had honoured with his virtues and loaded with benefits, and returned to Siena. Twenty-seven cardinals followed him into exile.

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When Bonaparte had become Emperor he readily forgot the respect he had once paid to this spiritual prince, whom he, like all the rest of Europe, had admired for his pious and touching resignation. When he began to dream of seizing all the sceptres in the world, his conduct towards the Holy Father underwent a visible change. At first, he saw in Pius VII. nothing but virtue in affliction; but afterwards, he persecuted both him and the Sacred College. Under his reign, the Church triumphant unhappily became a Church afflicted.

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In order to ascertain the purposes of the Directory in regard to himself, the General-in-chief of the army of Italy pretended to propose

to some of its members the expedition to Egypt. His idea was, in case the command of the expedition should be forced upon him, and he should not be able to sustain himself against the beys, whose power he designed to overthrow, to obtain the support of the successor of Mahomet, and thus derive resources from Turkey. Like Catherine of Russia, he dreamed of conquering that beautiful country. "Perchance," said he to me, laughing, "perchance, I shall succeed in erecting the standard of the Cross upon the dome of St. Sophia—who knows? But that is not the most pressing matter for me. I have begun to undermine the power of the Directory. 'Tis not by half-measures that an enlightened nation is to be governed. You must have strength, consistency, unity in all your public acts. The feeble Directory are devoid of all energy in carrying out measures. And, besides all this, there can be no republic in France. In such a country, republicanism is but the quick-step towards anarchy. Where will you find Spartans in such a country? Spartans will never rise up among the Gauls. Habits, customs, education, everything republican, is at war with the national character. The Frenchman is impetuous, fickle; he must have a government that he loves. The austere manners, the inflexibility which, in ancient times, characterised republicans, are as uncongenial to the feelings of the descendants of the ancient Gauls as would be the slavery of antiquity, should it be attempted to be re-established.

"The French love war; nothing can check them in rushing towards their object, though they easily pardon an offender. The Frenchman is proud, independent, impatient of restraint, ready to undertake anything, even the boldest innovations. The people have a sense of their own dignity; they believe themselves superior to everybody else; and imagine that all the light which shines upon Europe emanates from their own firesides. Enthusiastic to excess, they will, of their own accord, break in pieces the statue which they have just been worshipping. There were those who, during the Revolution, were carried in triumph on the shoulders of the populace, and who, in a few months, could not find six feet of earth to serve them as a tomb; witness Petion and others, who were deprived of every asylum, and not permitted to die in the midst of their household gods. The most of the popular orators came to a miserable end, in the midst of lands upturned by the ploughshare of the country labourer, with nothing but birds of prey for their funeral train.

"The French reflect but little. The love of glory and the attractions of novelty are the strongest motives to impel them to action. With such subjects a king may undertake anything—provided he bases his power upon good laws, guarantees individual liberty, and imposes his taxes with equality and justice; and, provided also, the shadow of liberty which he grants to them is not eclipsed by the tyranny of the grandees.

The Frenchman, like his ancestors, is fond of being summoned to deliberate upon the choice of the depositories of power, and of discussing his own interests, which are those of the nation. It is true that a benevolent sovereign must yield up a portion of his sovereignty to him who aids him in the administration; but he must never show pusillanimity; a single step out of the line that is marked out for him may overthrow him. The chief functionary of France must possess power enough to make himself obeyed; and woe to him who is afraid of the people! Party spirit is immediately aroused, and puts the kingdom in imminent peril; wise men will mourn, false republicans will triumph, and base intriguers alone profit by the public disorders. Such is the see-saw game of politics, and it befits them wonderfully. I love to recall that *bon-mot* of Mazarin; it characterises the Frenchman of the sixteenth century. But he is the same to-day; if he is satisfied that the public authority is determined to cause his private property to be respected, that it protects trade, and, above all, leaves him in the peaceable enjoyment of the free suffrage which he imagines he possesses, or which he claims, all is well."

The Italian minister, a short time after the famous days of the *barricades*, said to Maria de Medicis, "The people sing, madam; they sing; they will finally submit." At present, all parties are singing, but by persuading them to make some concessions to each other, the smouldering embers of the Revolution, now ready to blaze up anew, may easily be extinguished—a new conflagration will bring on a universal explosion of all parties and all powers.—NOTE BY JOSEPHINE.

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Bonaparte had determined to take Josephine with him to Egypt. But the new disputes which arose between them inflamed the old discord that had reigned for some time. After she had embarked on the *Orient*, which was then ready to set sail, she received orders to return to Paris immediately (the result, probably, of a secret understanding between them); and while the one commanded the ship he had gone on board of to turn her prow towards the East, the other returned quietly to Paris by stage, regained her fireside, and rejoined her friends.

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The insurrection at Cairo broke out on the 30th Vendémiaire (21st Oct.), one month after the celebration of the annual fête in honour of the French Republic. At first the assemblage of persons gave Bonaparte but little inquietude. He supposed that a few pacific words and some flattering promises would suffice to put an end to all discontent. The Divan listened to the complaints of the people, and promised to present them to the Commander-in-chief of the French

army. In the morning Bonaparte started out of the town with General Cafarelli to go to Ghizeh. His aide-de-camp, Junot, remained alone at head-quarters, and the moment the insurrection commenced, he sent off a courier to Ghizeh to give information of what was passing at Cairo. The insurrection was assuming a frightful aspect. The insurgents were rapidly increasing in numbers. The boldest of them, and those who were best armed, assembled in a burying-ground. General Dupuis, the commandant of the place, thought at first that a few simple patrols would be sufficient to disperse the rabble; but seeing that the disorder had become menacing, he sallied out of his house, preceded by his bastoniers, and followed by a detachment of 150 dragoons. He had with him his aide-de-camp, Maury, and M. Beaudeuf, a French merchant, his interpreter.

Notwithstanding the mob which filled the streets, he succeeded in reaching the part of the town occupied by the Franks, and in dispersing several bodies of the insurgents; but on arriving at the Street of the Venetians, he found his passage obstructed by a multitude fully resolved to defend themselves. He at first addressed them in a friendly manner, but, finding they refused to listen to him, he placed himself at the head of his dragoons and charged them with energy. In a moment he was surrounded by the enemy, and covered with wounds. The point of a lance struck him in the breast and opened an artery. At the same time his aide-de-camp fell from his horse, while reaching out his hand to enable the general to remount. But in vain; Dupuis was carried to the head-quarters of his friend General Junot, where he expired a few hours after. The news of this untoward event spread a universal alarm. The roar of artillery increased; the French army marched out of its encampments, and the combat became bloody through all the streets of the city. The inhabitants, from the tops of their houses, poured down a perfect shower of stones upon the French soldiers. The insurgents, supposed to number some 15,000, recoiled and sought refuge in a mosque, where they entrenched themselves to give time for their friends to rally and join them.

Bonaparte, with his guides, now presented himself at the gate of Cairo, but was not able to enter. He found the same resistance at the Institute, and was unable to penetrate into the town, except through the gate de Boulak. But all communication was now cut off, and he was fairly put upon the defensive. General Bon temporarily took the command of the place. The streets of the city became the theatres of the most terrible and bloody conflicts. The French who had settled there were surprised and massacred in their houses. The house of General Cafarelli was surrounded and broken open by the mob. Several French officers of distinction defended themselves there with rare intrepidity; but, overcome by numbers, they paid the forfeit of their lives for their courageous resistance. The Institute was attacked,

but not carried. Darkness suspended the fury of the insurgents, and Bonaparte took advantage of it to despatch an order to the troops that were stationed round Cairo, to march to it without delay.

The next morning the city presented a still more menacing aspect. The Arabs had joined the insurgents, and the capital was fast filling with peasants, armed with clubs, pikes, sabres, and all kinds of instruments which they could use either in attacking the French or defending themselves.

In this crisis Bonaparte and his generals displayed extraordinary presence of mind, and a resolution worthy of all praise. Generals Lannes, Vaux and Damas, sallied out of the city, at the head of their troops, in order to keep back reinforcements from the country, and forced a great number of them to retire.

During the night, General Daumartin passed round the city with several pieces of artillery, and posted himself at Mokattam in such a manner as to command the capital. The troops took their positions in the several quarters of the town, and by means of the superiority of their tactics, and the excellent dispositions made by the officers, they were soon able to dictate terms to the insurgents. At intervals, the General-in-chief sent word to them, offering them pardon; but this only served to encourage them in their rebellion. He then surrounded the Grand Mosque, where the great body of them were assembled, and ordered the troops in the citadel, and General Daumartin, to commence the bombardment.

At this moment a phenomenon, rarely witnessed in Egypt, intervened and disconcerted the insurgents. They became suddenly dismayed at seeing the heavens overcast with clouds. The thunder rolled through the sky; the red and rapid lightning glared among the clouds. The roar of cannon, mingling with the dreadful crashes of thunder, struck such a terror into the Mussulmans, that the remaining quarter of the city, which had not yet taken part in the general movement, did not dare show itself in arms; and after the bombardment had lasted for two hours, those who had entrenched themselves in the Grand Mosque sent to ask pardon of Bonaparte. He replied, proudly, "The hour of clemency has passed. You began; it belongs to me to end it." He then increased the vigour of the blockade around the mosque; the French soldiers advanced up to its very gates, and, breaking them with their axes, penetrated into the interior of the edifice. The carnage now became dreadful; it was no longer a battle—it was a butchery. The unhappy Mussulmans sought in vain to escape. They fell beneath the bayonets of the French, and everyone who was found armed with a club or a stone was put to death without pity. Some of the insurgents, scattering in small bodies through the city, dismayed at the fate of their comrades, sought to shelter themselves in the nooks and secret hiding-places in the city; but the Arabs of the desert (enemies alike to both

parties) and the French cavalry, commanded by General Dancourt, drove them from their coverts into the centre of the town, where they were put to death. This bloody execution lasted from four o'clock in the afternoon until the next morning, when the French soldiers, tired with killing, finally stopped. The number of the insurgents who were slain was estimated at 5,000. The French lost 200 men.

The next day was spent in seeking out and punishing the guilty. Twenty of the subaltern sheiks, who had shown a great hatred of Bonaparte, were charged with having stirred up the revolt. Five of them were arrested, and among them the sheik who officiated at the Grand Mosque. He was a man of considerable authority in the city, but of more boldness and independence than the others. During the revolt he had retired to the French head-quarters in order to give assurances of his innocence. But this trick did not avail him. The sheiks of the Divan, who were there before him, and whose secret inclinations in favour of the French he had often censured, repelled him from their ranks, and Bonaparte delivered him over to a military commission. The unhappy Mussulman was beheaded; and the four other sheiks, together with a great number of Egyptians and Turks, who were pointed out as the ringleaders of the revolt, were shot. And thus was accomplished the reduction of a people to whom had been promised all the blessings of civilisation.—*Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire.*

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During the eighteen months that Bonaparte was absent on the Egyptian campaign, Josephine lived at Malmaison. She purchased it of M. Lecolteux, before her husband's departure for Egypt. Here she was able to see her friends without restraint, of the number of whom was Charles Bo——; and she received frequent visits from Barras, Tallien, and his wife. She lived without display, although she had considerable sums at her disposal. She had nothing of her own, for such was her benevolence, such her desire to oblige others, that she often lavished her bounties without discernment.

Bonaparte's stay in Egypt began to weary her, for she really loved that man, although she had already begun to experience his despotism. She managed his interests in France, and prevented a thousand dangers which menaced them. Indeed, it would have been almost impossible for Bonaparte to re-enter France, had not an attentive and vigilant wife managed to avert the storm which was already gathering over his head in the port of Fréjus.

She went as far as Lyons to meet him on his return, but they passed each other on the way without knowing it.[1] Bonaparte, whose ill-

1 When Bonaparte arrived in Paris, he alighted at a house in Rue Ceruty, which, before 1815, belonged to the Queen of Holland. He addressed himself to a man named

humour towards his wife had now got the mastery over him, did not exactly know in what manner he should meet her. But Madame Chat—— Ren—— having called upon him, spoke to him on the subject as follows: "Your wife is your friend. Without her care and vigilance, you would, perhaps, ere this, have been the subject of an accusation: for, be assured, you have many and powerful enemies, and your expedition to Egypt not having been attended with the desired success, you could not probably have returned to France in safety without Josephine's aid. 'Tis she who has made friends for you, 'tis she who has warded off the blows which have been aimed at you. Bonaparte!" said she, with vehemence, "your wife is for you a guardian angel. She has done everything in her power to serve you, and she will continue to do so. Her heart prescribes her duties, and you will ever find her a faithful friend." He admired the justness of her remarks; they flowed from the heart; and from this moment he yielded his wife his entire confidence. She became his Mentor, to guide his conduct and to direct his steps.

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On the 2nd of May, 1801, I was invited to Malmaison at nine o'clock in the morning. I was utterly ignorant who the lady was that invited me, although I was pretty well persuaded that it must be some one attached to Josephine. I was far, however, from supposing that, in her present elevation, she could condescend to think of me. I know by long experience that a certain kind of knowledge has but few admirers. It appeared that my illustrious consultress, in order to conceal from her friends what were the real revelations she wanted from me, had given out that she was anxious to discover the author of a theft recently committed in the château; this, at least, was what the lady told me

St. Louis, whom Josephine had taken into her service as a cleaner of rooms—knowing that she had gone to Lyons to meet him. He asked this man whether he knew a man named Charles Bo——, who was in the habit of paying frequent visits to his wife. St. Louis answered that he did not, that he had only seen certain gentlemen and ladies pay visits to Madame Bonaparte, but that he had never heard this Monsieur Charles spoken of. Bonaparte replied, "That's good: go, look up my cooks." Two days after, Josephine arrived from Lyons and joined her husband, with whom she had a conversation respecting this pretended Charles, in reference to whom Bonaparte's brothers had deceived themselves in what they wrote to him about his movements. The object this Monsieur Bo—— had in view was to obtain the hand of Mademoiselle Beauharnais, afterwards Queen of Holland. Bonaparte, though naturally jealous, became fully satisfied that his wife was faultless in the matter, and they henceforth had a good understanding. A few days afterwards, they went to Malmaison, which Josephine had purchased for a country seat. Arrived there Josephine said to him, "I have purchased this little château during your absence, and also this man," alluding to St. Louis, the room-cleaner, who met Bonaparte on his arrival. The general regarded the man with a benevolent look, promising to retain him in his service, provided he would behave himself well. St. Louis remained in his service until the events of 1814, when he was put upon a pension of 200 francs a year.

who introduced me. I arrived, and found myself in the company of Mademoiselle Albertine, one of the ladies of her household. The bell was striking the hour of eleven; I had been detained, and it was now almost impossible to obtain admittance. But, while waiting, a lady appeared, dressed in a modest *négligé*. She said to me, very politely, "Please inform me respecting my future lot; and tell me, truly, whether I am long to inhabit this house." I looked at her with attention, and discovered something interesting, something extraordinary in her physiognomy, and I could not help betraying some surprise while gazing at her. Her brow was the seat of serenity, on which was engraved every sentiment of her soul, as if written in letters of fire on a tablet of brass. Her eyebrows were the indexes of her affections; and Nature had imparted to her eyes the signs which enabled me to develop her character. After making some examination of her features, founded upon the rules of my art, it was easy to see that this lady was called to fulfil a destiny truly extraordinary. Then, omitting to pursue further my object by means of these indications, I resorted to the sciences of chiromancy and cartonomancy, and, without further urging, proceeded to ascertain the results of twenty-five mystic pictures. I then said to her: "I tell you again, madam, everything in my examination shows that you are now deeply anxious for your husband's elevation to power, and that all your prayers aim at that result. Alas! madam, beware! for if he ever comes to seize the sceptre of the world, he will forsake you." She laughed much at this last prediction, and told me, good-naturedly, that she was not afraid of it, inasmuch as, in order to its coming to pass, she must be a Queen; a thing which then did not appear very probable, nor, indeed, possible; for public opinion was tending more and more strongly towards the consolidation of the republic—one, indivisible and independent.

She asked me many questions respecting her children. She spoke of her daughter's marriage. I informed her that she would be allied to the family of her step-father, but that she preferred some one else. Madame Bonaparte replied that was also her wish, but that the matter did not depend upon her

Her son also became a subject of conversation. The tender mother saw nothing in the future but good fortune for the beings she loved. Her only fear was that Eugene would fall in the midst of the glorious career he was destined to run. After making some remarks on this subject by way of consoling her, I said to her, "Remember these words, madam; for you they are prophetic. A time will come, and it is not far distant, when you shall act the first part in France." She could not then help saying to me, "*Eh bien!* your predictions, up to the present time, have all, one after another, been fulfilled; this last announces to me *the return of a man who, according to you, is to regenerate France.* My fortune is now settled; I only want to know whether it, as

well as that of the First Consul, will remain unchanged, because they are inseparably connected together. Tell me, then, whether the present Government, founded by his superior genius, is hereafter to defy or incur the inconstancy of Fortune?"

After some moments of anxious and careful reflection, I replied, "No, madam, you cannot remain at the point at which you have arrived. According to your six stars, you are to rise still higher. Three extraordinary changes must yet take place in the constitution of France before it shall acquire firmness and consistence; ah! what did I say—you will reign, you will be seated on the throne of the Kings of France. The strength and power of your attending genius promise you a wonderful, an inconceivable destiny, but your husband will one day forget his solemn vows; for, unhappily, the greater he shall become, the more will he stoop to artifice, in order to attain his ends."

At length she left me, I having been, during this short interval, introduced to the daughter and niece of the wife of that great man who was soon to reach the summit of human glory. Madame Bonaparte afterwards invited me to visit her in her apartment. I went and found her at her toilette. A moment after, Bonaparte himself entered; he complimented his wife, and congratulated her especially upon the fact that she at that time had on a dress of our Lyons manufacture. Turning then towards me, and glancing his eye towards Josephine, he enquired, "Who is this lady?" She answered him, obligingly, that she was acquainted with me, but that she must decline to mention my name; he said nothing more, but merely contented himself with bowing to me. He then began to play with a little dog that was in the room. While I, directly after, was imitating him in caressing the animal, he said to me, "Take care; he may bite you, particularly as he does not know you." I told him I was fond of such animals, which seemed to surprise him. The sound of my voice seemed to strike him. He kept his eyes fixed on me. He then took Josephine by the hand, and led her out of the room. She returned a moment after, and said to me, "You are certainly the woman who once foretold the First Consul his brilliant destiny, and he is completely astonished at it. But," said she, with a look of intimate confidence, "do not mention it to anybody, for these great men do not wish to be held up to the public as possessing the same weaknesses as the vulgar herd. But you may rely upon it, Bonaparte, who has a prodigious memory, will never forget your prediction."

From this time, whenever I happened to meet him, he would fix upon me his penetrating eye, and sometimes laugh at me.

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From various ports in Italy and France, despatches were sent to Bonaparte. Lucien and Joseph urged him to return to France, without

delay, in order to put an end to the growing evils which afflicted the republic. But the former sometimes said to those who sighed for his return, "Once here, he will imagine himself in his camp; he will command everything, and want to be everything."

However precarious may have been his position in Egypt, after his rash expedition to St. Jean d'Acre, he certainly might have made an attempt to save the remnants of that valiant army by an honourable capitulation. The Turks would have granted it. But the English, who had such a decided interest in continuing the coalition against France, would they have consented to the return home of that renowned general who had nearly annihilated the armies of Austria, and struck terror into the very heart of that vast empire?—of that commander whose potent voice could revive the ardour of the soldiery of France, and hurl them upon the foe in a torrent of destruction? Probably not. Besides, what a length of time must necessarily be consumed in such a negotiation!

It was, therefore, necessary that he should act promptly as well as secretly. He departed, abandoning his conquests to mere fortune, which had now declared against them.

From the roadstead of Aboukir to the island of Corsica, Bonaparte, during a month's voyage, saw only one English frigate. Neptune had formed an alliance with Pluto to save him; and Madame Bonaparte had secured him friends in France, and even in the bosom of Albion.

Landing at Ajaccio, his first care was to make enquiry respecting the political state of things in France. He questioned the public and military functionaries, and was particularly attentive to the minute details given him by M. Coffin, the French consul at Cagliari, whom the war had brought back to Corsica, respecting the situation of Paris. Coffin was an able man, perfectly familiar with the state of parties in France. He satisfied Bonaparte's impatient curiosity by handing him the most recent Paris newspapers, which Bonaparte greedily devoured. Whenever, in reading, he met with a passage which seemed to favour his designs, tapping his foot on the floor, he would say, "Ah! I shall not be there in time—I shall arrive too late!" showing plainly, by his manner, that he was afraid the revolution which he meditated would be consummated before his arrival. Contrary winds detained him at Ajaccio for four days, and he employed this interval of leisure in taking the minutest precautions to escape from the enemy's cruisers at sea. A felucca *de poste* was made fast to his vessel, and thirty able rowers placed on board of it. Had the slightest accident occurred to his vessel, he was to throw himself into the felucca, and by the use of the oars gain the coast of Provence. He left Ajaccio on the 13th Vendémiaire (3rd Oct.), and three days after the people of Fréjus saw him land. Their acclamations rang through the whole length and breadth of France, with the rapidity of sound. At the news of his arrival, the masses began to hope, the different parties began to be busy, and the army,

habituated to victory, was again filled with joy. But the political horizon was still covered with thick clouds.

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General Augereau showed himself, on several occasions, one of the most determined antagonists Bonaparte had, and was far from approving his gigantic projects. "This man," said the revolutionary veteran, "will, in the end, spoil everything in undertaking to do too much. He strangles the republic while he seeks to caress monarchy." The treaties concluded by the General-in-chief of the army of Italy with several princes showed clearly enough that the victor of Arcola possessed an ambition which placed him upon an equality with sovereigns. Beyond doubt, he even then entertained the idea that he should, at no distant day, be able to dictate laws to the different nations which he conquered. The principal merit of the 18th Fructidor belonged to Augereau, and he reaped the fruits of it. He had no hand in the intrigues carried on during the Egyptian expedition. Those two generals finally forgot each other.

The events of Brumaire apparently reconciled them. The First Consul esteemed Augereau as a good soldier. "He is," said he, "a brave man, prompt and efficient in executing a movement; but his gross bluntness displeases me. We never agreed except upon the field of battle; he is worth nothing as courtier."

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In a secret council at Malmaison the scheme was seriously agitated of bringing about a second Fructidor. It contemplated nothing less than the seizure, by a cunning artifice, of the persons of the five directors, in order to dispose of them provisionally in a safe place, and then to send them off—not to the island of Cayenne, but to the Antipodes—to an island which was to be discovered in the year 9999 of the vulgar era.

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Colonel Perrin promised Madame Bonaparte to send her a company of grenadiers to Malmaison, provided she would guarantee that an order should afterwards be sent him from General Murat. She promised it and kept her word. It was this company of grenadiers that, on the 2nd Brumaire, came to Malmaison and watched over the general's person.

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Gohier, one of the directors, was informed that Bonaparte was scheming to change the form of government. Considering the matter serious, he sent a messenger to go and find Moulins immediately. The latter was not at home, and it was not until the next morning

that he called upon Gohier, who imparted to him the information he had received the evening before. Moulins, astonished at the revelation, was anxious to speak with the informer. The latter soon arrived, but was unprovided with proofs to support his information. Gohier was in doubt; he hesitated whether he ought to arrest Bonaparte. He consulted Barras, who dissuaded him from it and took sides with Moulins, who, at the start, was unable to yield his belief that a conspiracy was on foot. They finally decided to seize Bonaparte on his way from Malmaison, where they knew he was that day going to give a dinner; but they were careful not to let the informer know what was their determination. On the contrary, they shut him up in a separate apartment for safe keeping. Gohier wished to lay the whole matter before the other members of the Directory in order that they might all act in concert.

"No," said Moulins, "one of our colleagues is absent; one of the remaining two is Bonaparte's friend, and Barras is his patron. Without him this general could not have been known; we need nobody whomsoever. Quit all forms; we alone are fully informed. Let us act. Nothing is easier than to arrest this man Bonaparte. I know of two cunning fellows connected with the police, who, with a dozen soldiers, will undertake to execute our order for the arrest. We have nothing to fear from the consequences. The moment the general is imprisoned he will experience the fate of all unsuccessful conspirators; he will be deserted by his party; his party will be annihilated."

The two directors sallied out and assured themselves of the services of the persons who were necessary to the execution of their projects. Up to this time all went well; but, on going to Gohier's lodgings, Moulins found that the informer, who had been shut up in a room by himself, had made his escape. Not being encouraged, nor seemingly countenanced, by the directors, the fellow believed himself in danger, and profiting by their absence, took refuge in a family who happened to be the devoted friends of Madame Bonaparte, to whom all that happened in the Luxembourg was, of course, immediately made known. Like an adroit woman as she was, she profited by the disclosure, while the two directors, in consternation, seeing a window open in the room where the informer had been, exclaimed, "We are lost! This informer is a rascal and is sold to our enemies. The conspiracy is all false and fabricated—a scheme laid for the ensnarement of our good faith; the object is to lay the general on his back and, consequently, the troops. Let us hasten and revoke the orders we have given, if it be not too late already."

The orders were revoked, although one of the men employed to capture the general had told one of his friends, who had invited him to go to the theatre, that he could not that evening, having an important

errand on hand, relating, as he believed, to the arrest of a high personage. The confession of the secret agent of the Directory was mentioned in a family who immediately told it to Madame Bonaparte. She saw in an instant that the movement related to her husband, and, like a prudent wife, took measures for his protection. The guards of the legislative body were devoted to her; she secured the principal officers, without telling them precisely the service she might ask of them.

It is, therefore, certain that the project for arresting Bonaparte had existed for at least fifteen days anterior to his triumph over the Directory on the 18th Brumaire. Without his wife, that famous event would not have taken place, and France would have passed insensibly under the yoke of some new master. The Directorial Government was fast verging to its fall, being utterly destitute of the strength necessary to sustain the burden of a republic which was only born to die.

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A young drummer, belonging to the Belgiojoso regiment, for some slight fault was sentenced to run the gauntlet. Just before the sentence was to be executed, he asked permission to see his colonel. "I have," said he, "a secret of the highest importance to communicate to him." On being brought before the colonel, he declared himself to be the Dauphin, the son of Louis XVI.; that, until that moment, he had kept the secret buried in his own bosom; that he had resolved never to let it be known, even to his own sister; but that, being about to be subjected to a shameful punishment, he could not bear the idea of such a humiliation, and therefore had made the disclosure. He entreated the colonel to examine the proofs which he was ready to produce, and to suspend the punishment to which he had been condemned.

The colonel, struck alike with his fine countenance, facility of expression, polished manners, and the accent of truth which animated his speech, concluded to submit the question to the General-in-chief, whose head-quarters were then at Turin. He accordingly treated the young prince with particular attention, and sent him to Turin in a coach-and-four. At Asti, an old Swiss soldier of the Château of Versailles, hearing the rumour, hastened to present himself before the son of his old master, recognised the boy, and, weeping, threw himself at his feet. The moment the news of his arrival got abroad to Turin, the ladies all disputed with each other the honour of looking at him. He was handsome, well-formed, intelligent, and rich in all those advantages which may attract the interest of the fair sex. Being urged to recite his adventures, he gave the following narrative:—

"When I was a prisoner in the Temple, I was, as you know, confided to the care of a shoemaker named Simon. This man was a brute in his appearance. He often abused and maltreated me in the presence of the commissioners of the commune, in order to satisfy them of his fidelity;

but he secretly pitied my hard fortune, and in private gave me proofs of the tenderest affection. I could not doubt the sincerity of this man's desire to save me, but, unhappily, great difficulties were in the way, and the Convention at length made up their minds to take my life. As they were afraid to do this openly, they gave secret orders to Simon to poison me in prison. My generous keeper was horrified at this proposal. He procured the dead body of a child, which he put in my place, and presented this to the commissioners; and, as the resemblance was not very striking, he explained the matter on the ground of the violent action of the poison upon the system, which, he said, had caused my looks to change.

"He entrusted me to a friend of his, who at first took me to Bordeaux, and afterwards to Corsica. Fate, which had been so unkind to me, now willed that he who had been my Mentor should be removed by death. I was soon compelled to pay away the small sum of money which I had, and, pressed by want, I went into the employment of a coffee-house keeper as a mere waiter. I knew that my sister was at Vienna, and I never lost sight of the purpose I had formed of joining her. With this view, I left Corsica and came to Italy, in order to pass into Germany. Italy was occupied by the Austrians. I fell in with a party of infantry, who endeavoured to compel me to enlist. On my refusing to do so, they robbed me of whatever I possessed, and at length, in order to escape a worse fate, I agreed to become a drummer, not being then much above fourteen years old. Since that time I have done my duty punctually; the fault for which I have been condemned is the only one I have committed; my punishment is humiliating; all my hope is in the protection of the Emperor."

The story, related as it was with a touching simplicity, produced quite a sensation. Several persons who had resided at the old Court remembered that the Dauphin had a scar upon him, occasioned by falling downstairs; the young drummer bore the same mark. The public rushed to him to pay their homage, and he was addressed by the titles of "my lord" and "your Royal Highness." The commander-in-chief thought it his duty to write to Vienna for instructions on the subject, and, in reply, received an order to send the pretended Dauphin before a court-martial for the purpose of investigating the truth of his story; to pay particular regard to his safety and honourable treatment in case he told the truth; but to punish him with severity if he turned out to be an impostor.

The young drummer, frightened at the experiment of which he was about to become the subject, admitted, it is said, that he was the son of a watchmaker at Versailles, and that he never should have resorted to this stratagem but to avoid undergoing the debasing punishment which had been pronounced upon him. And yet, not-

withstanding this inquiry by the court-martial, some persons persisted in their belief that he was none other than the son of Louis XVI.

The court, however, ordered him to undergo the sentence, though, at the solicitation of the ladies, his punishment was reduced to running the gauntlet once instead of thrice.

This event, published in numerous journals, made a good deal of noise, and although it possessed all the characteristics of a romance, the lovers of the marvellous still persisted in hoping that one day they would see him the legitimate heir to the crown. It was said that when the corporal was stripping off his clothes for the infliction of the punishment, the young knave exclaimed, "What a fate for a Bourbon!" This extraordinary scene took place at Turin. The foreign journals published all the details, and, in spite of all the care taken by the Directory to conceal them, they were soon known all over France.

On the other hand, some of the inhabitants of the western provinces flattered themselves that they had among them the son of Louis XVI. It was pretended that he was recognised in the person of a young workman, who, under his simple dress, concealed the evidences of his illustrious birth.

Thus did everything tend to encourage the popular illusion, while that dark and tyrannical government called the Directory, trembling at the sound of every leaf agitated by the wind, persecuted with the utmost hatred the distributors of a prophecy in which were recounted their different fates, and which was read the more it was proscribed. —*Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire.*

(105) *Page* 226.—MOUNT ST. BERNARD.

This mountain, called by the Romans Mons Penninus, is the highest pinnacle in that long chain of the Apennines which separates Switzerland from Italy. Nature herself seems to have placed it there, like a huge giant, to check the audacity of man. Whatever can freeze the courage is seen there. Snows as ancient as time; rocks hanging in precipices; immeasurable gulfs; mountains of ice ready to crumble beneath your tread; excessive cold; not a trace of vegetation; no human foot-print; a vast and profound solitude whose silence is only broken by the falling of the avalanche, the warring of the winds, the thunderings of the distant cataract, and the yells of wild beasts. Such are the elements of the scene. It was at the foot of this formidable barrier that the artillery and ammunition were collected. But by what art were they to be got over? Courage and industry supplied all. The guns were dismounted; trunks of trees were hollowed out in the shape of troughs and the cannon placed in them; the ammunition was placed on the backs of mules; the axletrees and caissons were put upon litters and sledges. The men harnessed themselves to

the cannon and drew them along the perilous path. But they could only proceed one by one; the moment anyone undertook to pass by his comrade he was sure to be precipitated into the depths that yawned below, never again to rise. It was through dangers like these continually presenting themselves that it was necessary to open a route for the army for six miles of its march. The columns became fatigued, and desired rest; but the least pause in the march would have drawn them to the foot of the heights they had scaled. They were seven hours in reaching the summit, and, after unheard-of efforts, the advance guard arrived at that celebrated hospice which Christian charity has consecrated to the august duties of humanity. Here, in this frightful solitude, in the midst of eternal snows and ice, deprived of all the charms of human life, a few men, animated by the divine spirit, have, so to speak, buried themselves alive in order to afford succour to their fellow-men, and to exercise towards them the most generous and the most touching hospitality. Here their ingenious industry has trained the dog even to share their pious duties—to visit the most distant and solitary points of the mountain; to catch the cries or the slightest groan of the bewildered traveller; to encourage them by their caresses, and to hasten to the convent and bear back to them on their necks, bread, liquors, and whatever can restore or preserve animation.

With what joy did the French army receive from the hands of these pious monks the succours which the most active charity could bestow; and how precious, how wonderful did religion then appear!

After a short halt they proceeded, and were soon able to measure at a glance the remainder of the route. How steep and rapid was the descent! What frightful precipices beset their downward path! What a dismal fate awaited him who should make a false step! The snows began to melt; the winds, in hustling the huge drifts from their places, disclosed the most frightful chasms. The march was almost headlong down the mountain, the troops sometimes standing erect and sometimes supporting each other with their hands or their weapons. The least slip precipitated men and baggage down the steep amidst rocks, icebergs, and heaps of snow, into the gulfs beneath. The army left the hospice at noon, and did not reach the foot of the mountain until nine at night.—*Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire.*

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The battle of Marengo decided the fate of France. Three days after the victory hostilities ceased. The fortified places in Piedmont and Lombardy, the cities of Genoa, Savona and Urbino were delivered up to Bonaparte, and the Austrians retired beyond the Oglio.

The Treaty of Lunéville was but a momentary truce; the victories of Moreau over the Austrians menacing Vienna itself, determined Austria to conclude that treaty.

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Arena was in the enjoyment of a handsome fortune and an honourable rank. He had embraced the profession of arms, and risen from grade to grade, until he reached that of adjutant-general in the service of the French Republic. His bravery at the siege of Toulon in 1793 procured him to be honourably mentioned to the Government. Having passed into Corsica he was elected a deputy to the Council of Five Hundred, from the department of Golo, for the session of 1796. He made but a small figure in that body, and nothing attests his labours there except a report upon the reduction of the Corsican rebellion, made at the sitting of the 28th of October, 1797. On leaving the legislative body, he was made a chief of brigade in the gendarmerie, which post he resigned in consequence of the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, not being willing to serve under Napoleon. The latter feared him still more as a Corsican than as a mere personal enemy. He was leagued with other wretches, and became the author of a foul conspiracy to murder Bonaparte at the opera, at the first performance of *The Horatii*, November 9th, 1801. Delivered over to the criminal tribunal of Paris, together with Ceracchi, Topino-Lebrun, Demerville, and Diana, the trial was like to be spun out to a great length for want of evidence. But the explosion of the infernal machine on the 3rd Nivôse, indicating the vast extent of the conspiracy against the life of the First Consul, put an end to this affair at once; and, on the 9th of January, 1802, sentence of death was pronounced against Arena. He was executed on the 30th of January, and showed considerable courage on the scaffold.

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It seems quite certain that Josephine would in the end have prevailed on Bonaparte to recall the Bourbons. She knew that he had promised this on his return from Egypt. During the first months of his consulate he often said to her:

"The most of those who now lavish their incense upon me, fatigue and disgust me. They think themselves so many Decii but I may find among them another Brutus should I ever think it worth while to imitate Cæsar. I must reduce them to order; perhaps in the end I shall strike some great blow which shall place my name in the ranks of the immortals." Often did he converse with his wife respecting the ills growing out of the French Revolution, and she seized every opportunity that presented itself to demand of him the erasure of some name from the list of emigrants. "You fatigue me," said he, with good-humour; "you are always beginning the same thing again—always." "Ah," said she, with great emphasis, "why not pass a decree recalling them all home? You, Bonaparte, ought to do that which the Directory had not the courage to attempt."

"To satisfy you entirely, madam," he replied, "I ought, perhaps, to re-establish the monarchy."

"And you, general, would be its firmest support, its chief ornament. Should you hesitate, one of your generals may, perhaps, be bolder than you. Moreau, for instance."

"He has neither the power nor the disposition to do so. Such a stroke of policy seems to me to be very difficult," was his reply.

"I will," said she, "second you with all my power."

"Very well, very well, madam," he replied. "It seems to me you are almost ready to beg a stool to sit in the royal presence at Versailles."

"That's another thing," was her reply. "I should never wish to exchange the position I now hold as the wife of General Bonaparte—a title which would ensure me with the sovereign every privilege I could desire without becoming attached to the Court. I never should wish to show myself among courtiers. I hate their maxims, and always distrust their sincerity."

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Under whatever aspect we view the awful events of the 3rd Nivôse, we find it impossible not to deplore the results of that guilty conspiracy. How, indeed, can we estimate the evils which would have resulted from it, had it proved successful? The French people, just escaped from the din of utter anarchy, worn out by so many commotions, were just beginning to breathe more freely, when all at once they saw themselves about to be plunged anew into all the horrors of revolution. Bonaparte at that time was regarded as their real saviour, commissioned by an inscrutable Providence to rebuild their prostrate altars and restore happiness to millions of citizens. Had he perished by means of this terrible explosion, his death would have been a public calamity, followed, perhaps, by consequences most disastrous to France; while, on the other hand, the hydra of Jacobinism was raising its crest, with one hand grasping at its lost power, and, with the other, sharpening the guillotine, in order to take vengeance on those who had abandoned its worship and resisted its tyranny. In vowing to destroy Bonaparte, the wretches should have had the courage to attack him alone. But crime, if it be not atheistical, is always cowardly. Fear of consequences paralyses the assassin's arm and prevents him from dealing the blow with directness and boldness, and hence he resorts to unusual measures. Some genius, steeped in atrocity, conceived and executed the infernal machine, and other geniuses, not less Satanic, by means of the horrid invention, sent death, desolation and mourning into the bosom of numerous families, and involved multitudes in that deadly revenge which was aimed only at one man. How can such human tigers exist on earth? It is, alas! true that Nature hath in all ages given birth to monsters having the faces of men; but it is only during political con-

vulsions that such beings dare show themselves in the light of day. Darkness is not their only element; they are amphibious; in the daytime they swim along under the surface of the water, and the eye of the good man is to them as Greek fire, which penetrates and consumes them. Woe to the nation that contains in its bosom these firebrands of discord! Woe to the prince who has to govern such detestable subjects! And woe to the age which they were born to afflict! It is to be feared their descendants may sweeten the poison of democracy.

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The declaration of the special jury *d'accusation* in the matter of the 3rd Nivôse (infernal machine), was that there were grounds of accusation against Francis Jean Carbon, otherwise called Le Petit François; Joseph Pierre Picot Limodeau and Pierre Robinault, called St. Rijent; Coster, called St. Victor; Edward Lahaye, called St. Hilaire; one Joyau, Ambrose Marie-Songé, Louise Mainquet, wife of Leguilloux; Jean Baptiste Leguilloux, Adelaide Marie Champion de Cicé, Marie Anne Duquesne, Catherine Jean, wife of Alexander Vallon; Madeleine Vallon, Joséphine Vallon, Aubine Louise Gouyon, widow of a man called Beaufort; Basile Jacques Louis Collin, Jean Beaudet, Mathurin Jules Lavieuville, and Louise Catherine Cudet Villeneuve Lavieuville—all accused of having contrived the plan of murdering the First Consul of the republic; of having, for its execution, collected a quantity of arms and ammunition; of having prepared and stationed the infernal machine, and of having, by means of its explosion, caused the death of several persons.

Most of the accused were acquitted of the charge brought against them. Pierre Robinault and Francis Jean Carbon were condemned to death, and certain others of them to undergo punishment in the house of correction, &c. Mademoiselle de Cicé had held a correspondence with her emigrant brothers, the Archbishop of Bordeaux, the Bishop of Auxerre and Augustin de Cicé. The last named had settled at Hamburg, where he had a small grocery business. His wife, modestly resigning herself to the duties of her new vocation, devoted herself to manual labour, and became a seamstress. The eloquent counsel who defended Mademoiselle de Cicé made a skilful presentation of the facts in her case, which was certainly an interesting one. He gave in evidence her piety and many personal virtues; he depicted her own protracted and mitigated misfortunes, growing out of the Revolution; he painted in glowing but truthful colours the miseries of the members of the family who, long exiled from their native land, and inscribed upon the list of emigrants, had no other consolation in their solitude than the news sent them by a beloved sister who, as if by an interposition of Providence, had escaped from the terrible revolutionary tornado which had swept away everything.

"I am speaking before an assembly of philosophers," exclaimed he, in those persuasive tones that touch the heart, "to an assembly of men who do not regard opinion as a crime, and who are true to their own sentiments—to a tolerant and generous government which holds all doctrines good, provided they inspire an abhorrence of crime and a love of virtue."

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Bonaparte, having become First Consul, entirely changed his mode of living. He was affable and easy of approach; his looks serene and full of frankness. In a word, everything augured favourably for his administration. Madame Bonaparte became completely necessary to him, and he was much in the habit of listening to her advice. She had brought home her daughter, whom she had educated at the famous boarding school of Madame Campan. Young Hortense had a good deal of difficulty in conquering her antipathy for Bonaparte. However, by degrees, and in order to satisfy her mother, she became more respectful towards him. Josephine well knew that her husband did not pride himself much upon his fidelity, and that his manner with ladies was polite and captivating. But he always stood in fear of them, and swore many a time that he would never let himself be subjected to what he called "the perfidious sex." And certainly he kept his word, for never for a moment was he off his guard against the weapons of female beauty, for fear he should become its slave.

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The First Consul had long been calculating the chances which fortune had for him, and preparing the minds of his colleagues to meet favourably the occasion which might possibly demand the establishment in France of a one-man government. To remain the chief of a triumvirate struck him as too small a business for such a man as he. He felt himself an Atlas, indeed, with boldness and strength sufficient to sustain upon his shoulders the weight of a vast empire. He had by nature an extreme love of domination. "I cannot be neutral in politics," said he; "such is the activity of my imagination that, should I once make the throne of France my *point d'appui*, I should, perhaps, dream in the end of a universal republic. Seneca was right when he said, 'Prospera animos afferunt;' but I am far from adopting the maxim of a certain prelate, 'One head less and I am master of the world.' On the contrary, I cherish that maxim of Lucan, and the more because I think it well-founded, 'Nil pudet assuetos sceptris.'"

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The infant, Don Louis de Bourbon, eldest son of the Duke of Parma, was called by Bonaparte to the throne of Etruria. The Prince of Peace

was charged by the First Consul of the French Republic to give the new King to understand that it was necessary that he should take the road to Paris because the consul desired to see what effect the presence of a Bourbon would produce in France. On the entry of the Prince and Princess of Parma into the French territory, they were met by a French general, who accompanied them to Paris with a guard of honour. They were lodged in the *hôtel* of the Spanish minister, treated with the greatest attention, and invited to numerous fêtes and spectacles. They remained twenty days in the French capital, and then set out for Tuscany, escorted by another French general. The evening of their departure Bonaparte said to his wife:

"Madam, one would judge, from the ardour of the Parisians to get a sight of a sovereign, that they were already famishing for royalty. All right; they shall have it. I only wanted to assure myself what would be the effect produced by the presence of a Bourbon in Paris; and the people have been on the point of shouting, "Vive le Roi!" That's enough. I now understand how to appreciate the favour as well as the constancy of our Catos. A republic that is supported by reeds requires a political Hercules to sustain it; where can he be found except in the army? In taking the title of Emperor I shall put an end, at least ostensibly, to the increasing interest in favour of the ancient dynasty, overthrown by order of Messieurs the members of the Convention. The new kingdom of Etruria that I have erected is but a coquettish fancy. I was merely making an experiment of my power. I shall not, I assure you, maintain this mighty kingdom of Etruria any longer than is necessary to my purposes, and in order to help me in their prompt execution."

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The concordat had the effect of putting an end to the schisms in the Church and throughout France, though they exist at present in several departments; witness the discussions among theologians respecting the efficacious virtue of the *great* and the *little* Church. At hearing them one might suppose that the burning question had again been raised which decided the fate of Port Royal, and brought together the two great orators of the reign of Louis XIV., the mighty Bossuet and the modest Fénelon.

(115) *Page* 243.—TOUSSAINT DE L'OUVERTURE.

The early part of a slave's life is of no interest. Toussaint remained unknown until the age of forty-five. His countrymen merely inform us that he had a very particular affection for animals, and that he was endowed with wonderful patience. At the age of twenty-five, notwithstanding the licence that prevailed all around him, he attached himself to one woman, and had several children by her, whom he tenderly loved.

His good conduct gained him the esteem of the *bailli*, or director, named M. Bayon de Libertas. This gentleman taught him to read and write. Some say, however, that he obtained whatever education he possessed without any assistance from others. Besides learning to read and write, he made some progress in arithmetic. Among ten thousand negroes there was not one who could boast of these acquirements, and the consequence was that Toussaint was looked up to by his companions in slavery. He attracted the attention of M. Bayon, who took him from the field of labour and made him his postillion. Compared with the condition of other slaves, this was one of dignity and profit. Toussaint employed all the leisure time afforded him by his new occupation in improving his mind, and in acquiring that knowledge which did so much to improve his understanding and his manners, and prepare him for the high part he was to act.

When the blacks revolted in 1791, Toussaint was still a slave on the plantation where he was born. Among the chief conspirators were several friends of his who urged him to take part with them. But, whether from his native humanity he was shocked at the bloody spectacle of murder, or whether his love for his master hindered him from rushing on inevitable destruction, it is certain that he refused obstinately to take part in the first revolutionary movements. His master, not having fled at the breaking out of the rebellion, was in danger of falling a victim to it. Indeed, his death seemed inevitable; but Toussaint did not in this critical moment forget the humane treatment he had received from him. He resolved to save him, even at the risk of incurring the vengeance of his own countrymen. He made all the necessary preparations for his escape, and having found means to ship off a considerable quantity of sugar to aid him in his exile, he sent him with his family to North America, taking all proper measures for his personal safety. Nor did Toussaint stop here. After M. Bayon had established himself in Baltimore, Maryland, Toussaint availed himself of every occasion to afford him some new proof of his gratitude. It must be confessed that even the very best treatment which a slave can receive in the West Indies demands but little gratitude, but a truly noble soul does not measure its acknowledgments by the benefits it has received. Toussaint forgot that he had ever been held in bondage, and only remembered his master's kindness in alleviating the burden of his chains. Bayon had the good fortune to experience in a negro much more humanity and much more gratitude than are often found in the most polished Europeans.

Having discharged this debt of gratitude, Toussaint no longer hesitated to enrol himself in the army that had been raised by the blacks and which had begun to be disciplined. He joined General Biasson's corps, and was appointed his lieutenant. Biasson possessed great military talents, tarnished, however, by a native ferocity. His

cruelties rendered him odious. He was degraded from his rank, and the command given to Toussaint. The latter displayed high qualities, and in the midst of prosperity ever preserved the same humanity which had marked his conduct in adversity. Far from imitating the other chiefs, who flattered the masses in order to excite them to vengeance and crime, he endeavoured, both by precept and example, to inspire them with a love of virtue, order and labour. The fertility of his genius, the solidity of his judgment, his untiring zeal in the discharge of the complicated functions of general and governor, with which he was charged, excited the admiration of all parties.

The following picture of him is from one of his enemies:—

"He has a fine eye; his look is keen and piercing. Scrupulously sober in his habits, he follows up his plans with an ardour which nothing can abate. He is a fine horseman and rides with inconceivable swiftness, often travelling fifty or sixty leagues without stopping. His aides being unable to keep up with him in his rapid progress over the country, he often arrives at the end of his journey alone and unexpected. He usually lies down in his full dress, and gives but a very small part of his time to eating and sleeping."

But Toussaint's integrity was remarkable. The Creoles, as well as the English officers, who had fought against him jointly, testify that he never violated his oath. Such was the absolute confidence placed in his word, that a great number of the planters and merchants who had taken refuge in the United States returned to St. Domingo upon a mere promise of protection from him. He restored to them the property of which they had been despoiled, and ever afterwards showed himself worthy of their confidence.

As soon as Toussaint was invested with his new dignity, the war between the negroes and their old masters ceased; and the French commissioners, who desired nothing so much as to get possession of the government of the colony, assented to the enfranchisement of the negroes, and assured them that they would use all the means in their power to maintain their freedom. But a new civil war soon broke out between the partisans of royalty and those of the French Convention, and for some time the two parties fought each other with bloody obstinacy. Men of all colours flew to arms, and those two parties (royalists and republicans) embraced both whites and blacks in nearly equal numbers. Toussaint declared in favour of the royalists, and, by means of his courage and good conduct, that party soon became as successful and as powerful in St. Domingo as it was unsuccessful and fallen in the mother country. Such were his eminent services during this war, that the King of Spain, having abandoned the coalition which the principal Powers of Europe had entered into against the French Republic, gave him the grade of general in his army, and decorated him with the ancient military order of the country.

But Toussaint was not slow to perceive that sound policy forbade him longer to resist the French Government. The planters and royalists solicited aid from England, but by no means with a view to the enfranchisement of the blacks. The majority of these men yearned to see the British flag floating at St. Domingo, but much less as a means of re-establishing the Bourbons in France than themselves on their plantations. Toussaint saw himself reduced to the necessity of either receiving and recognising the republican commissioners or joining the English and French royalists whom he knew to be actuated by a hostility deadly to the freedom of his countryman. He did not hesitate a moment, but gave peace to the republicans whom he had vanquished, and submitted to the authority of the Convention.

Though long invested with absolute power, Toussaint was never accused of abusing it. If at times he adopted vigorous rules, it was because he was driven to it by the laws of war or other circumstances, for he was by nature inclined to clemency. Many a time, although fully authorised by the rules of military discipline to take vengeance upon his enemies, he displayed towards them a generosity worthy of the most enlightened monarch in Europe. The following anecdote presents a memorable example of his clemency:—

Four Frenchmen who had played the traitor to him fell into his hands. They all expected a cruel death. Toussaint left them for some days in a state of utter uncertainty as to how he should dispose of them. At length, on the following Sunday, he ordered them to be taken to church. During the reading of that part of the service which refers to the forgiveness of injuries, he went with them to the altar, and after endeavouring to impress upon them the heinousness of their crime, he ordered them to be set at liberty, without inflicting any other punishment.

With such qualities, it is not surprising that he was beloved by the negroes (who chose him as their chief) and esteemed by all strangers who had any connection with him.

Toussaint retired to a plantation which bore the name of l'Ouverture. But the moment General Leclerc, Bonaparte's brother-in-law, saw the black chieftain in his power and tranquillity established in the colony, he resolved to seize him and send him to France as a hostage. About the middle of May the frigate *Creole*, accompanied by the *Heros*, a ship of 74 guns, left Cape François during the night and cast anchor in a small bay in the neighbourhood of Gonaives. Several boats filled with troops passed to the shore. The troops landed and immediately surrounded Toussaint's house while he and his family were in bed. He was fast asleep, utterly unprepared for the danger which menaced him. Brunet, a general of brigade, and Ferrari, Leclerc's aide-de-camp, entered his bedroom with a platoon of grenadiers, and summoned him to surrender and go with his whole family on board the frigate.

Toussaint saw at once that resistance was useless and submitted to his fate, imploring his captors, however, to suffer his wife and children, more feeble than himself, to remain in his house. This was refused. Considerable force now arrived from the ships, and before the alarm had had time to spread, Toussaint and his whole family were carried on board the frigate. They were then transferred to the *Heros*, which immediately sailed for France. During the voyage, Toussaint remained shut up in his cabin, the door of which was carefully guarded, nor was he once allowed to see his wife and children. The vessel arrived at Brest; he was put on shore, after a brief interview with his beloved wife and family, whom he never saw again. He was then placed in a close carriage and conducted by a strong escort of cavalry to the Château of Joux, on the confines of Franche-Comté and Switzerland. He remained imprisoned here for some time, with only a black servant, who was as closely confined as himself. His wife was kept at Brest for two months with her children, and afterwards sent to Bayonne. She was never heard of again.

On the approach of winter Toussaint was transferred from the Château of Joux to Besançon, where he was confined, like the lowest criminal, in a dark, cold, damp dungeon, which might have been regarded as his tomb. Let the reader picture to himself the horror of such a cell to a man born under the sunny skies of the West Indies, where the want of air and warmth is never felt, even in prison. It is affirmed by some who are worthy of credit that the floor of his cell was under water. He lingered through the winter in this deplorable condition and died the next spring. The French journals announced his death on the 27th of April, 1803.

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In order to please her husband, Madame Bonaparte was obliged to sever the bands of friendship with some of her old acquaintances. Of this number were Mesdames Tallien and Chat—— Ren——. The former had piqued the haughty Sultan by rejecting his love, and the latter was guilty of the far more heinous offence of prying into his secrets. "I fear those two women," said he to Josephine, "and that is a strong reason for admitting them but very seldom into your presence." It was necessary to obey the master, and thus the wife of the Consul, thwarted in all her attachments, deeply mortified and afflicted by these restraints, endeavoured as often as practicable to indemnify herself at Malmaison for the want of society at the Tuileries. But whether here or there, she was incessantly watched.

One day her friend, Madame Chat—— Ren—— wrote her an affectionate letter, which reached her through the medium of a third person. Sure that her husband would know all about it soon after, she said

to the messenger who brought it, in a loud voice, "Madame Chat—— Ren—— wants me to do her a favour; here is my purse. Tell her I am glad to be able to oblige her." This was not exactly the case, for Josephine, on the contrary, owed her a trifling sum, and had not yet repaid her. The present she sent was, of course, coldly received, and Madame Chat—— Ren——'s pride was deeply wounded. They very nearly quarrelled about this, and Josephine had to confess that she had not the courage to resist the despotism of her husband. For a while there was a coolness between them, the one being unable to forgive the humiliation, and the other believing that, with her exalted rank, she could quite properly make a present under any circumstances. In all this, the whole cause of dispute was merely the way in which this had been given and accepted.

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Madame Bonaparte was very fond of children, and always had them about her. She liked to ask them thousands of little questions, and often accompanied these by presents. One ought to have seen her on New Year's Day. Her apartment was a perfect bazaar—playthings of all kinds, every variety of sweetmeat, tasty stuffs, jewellery and arms of the most polished workmanship were here seen in abundance. The manufactures of Sèvres, Versailles, &c., shone here in all their splendour. Schoolboys received from her tokens belonging to their future professions. Some would get maps; some, cases of mathematical instruments; others, swords, pistols, &c. The young ladies would receive elegant combs, watches, necklaces, &c., which Josephine would present to them with that enchanting grace of manner which ever characterised her. The children would then play about with drums, helmets, fusils, dolls and articles for housekeeping. The joyous group would become obstreperous with laughter and noise; the mothers, who were for the most part the wives or sisters of generals, all went away pleased and satisfied. This system wrought wonders. In delivering her presents, she was always careful to speak a kind word to the receiver, which was always remembered by his family, and served to unite army men more closely to her husband. Nor were the officers' wives without their share in her collection of New Year's gifts. In a word, the company left the château enchanted with their reception, and each one singularly flattered by the marks of personal favour he had received. Each one appropriated to himself what was in reality only the fruit of an adroit policy previously concerted between the First Consul and his wife.

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Switzerland had as yet remained such as it was during the French Directory, but the First Consul was now anxious to give it a new form

of government, and twenty-four hours sufficed for the accomplishment of his ends. On the 8th of August, 1800, the executive committee of Switzerland signified to the legislative body that the time had come for them to abdicate their authority, and presented to it a draft of a decree for the organisation of a provisional government. Measures had been taken beforehand to ensure success to this movement. The garrison was under arms, patrols stationed through the town, and strong detachments of infantry and cavalry guarded the entrance to the hall of deliberation. The council was intimidated into obedience. A miller from Zurich was the only man who dared attempt any resistance; but he was soon forced to yield to numbers. The senate, more courageous, referred the draft of decree to a committee for examination. But they were told to deliberate on the spot, and not to wait for a committee to report. Twenty-five members separated themselves from their colleagues, and the rest, broken and dispirited, yielded to necessity. The public tranquillity was not disturbed for an instant by this revolution. Thus did everybody submit to the government which Bonaparte thought fit to establish; his will was the law, so powerful were men's hatred for the past and hope for the future. France, haughty and exulting in the success of her arms, secure now against the excesses of the Revolution, and tranquil at home, enjoyed a secret pleasure at seeing her tyrants humbled, and returned with joy to her cherished tastes and employments.—*Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire.*

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Forced alliances are subject to the vicissitudes of war.

"That a free nation (like the descendants of William Tell), secure in its independence, should have resolved to maintain it; that such a nation should be able to do so, and should still renounce the duty and barter away by treaty its most important right—a right whose inviolability it had so solemnly proclaimed—is a thing to be conceived of by those only who hold that public virtues exist only in theory."—*Thoughts attributed to Sir Robert Wilson.*

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The following is the formula of the oath taken by priests, according to the 6th article of the Concordat:—

The clergy, before entering upon their functions, shall take an oath of fidelity to the First Consul, which shall be expressed in the following terms: "I do swear and promise to remain submissive and faithful to the government established by the Constitution of the French Republic. I engage, also, to hold no correspondence, to be present at no conversation, to form no connection, either within or without the republic, which may, in any manner, disturb public tranquillity; and,

in case I discover, in any diocese, parish or elsewhere, anything prejudicial to the state, I will immediately communicate to the Government all the information I may have," &c.

Gonsalvi was at this time the negotiator on the part of Rome. He was an old friend of Cardinal Chiaramonti, who, having become Pope, raised him to the purple. Lucien Bonaparte took part in the negotiations as a diplomatist, although he attended to whatever seemed proper and necessary to give it complete success. It was necessary to call home the prelates, embittered by a long persecution, to reconcile them openly with the new political system without restoring to them what that system had taken away; in short, to bind the ministers of a holy religion to the new Government of France, and thus to render them useful allies of its authority. To this Lucien wholly devoted himself, and succeeded. His delicate attentions, his polite and engaging manners, contrasted strongly with the *maladresse* shown by Bonaparte himself, who on these occasions was sure to make it known that, having reached the pinnacle of power, he was exempt from all constraint, and from all those attentions which convenience and politeness require. We will cite an example.

One day he gave a grand dinner, several of the newly-made bishops and the old French clergy being among the principal guests. It was arranged that the First Consul should receive them with the greatest politeness and respect. Nothing in particular occurred at the table to show that he had forgotten himself; but as the company was about to leave the room, Bonaparte, full of the idea of the part he was to act, hurried up to the new Archbishop of Tours, and, with a sort of caressing air, said to him, "Well, Monsieur de Boisgelin, did you relish your dinner?" He could think of nothing more happy for the occasion than that question.

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The declaration of Georges Cadoudal was that Pichegru and Moreau had not become reconciled, and that they did not, therefore, meet; that, as to himself, Georges, he denied ever having seen Moreau in his life previously to the day they were seated together at the trial. Pichegru, on being asked whether he was acquainted with Moreau, replied:

"Everybody knows that I am acquainted with him."

"Why did you conceal yourself?"

"Because," said he, "if I had not concealed myself I should have been arrested on the spot. A proscribed man must conceal himself."

"Why did you not return to France like so many others of your countrymen whose names were struck off the list of emigrants during the events of Fructidor?"

"Many Frenchmen returned to France because they were recalled. I was not. I quitted Germany only because I was pursued there. An

attempt was made to arrest me at Baruth; I was obliged to take refuge in England."

Pichegru's firmness made Bonaparte fearful lest he might rise up in the midst of the accused and make some terrible revelations respecting the events of the famous 13th Vendémiaire and 18th Fructidor, and his secret contrivances to obtain the supreme power.

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The death of the Duke d'Enghien was a political crime. Bonaparte, having become First Consul, aspired to the crown. To succeed, he had to rely upon a part of the revolutionary chiefs who surrounded him. He made them take part in his project. The cowards who had a hundred times sworn to die for the independence of their country sacrificed without hesitation her interests to their own elevation. Without hesitation! I am wrong. They, indeed, felt an anxiety, but it was for their personal safety. Several had voted *Death*. All had a hand in the crime. Hear the language of one of them to Bonaparte—*ab uno disce omnes:*

"Nobody doubts that liberty in France is a chimera, and that the present Constitution is an aberration. To repair our disasters and prevent new ones, we must have a supreme chief, and who deserves the station more than you? But who shall unveil to us your whole mind? Who can assure us that, after having smoothed the way to the throne, you will not take it into your head to imitate Monk, and place the sceptre in the hands of the Bourbons? That would be a fine part for you to act; the sword of the Constable of France would await you. But for us, proscription would await us—the scaffold would claim us. Prove to us then, that, in aspiring to kingly power, you have no other wish than to preserve it; and we, your earliest subjects, will fall at your feet."

What stronger proof could Bonaparte have given them of his desire to grasp the crown for himself than the assassination of a prince of the blood? That of the Duke d'Enghien, or some other one, was resolved upon; and, because he was nearest to France, he was finally selected as the victim. It was well known who was to take him, where he was taken, the general who presided over the court-martial, and the *favourite* who had command over the musketeers who shot him.

Fatigued by a long and rapid journey, the Prince, on arriving at Vincennes, threw himself on a bed. He was asleep when he was called, and they told him he must come down; he was conducted into one of the trenches belonging to the château. It was dark; descending by torchlight through a subterranean way, and along damp stairs, he supposed they were taking him to a dungeon. "Why not," said he, "shut me up in the dungeon where my grandfather (the great Condé)

was confined?" He received no answer. Arrived at the last door, he saw a newly-dug ditch, and a band of soldiers ready to take aim at him. "I wish to speak to Bonaparte," said he.—"That cannot be," was the reply.—"May I not have a confessor?" he asked.—"It is impossible, at this hour."

A handkerchief was then offered him to bandage his eyes. "No," said he, "a Bourbon looks death in the face." He then shouted, "Long live the King!" and fell. A soldier threw himself upon the body in order to carry off his watch; the *favourite* repelled him with a blow of the sabre across his back, which broke the weapon in two, and then caused a heavy stone to be thrown upon the prisoner's head, in order to finish him should life still linger. After his exhumation, this stone, which struck him on the top of his head, was deposited near his cenotaph.—*Mém. D.S.L.D., Lan.*

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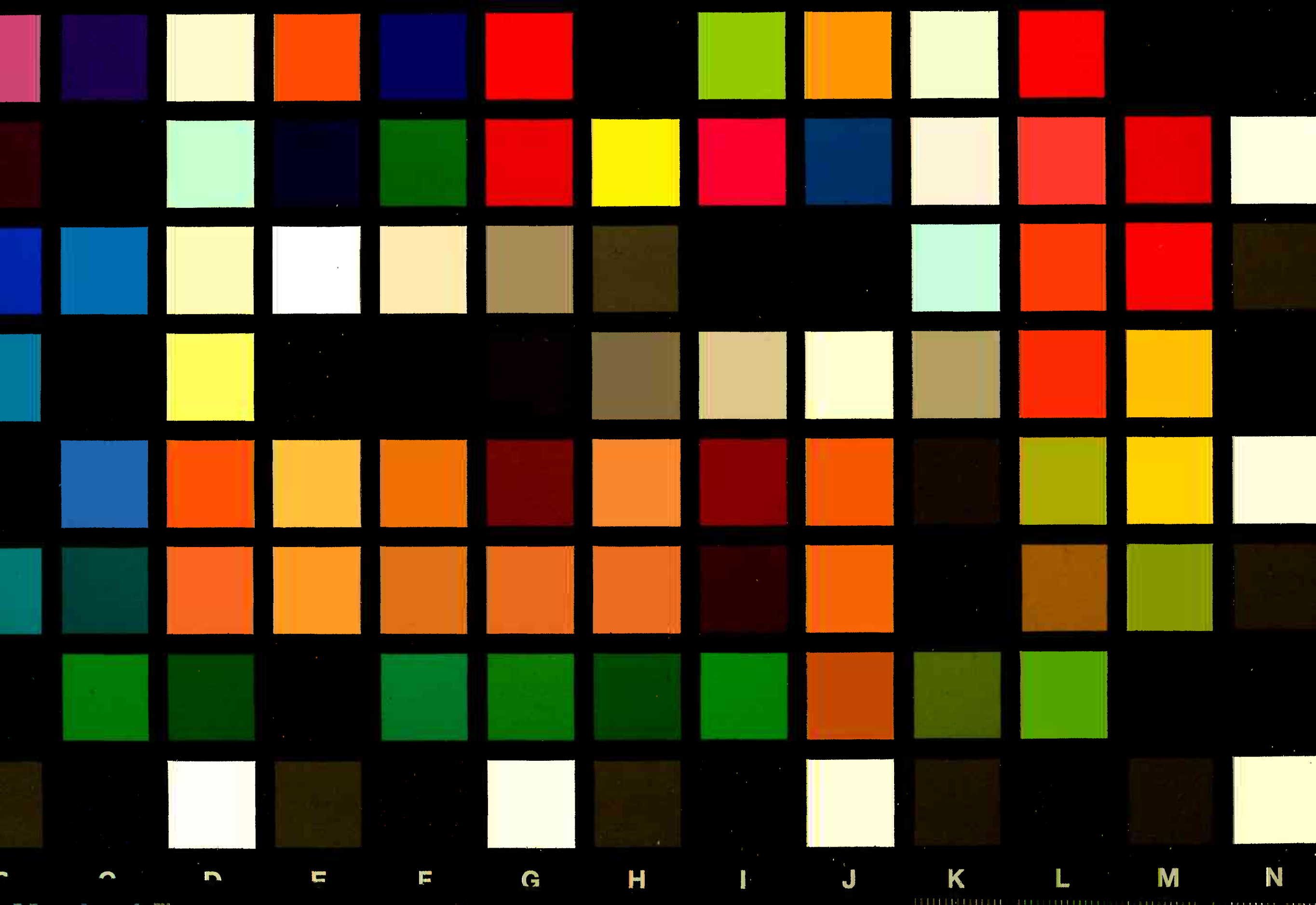
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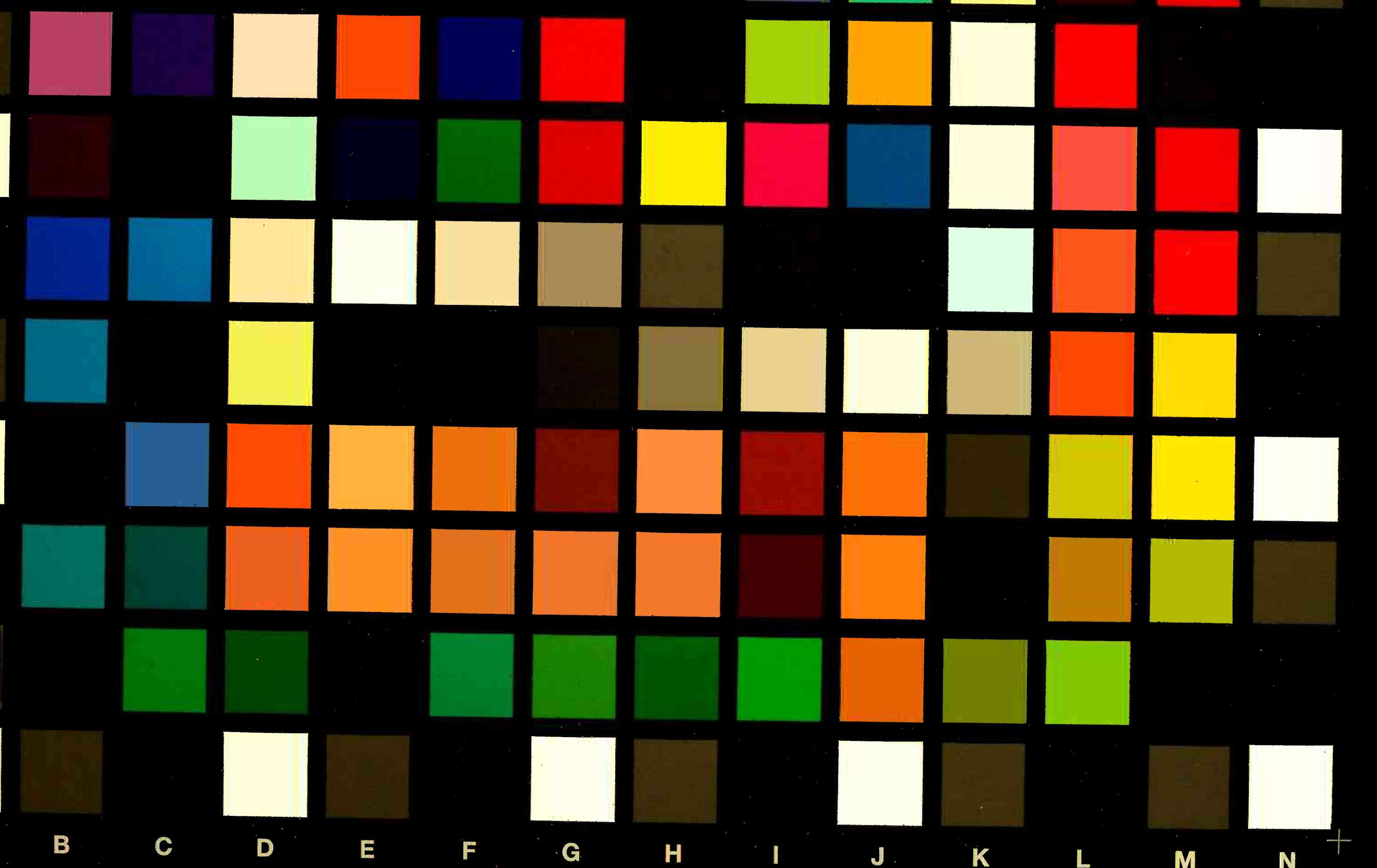
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